PARZIVAL

WOLFRAM
VON ESCHENBACH

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BOOKS

Parzival

by
Wolfram
von Eschenbach

PARZIVAL

A KNIGHTLY EPIC

BY

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH

TRANSLATED BY

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TO THE MEMORY OF
RICHARD WAGNER
WHOSE GENIUS HAS GIVEN FRESH LIFE
TO THE CREATIONS OF MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE
THIS TRANSLATION IS
DEDICATED

CONTENTS

BOOK		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	ix
I.	GAMURET	1
II.	HERZELEIDE	33
III.	GURNEMANZ	63
IV.	KONDWIRAMUR	101
V.	ANFORTAS	127
VI.	ARTHUR	157
VII.	OBILOT	193
VIII.	ANTIKONIE	227
IX.	TREVREZENT	249
	APPENDICES	289
	NOTES	299

INTRODUCTION

N presenting, for the first time, to English readers the greatest work of Germany's greatest mediæval poet, a few words of introduction, alike for poem and writer, may not be out of place. The lapse of nearly seven hundred years, and the changes which the centuries have worked, alike in language and in thought, would have naturally operated to render any work unfamiliar, still more so when that work was composed in a foreign tongue; but, indeed, it is only within the present century that the original text of the *Parzival* has been collated from the MSS. and made accessible, even in its own land, to the general reader. But the interest which is now felt by many in the Arthurian romances, quickened into life doubtless by the genius of the late Poet Laureate, and the fact that the greatest composer of our time, Richard Wagner, has selected this poem as the groundwork of that wonderful drama, which a growing consensus of opinion has hailed as the grandest artistic achievement of this century, seem to indicate that the time has come when the work of Wolfram von Eschenbach may hope to receive, from a wider public than that of his own day, the recognition which it so well deserves.

Of the poet himself we know but little, save from the personal allusions scattered throughout his works; the dates of his birth and death are alike unrecorded, but the frequent notices of contemporary events to be found in his poems enable us to fix with tolerable certainty the period of his literary activity, and to judge approximately the outline of his life. Wolfram's greatest work, the *Parzival*, was apparently written within the early years of the thirteenth century; he makes constant allusions to events happening, and to works produced, within the first decade of that period; and as his latest work, the *Willehalm*, left unfinished, mentions as recent the death of the Landgrave Herman of Thuringia, which occurred in 1216, the probability seems to be that the *Parzival* was written within the first fifteen years of the thirteenth century. Inasmuch, too, as this work bears no traces of immaturity in thought or style, it is probable that the date of the poet's birth cannot be placed much later than 1170.

The name, Wolfram von Eschenbach, points to Eschenbach in Bavaria as in all probability the place of his birth, as it certainly was of his burial. So late as the end of the seventeenth century his tomb, with inscription, was to be seen in the Frauen-kirche of Ober-Eschenbach, and the fact that within a short distance of the town are to be found localities mentioned in his poems, such as Wildberg, Abenberg, Trühending, Wertheim, etc., seems to show that there, too, the life of the poet-knight was spent.

By birth, as Wolfram himself tells us, he belonged to the knightly order (Zum Schildesamt bin Ich geboren), though whether his family was noble or not is a disputed point, in any case Wolfram was a poor man, as the humorous allusions which he makes to his poverty abundantly testify. Yet he does not seem to have led the life of a wandering singer, as did his famous contemporary, Walther von der Vogelweide; if Wolfram journeyed, as he probably did, it was rather in search of knightly adventures, he tells us: 'Durchstreifen muss Der Lande viel, Wer Schildesamt verwalten will,' and though fully conscious of his gift of song, yet he systematically exalts his office of *knight* above that of *poet*. The period when Wolfram lived and sang, we cannot say *wrote*, for by his own confession he could

neither read nor write ('I'ne kan decheinen buochstap,' he says in *Parzival*; and in *Willehalm*, 'Waz an den buochen steht geschrieben, Des bin Ich kunstelos geblieben'), and his poems must, therefore, have been orally dictated, was one peculiarly fitted to develop his special genius. Under the rule of the Hohenstaufen the institution of knighthood had reached its highest point of glory, and had not yet lapsed into the extravagant absurdities and unrealities which characterised its period of decadence; and the Arthurian romances which first found shape in Northern France had just passed into Germany, there to be gladly welcomed, and to receive at the hands of German poets the impress of an ethical and philosophical interpretation foreign to their original form.

It was in these romances that Wolfram, in common with other of his contemporaries, found his chief inspiration; in the *Parzival*, his master-work, he has told again the story of the Quest for, and winning of, the Grail; told it in connection with the Perceval legend, through the medium of which, it must be remembered, the spiritualising influence of the Grail myth first came into contact with the brilliant chivalry and low morality of the original Arthurian romances; and told it in a manner that is as truly mediæval in form as it is modern in interpretation. The whole poem is instinct with the true knightly spirit; it has been well called *Das Hohelied von Rittertum*, the knightly song of songs, for Wolfram has seized not merely the external but the very soul of knighthood, even as described in our own day by another German poet; Wolfram's ideal knight, in his fidelity to his plighted word, his noble charity towards his fellow-man, lord of the Grail, with Its civilising, humanising influence, is a veritable 'true knight of the Holy Ghost.' In a short introduction such as this it is impossible to discuss with any fulness the fascinating problems connected with this poem, one can do no more than indicate where the principal difficulties lie. These may be briefly said to be chiefly connected with the source from which Wolfram derived his poem, and with the interpretation of its ethical meaning. That Wolfram drew from a French source we know from his own statement, he quotes as his authority a certain 'Kiot the Provençal,' who, in his turn, found his information in an Arabian MS. at Toledo. Unfortunately no such poet, and no such poem, are known to us, while we do possess a French version of the story, *Li Conte del Graal*, by Chrêtien de Troyes, which, so far as the greater part of the poem (*i.e.* Books III. to XIII.) is concerned, shows a remarkable agreement not only in sequence of incidents, but even in verbal correspondence, with Wolfram's work. Chrêtien, however, does not give either the first two or the last three books as we find them in Wolfram. The account of Perceval's father, and of his death, is by another hand than Chrêtien's, and does not agree with Wolfram's account; and the poem, left unfinished by Chrêtien, has been continued and concluded at great length by at least three other writers, who have evidently drawn from differing sources; whereas Wolfram's conclusion agrees closely with his introduction, and his whole poem forms the most harmonious and complete version of the story we possess. Wolfram knew Chrêtien's poem, but refers to it with contempt as being the wrong version of the tale, whereas 'Kiot' had told the venture aright. The question then is, where did Wolfram really find those portions of his poems which he *could not* have drawn from Chrêtien? Is 'Kiot' a real, or a feigned, source?

Some German critics have opined that Wolfram really knew no other poem than Chrêtien's, and that he boldly invented all that he did not find there, feigning another source in order to conceal the fact. Others have maintained that whether

'Kiot' be the name of the writer or not, Wolfram certainly had before him a French poem other than *Li Conte del Graal*.

It certainly seems in the highest degree improbable that a *German* poet should have introduced the Angevin element, lacking in Chrêtien; Wolfram's presentment of the Grail, too, differs *in toto* from any we find elsewhere, with him it is not the cup of the Last Supper, but a precious stone endowed with magical qualities. It is true that Chrêtien does not say *what* the Grail was, but simply that '*du fin or esmeree estoit, pieres pressieuses avoit el graal de maintes manieres*,' yet it seems scarcely likely that Wolfram should have interpreted this as a precious stone, to say nothing of sundry Oriental features peculiar to his description. But whence Wolfram derived his idea of the Grail is a problem which it is to be feared will never now be completely solved.

The discussion as to the ethical meaning Wolfram attached to the story seems more hopeful of results, as here we do possess the requisite data, and can study the poem for ourselves. The question between critics is whether Wolfram intended to teach a purely religious lesson or not; whether the poem is an allegory of life, and Parzival a symbol of the Soul of man, hovering between Faith and Doubt, perplexed by the apparent injustice of God's dealings with men, and finally fighting its way through the darkness of despair to the clear light of renewed faith in God; or have we here a glorification of the knightly ideal? a declaration of the poet-knight's belief that in loyal acceptance of, and obedience to, the dictates of the knightly order, salvation is to be won? Can the true knight, even though he lack faith in God, yet by keeping intact his faith with man, by very loyalty and steadfastness of purpose, win back the spiritual blessing forfeited by his youthful folly? Is Parzival one of those at whose hands 'the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence'? It may well be that *both* these interpretations are, in a measure, true, that Wolfram found the germ of the religious idea already existing in his French source, but that to the genius of the German poet we owe that *humanising* of the ideal which has brought the *Parzival* into harmony with the best aspirations of men in all ages. This, at least, may be said with truth, that of all the romances of the Grail cycle, there is but one which can be presented, in its entirety, to the world of to-day with the conviction that its morality is as true, its human interest as real, its lesson as much needed now as it was seven hundred years ago, and that romance is the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach.

Some words as to the form of the original poem, and the method followed in translation, may be of interest to the reader. The original *Parzival* is a poem of some 25,000 lines, written in an irregular metre, every two lines rhyming, *reim-paar*. Among modern German translators considerable difference of opinion as to the best method of rendering the original appears to exist. Simrock has retained the original form, and adheres very closely to the text; his version certainly gives the most accurate idea of Wolfram's style; San Marte has allowed himself considerable freedom in versification, and, unfortunately, also in translation; in fact, he too often gives a paraphrase rather than a reproduction of the text. Dr. Bötticher's translation omits the Gawain episodes, and, though close to the original, has discarded rhyme. It must be admitted that Wolfram is by no means easy to translate, his style is obscure and crabbed, and it is often difficult to interpret his meanings with any certainty. The translator felt that the two points chiefly to be aimed at in an English version were, that it should be faithful to the original text, and easy to read. The metre selected was chosen for several reasons, principally on account of the length of the poem, which seemed to render

desirable a more flowing measure than the short lines of the original; and because by selecting this metre it was possible to retain the original form of *reim-paar*. As a general rule one line of the English version represents two of the German poem, but the difference of language has occasionally demanded expansion in order to do full justice to the poet's meaning. Throughout, the translator's aim has been to be as literal as possible, and where the differing conventionalities of the thirteenth and nineteenth centuries have made a change in the form of expression necessary, the *meaning* of the poet has been reproduced, and in no instance has a different *idea* been consciously suggested. That there must of necessity be many faults and defects in the work the writer is fully conscious, but in the absence of any previous English translation she can only hope that the present may be accepted as a not altogether inadequate rendering of a great original; if it should encourage others to study that original for themselves, and learn to know Wolfram von Eschenbach, while at the same time they learn better to understand Richard Wagner, she will feel herself fully repaid.

The translator feels that it may be well to mention here the works which have been principally relied on in preparing the English translation and the writers to whom she is mostly indebted.

For the Text Bartsch's edition of the original *Parzival*, published in *Deutsche Classiker des Mittelalters*, has been used throughout, in connection with the modern German translation by Simrock.

In preparing the Notes use has been made of Dr. Bötticher's Introduction to his translation of the *Parzival*, and the same writer's *Das Hohelied von Rittertum*; San Marte's translation has also been occasionally referred to.

The Appendix on proper names has been mainly drawn up from Bartsch's article on the subject in *Germanistische Studien*; and that on the Angevin allusions from Miss Norgate's *England under the Angevin Kings*, though the statements have been verified by reference to the original chronicles.

For all questions connected with the Perceval legend in its varying forms the authority consulted has been *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, by Mr. Alfred Nutt, to whom, personally, the translator is indebted for much valuable advice and assistance in preparing this book for publication.

BOOK I
GAMURET

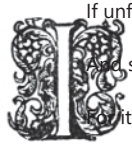
ARGUMENT

In the Introduction the poet tells of the evil of doubt and unsteadfastness—against which he would warn both men and women; he will tell them a tale which shall speak of truth and steadfastness, and in which many strange marvels shall befall.

Book I. tells how Gamuret of Anjou at the death of his father, King Gandein, refused to become his brother's vassal, and went forth to seek fame and love-guerdon for himself. How he fought under the Baruch before Alexandria, and came to Patelamunt. How Queen Belakané was accused of having caused the death of her lover Eisenhart, and was besieged by two armies, which Friedebrand, King of Scotland, Eisenhart's uncle, had brought against her. How Gamuret defeated her foemen, and married the Queen, and became King of Assagog and Zassamank. How he grew weary for lack of knightly deeds, and sailed away in secret from Queen Belakané, and left her a letter telling of his name and race. How Feirifis was born, and how Gamuret came to Seville.

BOOK I

GAMURET



If unfaith in the heart find dwelling, then the soul it shall reap but woe;
And shaming alike and honour are his who such doubt shall show,
For it standeth in evil contrast with a true man's dauntless might,
As one seeth the magpie's plumage, which at one while is black and white.
And yet he may win to blessing; since I wot well that in his heart,
Hell's darkness, and light of Heaven, alike have their lot and part
But he who is false and unsteadfast, he is black as the darkest night,
And the soul that hath never wavered stainless *its* hue and white!

This my parable so fleeting too swift for the dull shall be,
Ere yet they may seize its meaning from before their face 'twill flee,
As a hare that a sound hath startled: yea, metal behind the glass,
And a blind man's dream yield visions that as swift from the eye do pass,
For naught shall they have that endureth! And at one while 'tis bright and sad,

And know of a truth that its glory but for short space shall make ye glad.
And what man shall think to grip me, where no hair for his grasp shall grow,
In the palm of mine hand? The mystery of a close clasp he sure doth know!

If I cry aloud in such peril, it 'seemeth my wisdom well.
Shall I look for truth where it fleeteth? In the fire that the stream doth quell,
Or the dew that the sun doth banish? Ne'er knew I a man so wise,
But was fain to learn the wisdom my fable doth ill disguise,
And the teaching that springeth from it: for so shall he ne'er delay
To fly and to chase as shall fit him, to shun and to seek alway,
And to give fitting blame and honour. He who knoweth the twain to tell,
In their changing ways, then wisdom has tutored that man right well.
And he sits not o'er-long at leisure, nor his goal doth he overreach,
But in wisdom his ways discerning, he dealeth with all and each.
But his comrade, of heart unfaithful, in hell-fire shall his portion be,
Yea, a hailstorm that dims the glory of a knightly fame is he.
As a short tail it is, his honour, that but for two bites holds good,
When the steer by the gad-fly driven doth roam thro' the lonely wood.

And tho' manifold be my counsel not to *men* alone I'ld speak,
For fain would I show to women the goal that their heart should seek.
And they who shall mark my counsel, they shall learn where they may bestow
Their praise and their maiden honour; and the manner of man shall know
Whom they freely may love and honour, and never may fear to rue
Their maidenhood, and the true love they gave him of heart so true.
In God's sight I pray all good women to keep them in wisdom's way,
For true shame on all sides doth guard them: such bliss I for them would pray.
But the false heart shall win false honour—How long doth the thin ice last,
If the sun shineth hot as in August? So their praise shall be soon o'erpast.

Many women are praised for beauty; if at heart they shall be untrue,
Then I praise them as I would praise it, the glass of a sapphire hue

That in gold shall be set as a jewel! Tho' I hold it an evil thing,
If a man take a costly ruby, with the virtue the stone doth bring,
And set it in worthless setting: I would liken such costly stone
To the heart of a faithful woman, who true womanhood doth own.
I would look not upon her colour, nor the heart's roof all men can see,
If the heart beateth true beneath it, true praise shall she win from me!

Should I speak of both man and woman as I know, nor my skill should fail,
O'er-long would it be my story. List ye now to my wonder-tale:
And this venture it telleth tidings of love, and anon of woe,
Joy and sorrow it bringeth with it. 'Stead of *one* man if *three* ye know,
And each one of the three hath wisdom and skill that outweigh my skill,
Yet o'erstrange shall they find the labour, tho' they toil with a right good-will
To tell ye this tale, which I think me to tell ye myself, alone,
And worn with their task and weary would they be ere the work was done.

A tale I anew will tell ye, that speaks of a mighty love;
Of the womanhood of true women; how a man did his manhood prove;
Of one that endured all hardness, whose heart never failed in fight,
Steel he in the face of conflict: with victorious hand of might
Did he win him fair meed of honour; a brave man yet slowly wise
Is he whom I hail my hero! The delight he of woman's eyes,
Yet of woman's heart the sorrow! 'Gainst all evil his face he set;
Yet he whom I thus have chosen my song knoweth not as yet,
For not yet is he born of whom men this wondrous tale shall tell,
And many and great the marvels that unto this knight befell.

NOW they do to-day as of old time, where a foreign law holds sway
(Yea, in part of our German kingdom, as ye oft shall have heard men say),
Whoever might rule that country, 'twas the law, and none thought it shame
('Tis the truth and no lie I tell ye) that the elder son might claim
The whole of his father's heirdom—And the younger sons must grieve,
What was theirs in their father's lifetime, they perforce at his death must leave.
Before, all was theirs in common, now it fell unto one alone.
So a wise man planned in his wisdom, that the eldest the lands should own,

For youth it hath many a fair gift, but old age knoweth grief and pain,
And he who is poor in his old age an ill harvest alone doth gain.
Kings, Counts, Dukes (and no lie I tell ye) the law holdeth all as one,
And no man of them all may inherit, save only the eldest son,
And methinks 'tis an evil custom—So the knight in his youthful pride,
Gamuret, the gallant hero, lost his Burg, and his fair lands wide,
Where his father had ruled with sceptre and crown as a mighty king,
Till knighthood, and lust of battle, to his death did the monarch bring.

And all men were sore for his sorrow, who truth and unbroken faith
Bare ever throughout his lifetime, yea even unto his death.
Then the elder son he summoned the princes from out his land,
And knightly they came, who rightly might claim from their monarch's hand,
To hold, as of yore, their fiefdoms. So came they unto his hall,
And the claim of each man he hearkened, and gave fiefs unto each and all.

Now hear how they dealt—As their true heart it bade them, both great and small,
They made to their king petition, with one voice from the people all,
That to Gamuret grace and favour he would show with true brother's hand,
And honour himself in the doing. That he drive him not from the land
But give him, within his kingdom, a fair Burg that all men might see,
That he take from that Burg his title, and he held of all tribute free!—
Nor the king was ill-pleased at their pleading, and he quoth, 'A small grace, I trow,
Have ye asked, I would e'en be better than your prayer, as ye straight shall know,
Why name ye not this my brother as Gamuret Angevin?
Since Anjou is my land, I think me the title we *both* may win!'

Then further he spake, the monarch, 'My brother in sooth may seek
Yet more from my hand of favour than my mouth may as swiftly speak,
With me shall he have his dwelling—I would that ye all should see
How one mother alike hath borne us; his riches but small shall be,
While I have enough; of free hand would I give him both lands and gold,

That my bliss may be ne'er held forfeit by Him, Who can aye withhold,
Or give, as He deemeth rightful!' Then the princes they heard alway,
How the king would deal well with his brother, and they deemed it a joyful day!

And each one bowed him low before him. Nor Gamuret long delayed,
But he spake as his heart would bid him, and friendly the words he said:
'Now hearken, my lord and brother, if vassal I think to be
To thee, or to any other, then a fair lot awaiteth me.
But think thou upon mine honour, for faithful art thou and wise,
And give counsel as shall beseem thee, and help as thou shalt devise.
For naught have I now save mine armour, if within it I more had done,
Then far lands should speak my praises, and remembrance from men were won!'
Then further he spake, the hero: 'Full sixteen my squires shall be,
And six of them shall bear harness; four pages give thou to me
Of noble birth and breeding, and nothing to them I'll spare
Of all that my hand may win them. Afar in the world I'ld fare,
(Somewhat I ere now have journeyed,) if Good Fortune on me shall smile,
I may win from fair women favour. If a woman I serve awhile,
And to serve her she hold me worthy, and my heart speaketh not amiss,
True knight shall I be and faithful! God show me the way of bliss!
As comrades we rode together (but then o'er thy land did reign
The King Gandein, our father), and sorrow and bitter pain
We bare for Love's sake! At one while I knew thee as *thief* and *knight*,
Thou couldst serve, and thou couldst dissemble, for the sake of thy lady bright.
Ah! could I steal love as thou couldst, if my skill were but like to thine,
That women should show me favour, then a blissful lot were mine!'

'Alas! that I ever saw thee,' spake, sighing, the king so true,
'Who lightly, with words of mocking, my heart would in pieces hew
And would fain that we part asunder! One father hath left us both
A mighty store of riches, I would share with thee, nothing loth.
Right dear from my heart I hold thee; red gold and jewels bright,
Folk, weapons, horse, and raiment, take thou as shall seem thee right,
That thou at thy will mayst journey, and thy free hand to all be known.

Elect do we deem thy manhood, didst thou Gylstram as
birthplace own,
Or thou camest here from Rankulat, yet still would that place be
thine,
Which thou boldest to-day in my favour; true brother art thou of
mine!'

'Sir King, thou of need must praise me, so great is thy courtesy!
So, courteous, thine aid be given, if thou and my mother free
Will share with me now your riches, I mount upward, nor fear to
fall,
And my heart ever beateth higher—Yet I know not how I should
call
This life, which my left breast swelleth! Ah! whither wouldst go
mine heart?
I would fain know where thou shalt guide me—'Tis time that we
twain should part.'

And all did the monarch give him, yea, more than the knight
might crave,
Five chargers, picked and chosen, the best in his land he gave
High-couraged, swift to battle; and many a cup of gold,
And many a golden nugget, for naught would his hand withhold.
Four chests for the road he gave him, with many a jewel rare
Were they filled. Then the squires he took him who should for the
treasure care,
And well were they clad and mounted; and none might his grief
withhold
When the knight gat him unto his mother, who her son in her
arms did fold.

Spake the woman, as woman grieving: 'Wilt thou tarry with me no
more,
King Gandein's son? Woe is me! yet my womb this burden bore
And the son of my husband art thou. Is the eye of God waxed
blind,
Or His ear grown deaf in the hearing, that my prayer doth no
credence find?
Is fresh sorrow to be my portion? I have buried my heart's desire,
And the light of mine eyes; will He rob me, who have suffered a
grief so dire,
Who judgeth with righteous judgment? Then the tale it hath told
a lie,
That spake of His help so mighty, Who doth help unto me deny!'

'God comfort thee,' quoth the hero, 'for the death of my father
dear,
For truly we both must mourn him—But I think from no lips to
hear
Such wailing for my departing! As valour shall show the way,
I seek knighthood in distant countries—So it standeth with me
to-day.'

Quoth the queen, 'Since to high love's service thou turnest both hand and heart,
Sweet son, let it not displease thee to take of my wealth a part
That may serve thee upon thy journey; let thy chamberlain take from me
Four chests, each a pack-horse burden, and heavy their weight shall be.
And within, uncut, there lieth rich silk of Orient rare,
No man as yet hath cut it, and many a samite fair.
Sweet son, I prithee tell me what time thou wilt come again,
That my joy may wax the greater, and I look for thee not in vain!'

'Nay, that I know not, Lady, nor the land that shall see my face,
But wherever I take my journey, thou hast shown unto me such grace
As befitteth knightly honour: and the king he hath dealt with me
In such wise that grateful service his rewarding shall ever be.
And this trust have I, O Lady, that for this thou wilt love him more
Henceforward, whate'er the future yet keepeth for me in store.'
And as the venture telleth, to the hand of this dauntless knight,
Thro' the favour he won from a woman, and the working of true love's might,
Came a token fair, and its value was full thousand marks, I trow,
E'en to-day an a Jew were craving a pledge, he would deem enow
Such jewel, and ne'er disdain it—'Twas sent by his lady true,
And fame did he win in her service, and her love and her greeting knew,
Yet seldom his pain found easing—Then the hero he took his leave
Of mother, brother, and brother's kingdom, and many I ween must grieve
Since his eyes never more beheld them. And all who his friends had been,
Ere he passed from the land of his fathers, tho' the grace were but small, I ween,
He gave them of thanks full measure; he deemed they too much had done,
And, courteous, little thought him, that of right he their love had won!
Straighter his heart than straightness; did one of his praises speak
In a full and fitting measure, then doubt were not far to seek,
But ask ye of those his neighbours, or of men who in distant lands
Had seen his deeds, then the marvel ye were swifter to understand.

And Gamuret he trode ever where Temperance aye should guide,
And naught else might rule his doings, nor he boasted him in his pride
But bare great honour meekly; from loose ways he e'er had flown;

And he thought him, the gallant hero, that none bare on earth a crown,
Were they King, or Queen, or Kaiser, whom he deemed of his service worth
Were they not the mightiest reckoned of all monarchs that be on earth.
This will in his heart he cherished—Then men spake, at Bagdad did reign
A monarch so strong and powerful, that homage he well might claim
From two-thirds or more of earth's kingdoms. The heathen his name held great,
And they spake of him as the Baruch, and kings did on his bidding wait,
And crownèd heads were his servants; and his office it lasts to-day—
See how Christian men baptizèd to Rome wend their pilgrim way,
So there was the heathen custom. At Bagdad was their papal right,
And the Baruch as 'seemed his office purged their sins with his word of might.

From Pompey and Ipomidon, two brothers of Babylon,
Nineveh, the town of their fathers, the Baruch with force had won,
And bravely 'gainst him they battled. Then came the young Angevin,
And the Baruch he showed him favour, yea, he did to his service win
Gamuret the gallant hero—And he deemed it were well he bore
Other arms than Gandein his father had given to him of yore.
Then the hero he well bethought him; on his charger's cloth they laid
An anchor of ermine fashioned, and the same at his will they made
For shield alike and vesture—And green as the emerald rare
Was his riding-gear, and 'twas fashioned and wrought of Achmardi fair,
('Tis a silken stuff,) and he bade them to make of it at his will
Both blazoned coat and surcoat, (than velvet 'tis richer still;)
And he bade them to sew upon it the anchor of ermine white,
And with golden threads inwoven was the badge of this gallant knight.

And his anchors they never tested or mainland or haven fair
And found in that place abiding—But the hero must further bear
Thro' many a land, a brave guest, the load of this heraldry,
And behind the sign of this anchor but short space might his resting be,
And nowhere he found abiding—The tale of the lands he saw,
And the vessels in which he sailed him? If the truth unto ye I swore,

On mine own oath must I swear it, and my knightly honour true
In such wise as the venture told me; other witness I never knew!

And men say that his manly courage held the prize in far heathendom,
In Morocco's land, and in Persia, and elsewhere he high honour won,
At Damascus and at Aleppo, and where knightly deeds should be:
In Arabia and lands around it was he held of all conflict free,
For no man might dare withstand him, he won him such crown of fame;
And his heart for honour lusted, and all deeds were brought to shame,
And became as naught before him, as all men bare witness true
Who a joust with him had ridden, and Bagdad of his glory knew.

And his heart never failed or faltered, but onward his course he bare
To Zassamank's land and kingdom; there all men wept that hero fair,
Eisenhart, who in knightly service gave his life for a woman's smile;
Belakané thereto constrained him, sweet maid she, and free from guile.
(Since her love she never gave him, for love's sake did the hero die,)
And his kinsmen would fain avenge him, and with force and with subtlety
Their armies beset the maiden, but in sooth she could guard her well
Ere Gamuret came to her kingdom, and her wrath on her foemen fell.
For the Prince Friedebrand of Scotland, and his host that against her came
By ship, ere he left her kingdom had she wasted with fire and flame.

Now hear what befell our hero; storm-driven he was that day,
And scarce might he win to safety, and his boat in the haven lay
Beneath the royal palace; and the folk they beheld him there,
And he looked around on the meadow, and he saw many tents stand fair
Around the town, save the sea-coast, and two armies he thought to see.
Then he bade them to tell the story, and whose that fair Burg should be?
Since he knew it not, nor his shipmen—And an answer they straightway gave,
'Twas Patelamunt; then the townsfolk a boon from the knight would crave,

And their speech it was soft and friendly—In the name of their gods they'ld pray
He should help them, so great their peril that in danger of death they lay.

When the young Angevin had hearkened to the tale of their bitter pain,
He proffered to them his service for such payment as knight may gain,
(As it oft shall befit a hero)—They should say for what goodly prize
He should dare the hate of their foemen? And they answered him in this wise
With one mouth the hale and the wounded—Naught would they from him withhold,
But lord should he be of their treasure, of their jewels alike and gold,
A fair life should he lead among them!—But such payment he little sought,
For many a golden nugget from Araby had he brought.
And dark as night were the people who in Zassamank dwelt alway—
And the time it seemed long unto him that he need in their midst must stay—
But he bade them prepare a lodging, and methinks it became them well
The best of their land to give him, since awhile he with them would dwell.
And the women they looked from the windows, and they gazed on the noble knight,
And they looked on his squires, and his harness, how 'twas fashioned for deeds of might.
Then they saw how the knight, free-handed, on his shield of ermine bare
Full many a pelt of sable; the Queen's Marshal he read it fair,
The badge, for a mighty anchor, and little he rued the sight,
If his eye spake the truth unto him ere this had he seen the knight,
Or one who bare his semblance—At Alexandria it needs must be,
When the Baruch besieged the city—and unequalled in strife was he!

So rode the gallant hero, in stately guise and meet;
Ten pack-horses heavy-laden they led first adown the street,
And twenty squires behind them; and his people they went before,
And lackeys, cooks, and cook-boys, at the head of the train they saw.
And stately I ween his household, twelve pages of lineage high
Rode next to the squires, well-mannered, and trained in all courtesy,

And Saracens were among them; and behind them in order fair
Came chargers eight, and a covering of sendal did each one bear.
But the ninth it bore a saddle, and the shield ye have known ere now
Was borne by a squire beside it, and joyful his mien, I trow.
And trumpeters rode behind it, for in sooth they must needs be there,
And a drummer he smote his tambour, and swung it aloft in air.
And as naught had the hero deemed it, this pomp, if there failed to ride
Men who on the flute were skilful, and three fiddlers were at their side,
And they hasted not nor hurried; and behind them the hero came,
And his shipman he rode beside him, a wise man of goodly fame.

And much folk was within the city, and Moors were both man and maid.
Then the hero he looked around him, and, lo! many a shield displayed,
Battle-hewn and with spear-thrust piercèd they hung on each wall and door.
And wailing and woe was their portion; for the knight at each window saw
Many men lie sorely wounded, who to breathe the air were fain,
And e'en tho' a leech might tend them no help might they think to gain
Who were hurt too sore for healing—In the field had they faced the foe,
And such shall be their rewarding who in conflict no flight will know—
Many horses were led towards him, sword-hewn and with lance thrust through;
And on each side stood dusky maidens, and black as the night their hue.

Then his host gave him kindly greeting—and of joy did he reap his meed—
A rich man was he and mighty, and many a knightly deed
With thrust and blow had his hand wrought when his post at the gate he found;
And many a knight was with him, and bandaged their heads and bound,
And their hands in slings were holden; yet tho' sorely wounded still
They did many deeds of knighthood, nor were lacking in strength and skill.

Then the Burg-grave of the city, with fair words did he pray his guest

To deal with him and his household in such wise as should seem him best.
And the host, he led the hero to his wife, and courteously
Did Gamuret kiss the lady, small joy in the kiss had he!
Then they sat them down to the table, and e'en as the feast was o'er,
The Marshal he gat him swiftly to the queen, and the tidings bore,
And craved from her goodly payment, as to messenger shall be due.
And he spake, 'It shall end in gladness, the grief that erewhile we knew,
We have welcomed here, O Lady, a knight of such gallant mien,
We must thank the gods who have sent him, for our need they have surely seen.'

'Now tell me upon thine honour who this gallant knight may be?'
'Lady, a dauntless hero, and the Baruch's man is he,
An Angevin he, of high lineage; Ah me! little did he spare
Himself, when his foemen seeking he forth to the field would fare.
How wisely, with skill and cunning, he avoided the threatening blow,
And turned him again to the onslaught! Much sorrow he wrought his foe—
Ere this have I seen him battle, when the princes of Babylon
Their city of Alexandria had fain from the Baruch won,
And with force from its walls would drive him, and many a man lay dead
In the overthrow of their army, for their venture was but ill-sped.
And such deeds did he do, this hero, that no counsel was theirs but flight:
And there did I hear his praises, for all spake of this gallant knight
As one who, without denial, had won him, in many a land,
The crown of true knightly honour, by the strength of his own right hand.

'Now fain would I speak with the hero, see thou to the time and way;
E'en now might he ride to the castle, for peace shall be kept to-day.
Were it better that I should seek him? He is other than we in face,
Pray Heaven it not displease him, but our need with the knight find grace!
I would that I first might know this, ere the rede from my folk I hear
That I show to this stranger honour—If it pleaseth him to draw near,
Say, how shall I best receive him? Shall the knight be so nobly born
That my kiss be not lost, if I kiss him?' 'Nay, hold me of life forsworn
If he be not of kings the kinsman! Lady, this word I'll bear

To thy princes, that they shall clothe them in raiment both fit and fair,
And stand before thee, in due order, ere yet to thy court we ride,
And the same shalt thou say to thy ladies—In the city he doth abide;
I will ride below, and will bring him to thy palace, a worthy guest,
For no fair or knightly virtue shall be lacking that noble breast.'

But little space they delayed them, for the Marshal, with ready skill,
Strove that all in such wise be ordered as should pleasure his lady's will.
But soon did they bear to the hero rich garments, he did them on,
And this hath the venture told me that their cost should be hardly won;
And thereon lay the anchors, heavy, and wrought of Arabian gold,
For so had he willed. Then the hero, who fair payment for love had told
A charger bestrode that 'fore Babylon a knight rode, for jousting fain,
From the saddle did Gamuret smite him, and I wot it hath wrought him pain.

If his host thought to ride beside him? He and his gallant knights?
Yea, in sooth they would do so, gladly—So wended they up the height,
And dismounted before the palace; and many a knight stood there,
And each, as was fit, had clothed him in raiment both rich and fair.
And his pages they ran before him, and each twain they went hand in hand,
And in marvellous fair arraying he saw many ladies stand.
And the queen, her eyes brought her sorrow as she looked on the Angevin,
So lovely was he to look on that he needs must an entrance win
Thro' the gates of her heart, if 'twere anguish or joy that within he bore,
Tho' her womanhood 'gainst all comers had held them fast closed before.

Then a space did she step towards him, and a kiss from her guest she prayed;
And, herself, by the hand she took him and they sat them, both man and maid
In a window wide, that looked forth from the palace upon the foe,
And a covering of wadded samite was spread o'er the couch below.
Is there aught that than day is lighter? Then it likeneth not the queen!
Yet else was she fair to look on, as a woman should be, I ween,

But unlike to the dew-dipped roses was her colour, yea, black as night.
And her crown was a costly ruby, and thro' it ye saw aright
Her raven head. Then as hostess she spake to her guest this word,
That greatly she joyed at his coming, 'Sir, Knight, I such tale have heard
Of thy knightly strength and prowess—Of thy courtesy, hear me fair,
For fain would I tell of my sorrow, and the woe that my heart doth bear!'

'My help shall not fail thee, Lady! What hath grieved, or doth grieve thee now,
I think me aside to turn it, to thy service my hand I vow!
I am naught but one man only—Who hath wronged or now wrongeth thee
My shield will I hold against him—Little wroth shall thy foeman be!'

Then a prince he spake out courteous, 'The foe would we little spare,
Did our host not lack a captain, since Friedebrand hence must fare.
He defendeth afar his kingdom—A king, one Hernant by name
(Whom he slew for the sake of Herlindè) his kinsmen against him came,
And evil enow have they wrought him, nor yet from their strife forbear—
Yet he left here full many a hero, and among them, Duke Heuteger
With his gallant deeds of knighthood, and his army, hath pressed us sore,
They have skill and strength for the conflict. And many a soldier more
With Gaschier of Normandy came here, and a hero wise is he.
Many knights hath he brought to this country (and wrathful guests they be):
Kailet of Hoscurast. All these hath he brought upon our fair land
With his comrades four, and his soldiers, the Scottish king Friedebrand!
And there, to the West, by the sea-coast doth Eisenhart's army lie,
And their eyes shall be fain for weeping; nor in secret, nor openly
Hath one seen them, and failed to marvel at their grief and their sorrow sore,
Since their lord hath been slain in battle with the heart's rain their eyes run o'er.'

Then the guest courteous spake to his hostess, 'I would, an it seem thee right,
Thou shouldst say why thy foeman threaten, why they seek thee with war-like might!

Thou hast here many gallant heroes, it grieveth me sore to see
Thy land thus with hate o'erladen, for woe must it bring to thee.'

'Wouldst thou know? Then, Sir Knight, I will tell thee—A knight
did me service true,
And the fruit of all manly virtue his life as its decking knew,
And gallant and wise was the hero, and his faith as a goodly tree
Was fast-rooted, and none so courteous but were shamed by his
courtesy.
And modest was he as a woman, tho' dauntless and strong, I
trow,
And a knight e'en as he free-handed ere his day never land might
know.
(But they that shall come hereafter, other folk shall their doings
see.)
A fool was he in false dealing, and a Moor, as myself shall be;
And his father's name was Tánkaneis, a king of a kingly heart,
And his son, he who was my lover, men knew him as Eisenhart.
That for love's sake I took his service, as a woman I did not well,
It hath brought me but lasting sorrow since no joy to his portion
fell,
They deem I to death betrayed him! Yet such treason were far
from me,
Tho' his folk bring such charge against me; and dear to my heart
was he,
Far dearer than *they* e'er held him. Nor witnesses here shall fail
To speak to the truth of my saying, if it please them to tell the
tale.
His gods and mine, they know it, the truth—I must sorrow deep
Since my womanly shame hath brought him a guerdon I needs
must weep!

'Thus he won in my maiden service much honour by knighthood
fair,
I thought thus to prove my lover; his deeds did his worth declare.
For my sake he put off his harness (that which like to a hall doth
stand
Is a lofty tent, the Scotch folk they brought it into this land),
Then e'en tho' he bare no armour his body he little spared,
For he held his life as worthless, many ventures unarmed he
dared.
As the matter so stood between us, a prince who my man should
be,
Prothizilas did men call him, a bold knight, from all cowardice
free,
Rode forth in search of venture, and evil for him that day
For there, in Assagog's forest, his death in waiting lay.
In a knightly joust he met it, and there too he found his end
The gallant knight who faced him—'Twas Prince Eisenhart my
friend.

For both of the twain were piercèd with a spear thro' heart and shield,
And I, alas! poor woman, must weep for that fatal field.
And ever their death doth grieve me, and sorrow from love shall grow,
And never henceforth as my husband a man do I think to know.'

Then e'en tho' she was a heathen Gamuret he bethought him well,
That a heart more true and tender ne'er in woman's breast might dwell.
Her purity was her baptism, and as water that washed her o'er
Was the rain that streamed from her eyelids o'er her breast, and the robe she wore;
All her joy did she find in sorrow, and grief o'er her life did reign —
Then the queen she looked on the hero, and in this wise she spake again:

'With his army the king of Scotland hath sought me across the sea,
For the knight was son to his uncle; yet no ill can he do to me,
If here the truth be spoken, that is worse than the grief I knew
For Eisenhart's death!' and sorely she sighed that lady true;
And many a glance thro' her tear-drops on Gamuret shyly fell,
And her eyes to her heart gave counsel, and his beauty it pleased her well,
(And she knew how to judge a fair face, since fair heathen she oft had seen,)
And the root of true love and longing it sprang up the twain between.
She looked upon him, and his glances, they answering sought her own—
Then she bade them to fill the wine-cup, had she dared, it were left undone,
And she grieved she might not delay it, since to many a hero brave
Who spake with the maids this wine-cup the signal of parting gave.
Yet her body was e'en as his body, and his look did such courage give
To the maid, that she thought henceforward in the life of the knight to live.

Then he stood upright, and he spake thus, 'Lady, I weary thee,
Too long methinks do I sit here, I were lacking in courtesy!
As befitting true knight and servant I mourn for thy woe so great,
Lady, do thou command me, I will on thy bidding wait.
Wherever thou wilt, there I wend me. I will serve thee in all I may!'
And the lady she quoth in answer, 'I believe thee, Sir Knight, alway!'

Then his kindly host the Burg-grave, of his labour would nothing spare
Lest the hours of his stay be heavy; and he asked if he forth would fare,
And ride round the walls of the city? 'The battle-field shalt thou see,
And how we would guard our portals!' then Gamuret courteously
Made answer, he fain would see it, the field where they late had fought,
And the place where brave deeds of knighthood had by gallant hands been wrought.

And noble knights rode with him adown from the palace hall,
Some were wise, some were young and foolish,—So rode they around the wall
To sixteen gates, and they told him not one of them might they close
Since Eisenhart's death called for vengeance—'So wrathful shall be our foes
Our conflict it resteth never, but we fight both by night and day,
Nor our portals since then we fasten, but open they stand alway.
At eight of our gates they beset us, true Eisenhart's gallant knights,
And evil shall they have wrought us; spurred by anger each man doth fight,
The princes of lofty lineage, the king of Assagog's ban!'
And there floated before each portal a banner, so pale and wan,
With a piercèd knight upon it. When Eisenhart lost his life
His folk chose to them this symbol, as badge in the coming strife.
'But against these arms have we others, wherewith we their grief would still,
And thus shalt thou know our banner; 'twas wrought at our lady's will,
Two fingers in oath she stretcheth, that never such grief she knew
As Eisenhart's death hath brought her (true sorrow for heart so true),
And so doth it stand the semblance of our queen, on a samite white
Belakané in sable fashioned,—Since against us they came in might,
(To avenge him for whom she sorrows) so she looks from our portals high.
And proud Friedebrand's mighty army doth to eight of our gates stand nigh,
Baptized men, from o'er the waters. A prince doth each portal hold,
And forth from the gate he sallies, with his banners and warriors bold.'

'From the host of Gaschier the Norman, a count have we captive ta'en,

And heavy methinks the ransom we may hope from that knight
to gain;
He is sister's son to Kailet, and the harm *he* to us hath done
His nephew I ween shall pay for! Yet such prize have we seldom
won.
Here have we no grassy meadow, but sand, thirty gallops wide
Betwixt the tents and the trenches; here many a joust we ride.

And further his host would tell him, 'One knight, he doth never
fail
To ride forth, a fair joust seeking. (If his service shall nought avail
With her who hath sent him hither, what boots it how well he
fight?)
Proud Heuteger is the hero, of him may I speak with right
For since our besiegers threaten there dawneth never a day
But before the gates 'neath the castle, that knight doth his
charger stay.
And oft from that dauntless hero many tokens we needs must
bear,
That he smote through our shields at his spear-point, and costly
their worth and rare
When the squire from the shield doth break them. Many knights
'fore his joust must fall;
He would that all men may behold him, and our women they
praise him all.
And he who is praised of women, one knoweth that he doth hold
The prize in his hand, and his heart's joy in full measure shall aye
be told!'

But now would the sun, grown weary, its wandering rays recall;
'Twas time that the ride was ended—Then he sought with his host
the hall,
And the evening meal was ready; and I needs of that feast must
tell,
'Twas laid in a fitting order, and knightly 'twas served, and well.
And the queen with mien so stately she unto his table came,
(Here stood the fish, there the heron) and she counted it not for
shame
To ride adown from her palace, that herself she might be aware
If they cared for the guest as 'twas fitting, and with her rode her
maidens fair.
Low she knelt (and but ill it pleased him) and cut as it seemed her
best
For the knight a fitting portion; she was glad in her goodly guest.
And she filled for him the wine-cup, and care for his needs would
take,
And well did he mark, the hero, her mien, and the words she
spake.
And his fiddlers sat at the table, and over against the knight
Was his chaplain: with shy looks shamefast, he spake to the lady
bright:

'I looked not to find such welcome as, Lady, thou gavest me,
Too much must I deem the honour! If rede I might give to thee,
Then to-day I had claimed naught from thee save was due to my worth alone,
Nor adown the hill hadst thou ridden, nor such service to me hadst shown.
And, Lady, if I may venture to make unto thee request,
Let me live but as best befits me, thou dost honour o'ermuch thy guest!'

Yet her kindly care she stayed not; for she stept to his page's seat
And with gentle words and friendly she prayed them to freely eat,
This she did her guest to honour: and the noble lads, I trow,
Bare goodwill to the royal lady. Nor the queen methinks was slow
To pass where the host was seated and his lady, the Burg-gravine,
And she raised the golden goblet, and she spake as should fit a queen:
'Now unto your care I give him, our guest, and I rede ye both
Since the honour is yours, to hearken, and do my will nothing loth!'
And she bade them farewell, and she turned her, and passed to her guest once more,
Whose heart for her sake was heavy; and such sorrow for him she bore,
And her heart and her eyes they answered, and they spake to her sorrow yea!
And courteous she spake, the lady, 'Sir Knight, thou the word shalt say,
And whate'er be thy will, I will do it, for I hold thee a worthy guest.
Now give me, I pray, dismissal; if here thou in peace shalt rest,
Of that shall we all be joyful.' Her torch-holders were of gold,
And four tapers they bare before her, so she rode to her fortress-hold.

Nor long at the board they lingered—The hero was sad, and gay,
He was glad for the honour done him, yet a sorrow upon him lay,
And that was strong Love's compelling, that a proud heart and courage high
Can bend to her will, and gladness shall oft at her bidding fly.

Then the hostess she passed to her chamber, yea, e'en as the meal was o'er;
And a couch did they spread for the hero, and love to the labour bore.
And the host to his guest spake kindly, 'Now here shall thy sleep be sweet,
Thou shalt rest thro' the night that cometh, to thy need shall such rest be meet.'
Then he spake to his men, and he bade them they should hence from the hall away,

And the noble youths his pages, their couches around his lay
Each one with the head toward his master, for so was the custom good;
And tapers so tall and flaming alight round the chamber stood.
Yet ill did it please the hero that so long were the hours of night,
For the Moorish queen so dusky, had vanquished his heart of might.
And he turned as a willow wand bendeth, till his joints they were heard to crack,
The strife and the love that he craved for he deemed he o'er-long did lack.
And his heart-beats they echoed loudly, as it swelled high for knighthood fain,
And he stretched himself as an archer who bendeth a bow amain.
And so eager his lust for battle that sleepless the hero lay
Till he saw the grey light of morning, though as yet it should scarce be day.
And his chaplain for Mass was ready, and to God and the knight they sing,
For so did he give commandment. Then he bade them his harness bring,

And he rode where a joust should wait him, and that self-same hour would ride
A horse that could charge the foeman, and turn swiftly to either side,
And answer to bit and bridle if its rider would backward draw.
And the watchers, both man and woman, his helm in the gateway saw,
And the anchor shone fair upon it; and no man ere this might see
So wondrous fair a hero, for like to a god was he!

And strong spears they bare for his using—How then was he decked, the knight?
With iron was his charger covered, as should serve for a shield in fight,
And above lay another covering, nor heavy methinks it weighed,
'Twas a samite green; and his surcoat and blazoned coat were made
Of Achmardi, green to look on, and in Araby fashioned fair,
And no lie I tell, but the shield-thongs that the weight of the shield should bear
Were of silk and gold untarnished, and jewel-bedecked their pride,
And the boss of the shield was covered with red gold, in the furnace tried.
He served but for love's rewarding; sharp conflict he held it light;
And the queen she looked from her window, with many a lady bright.
And see, there Heuteger held him, who the prize ne'er had failed to gain;

When he saw the knight draw nearer, in swift gallop across the plain,
He thought, 'Now whence came this Frenchman? Who hither this knight hath sent?
If a *Moor* I had thought this hero, my wit were to madness bent!'

No whit they delayed the onslaught, from gallop to swifter flight
Each man spurred amain his charger; and as fitting a valiant knight
Nor one would evade the other, but would meet him in jousting fair,
From brave Heuteger's spear the splinters flew high thro' the summer air,
But his foeman so well withstood him that he thrust him from off his steed
Adown on the grass; but seldom might he win for his joust such meed!
And his foe in his course rode o'er him, and trode him unto the ground,
Yet he sprang up again, and valiant, fresh lust for the strife he found,
But Gamuret's lance had pierced him thro' the arm, and he bade him yield,
And he knew he had found his master, and he spake from the foughten field,
'Now who shall have o'erthrown me?' and the victor he swiftly spake,
'Gamuret Angevin do men call me!' then he quoth, 'Thou my pledge canst take!'

Then his pledge the knight took, and straightway he sent him within the wall,
And much praise did he win from the women who looked from the castle hall.
And swiftly there came towards him, Gaschier of Normandy,
A proud and wealthy hero and mighty in strife was he.
And Gamuret made him ready, for a second joust he'ld ride,
And strong and new was his spear-shaft, and the iron was both sharp and wide,
And the strangers they faced each other—But unequal their lot, I trow,
For Gaschier and his gallant charger full swiftly were they laid low,
And the knight with his arms and harness he fell in the shock of strife;
If he thought it for good or for evil, by his pledge must he win his life.

Then Gamuret quoth, the hero, 'Thou hast pledged unto me thine hand,
Yet the weapon it well hath wielded! Ride thou to the Scottish band,

And bid them to cease from troubling; if they to thy will are fain,
Thou canst follow me to the city.' Then the knight hied him o'er the plain.
If he prayed them, or gave commandment, they did at the last his will,
And the Scottish host they rested, and from conflict they held them still.

Then Kailet spurred swift towards him, but Gamuret turned his rein,
His cousin he was, and near kinsman, why then bring him grief and pain?
And the Spaniard cried loudly on him; on his helm he an ostrich bare,
And so far as I know to tell ye the knight he was decked so fair
With silken raiment goodly, and long were his robes and wide,
And the plain rang clear with the chiming of sweet bells as he o'er it hied.
The flower he of manly beauty, and his fairness it held the field,
Save for two who should come hereafter, and his fame unto theirs must yield;
But Parzival and brave Beaucorps, King Lot's son, they are not here,
Not yet were they born, but hereafter for their beauty men held them dear!

Then Gaschier he grasped his bridle. 'Now checked will it be thy race,
So I tell thee upon mine honour, if the Angevin thou shalt face
Who there my pledge hath taken. Sir Knight, thou shalt list my prayer
And hearken unto my counsel; in Gamuret's hand I sware
From strife aside to turn thee: stay thy steed then for my sake,
For mighty is he in conflict!' Then aloud King Kailet spake,
'Is he Gamuret my cousin, and son unto King Gandein?
Then I care not with him to battle, no foe shall he be of mine!
Take thine hand from off my bridle'—'Nay, further thou shalt not fare
Till mine eyes have first beheld thee, with thine head of the helmet bare,
For *mine* with blows is deafened!' Then his helmet the prince unbound.
And yet, tho' with him he fought not, Gamuret other foemen found.

And the day had grown to high morning—And the folk who the joust might see
Were glad at heart, and they gat them to their bulwarks right speedily,
For he was as a net before them, and none might escape his hold.
And he chose him another charger, so the tale unto me was told,

And it flew, and the earth it spurnèd, and its work could aright fulfil,
Bold when the knight would battle, yet its speed could he check at will.
And what would he do the rider? His valour I praise alway,
For he rode where the Moorish army to the west by the sea-coast lay.

Thence a prince, Rassalig men called him, forgat not each coming morn
(He was Assagog's richest hero, to riches and honour born
Since he came of a royal lineage) to take from the camp his way
He would fain joust before the city—But his strength it was quelled that day
By Anjou's dauntless hero; and a dusky maid made moan
(Since 'twas she who sent him hither) that her knight should be thus o'erthrown.
For a squire brought, without his bidding, to his master, brave Gamuret,
A spear, with light reed-shaft fashioned, and its point 'gainst the Moor he set,
And with it he smote the paynim from his steed down upon the sand,
Nor longer he bade him lie there than as surety he pledged his hand.
So the strife it had found its ending, and the hero had won him fame;
Then Gamuret saw eight banners toward the city that onward came,
And he bade the conquered hero the force with his word to stay,
And follow him to the city. And that word must he needs obey.

Nor Gaschier delayed his coming; and unto the Burg-grave told
How his guest sought for further conflict nor his wrath might the host withhold.
If he swallowed not iron as an ostrich, nor his wrath did on stones assuage
'Twas but that he might not find them! Then he gnashed his teeth for rage,
And he growled as a mighty lion, and the hair of his head he tare,
And he quoth, 'So the years of my lifetime a harvest of folly bear,
The gods they had sent to my keeping a valiant and worthy friend,
If with strife he shall be o'erladen, then mine honour hath found an end;
Sword and shield they shall little profit—Yea, shame he would on me cast
Who should bring this to my remembrance!' Then swift from his place he passed,
And he gat him into the portal, and a squire towards him drew,

And he bare a shield that was painted with a knight by a spear pierced thro',
In Eisenhart's land was it fashioned; and a helmet his hand must hold,
And a sword that Rassalig carried in battle, that heathen bold,
But now was he parted from it whose fame was in every place;
Were he slain unbaptized I think me, God had shown to this hero grace!

And e'en as the Burg-grave saw it, ne'er of yore was his joy so great,
For the coat-of-arms he knew it—So he rode thro' the city gate,
And without, his guest had halted, young hero he, not yet old,
As one of a joust desirous, and his bridle the Burg-grave bold,
Lahfilirost was his name, he grasped it, and he led him within the wall;
And I wot well no other foeman that day 'neath his spear must fall.

Quoth Lahfilirost the Burg-grave, 'Sir Knight, thou shalt tell to me
If thine hand Rassalig hath vanquished?' 'Then our land from all strife is free;
For he of the Moors is chieftain, the men of true Eisenhart
Who have brought unto us such sorrow—But now shall our woe depart,
'Twas a wrathful god who bade him thus seek us with all his host,
But his weapons to naught are smitten, and to folly is turned his boast!'
Then he led him in (ill it pleased him) and there met then the royal maid,
And she loosened the bands of his vizor, and her hand on his bridle laid,
To her care must the Burg-grave yield it: nor his squires to their task were slack,
For they turned them about, and swiftly they rode on their master's track.
So men saw the queen so gracious lead her guest thro' the city street
Who here should be hailed the victor—Then she lighted her on her feet,
'Ah me! but thy squires are faithful! Fear ye lest your lord be lost?
Without ye shall he be cared for; take his steed, here am I his host!'

And above found he many a maiden: then her hands of dusky hue
The queen set unto his harness, and disarmed the knight so true.
And the bed-covering was of sable, and the couch it was spread so fair,
And in secret a hidden honour they did for the knight prepare,

For no one was there to witness—The maidens they might not stay,
And the door was fast closed behind them, and Frau Minne might have her way.
So the queen in the arms of her true love found guerdon of sweet delight,
Tho' unlike were the twain in their colour, Moorish princess and Christian knight!

Then the townsfolk brought many an offering to the gods who had seen their woe.
That which Rassalig needs must promise ere he from the field might go
That he did, in all truth and honour, yet heavy was he at heart,
And afresh sprang the fount of his sorrow for his prince gallant Eisenhart.
And the Burg-grave he heard of his coming; then loud rang the trumpet call,
And no man of Zassamank's princes but came to the palace hall.
They gave Gamuret thanks for the honour he had won in the field that day,
Four-and-twenty had fallen before him, and their chargers he bore away,
And three chieftains had he made captive. And there rode in the princes' train
Many gallant knights, in the courtyard of the palace did they draw rein.
And the hero had slept and eaten, and clad him in raiment fair,
Chief host was he, for his body fit garments would they prepare.
And she who afore was a maiden but now was a wife would take
Her lord by the hand, forth she led him, and unto her princes spake:
'My body and this my kingdom are vassals unto this knight,
If so be that his foemen fearing, resist not his hand of might!'

Then Gamuret spake, and his bidding was courteous, for hero meet,
Sir Rassalig, go thou nearer, with a kiss thou my wife shalt greet;
And Sir Gaschier, thou shalt do likewise.' Then the Scotch knight proud Heuteger
He bade on the lips to kiss her (and the wounds won in joust he bare).

Then he bade them all be seated, and standing, he wisely spake:
'I were fain to behold my kinsman, if he who did captive take
The knight shall have naught against it—As kinsman it seemeth me
That I find here no other counsel save straightway to set him free!'
Then the queen she smiled, and bade them go swiftly and seek the knight,

And then thro' the throng he pressed him, that count so fair and bright,
Yet bare he the wounds of knighthood, and bravely and well had fought;
With the host of Gaschier the Norman the land of the Moors he sought.
He was courteous; his sire a Frenchman he was Kailet's sister's son,
Killirjacac his name; in the service of fair women fair meed he won,

And the fairest of men they deemed him. When Gamuret saw his face
(For like were they each to the other, as men of a kindred race)
He bade his queen to kiss him and embrace him as kinsman true,
And he spake, 'Now come thou and greet me!' and the knight to his arms he drew,
And he kissed him, and each was joyful that the other he here might meet:
And Gamuret quoth unto him, 'Alas! cousin fair and sweet,
What doth thy young strength in this conflict? Say, if woman hath sent thee here?'
'Nay, never a woman sent me, with my cousin I came, Gaschier,
He knoweth why he hath brought me—A thousand men have I,
And I do to him loyal service—To Rouen in Normandy
I came, where his force was gathered, and many a youthful knight
I brought from Champagne in mine army; 'neath his banner we fain would fight.
Now evil hath turned against him what of cunning is hers and skill,
Thou wilt honour thyself if thou free him for my sake, and cure his ill!'
'Thyself shalt fulfil thy counsel! Go thou, take with thee Gaschier,
I would fain see my kinsman Kailet, do thou bring him unto me here!'
So they wrought out the host's desiring, and brought him at his behest,
And in loving wise and kindly did Gamuret greet his guest;
And ofttimes the queen embraced him, and kissed him with kisses sweet:
And nothing it wronged her honour in such wise the prince to greet,
He was cousin unto her husband, by birth was himself a king.
Then smiling his host spake to him, 'God knows, 'twere an evil thing,
Had I taken from thee Toledo, and thy goodly land of Spain
For Gascony's king, who wrathful doth plague thee with strife amain;
'Twere faithless of me, Sir Kailet, since mine aunt's son thou sure shalt be;

The bravest of knights shall be with thee; say, who forced this strife on thee?'

Then out spake the proud young hero, 'My cousin Schiltung bade
(Since his daughter Friedebrand wedded) that I lend to the king mine aid.
For the sake of his wife hath he won him, yea even from me alone
Six thousand chosen heroes, who valour and skill have shown.
And other men did I bring him, but a part they shall hence have sailed,
For the Scottish folk came they hither, brave bands who in strife ne'er failed.
And there came to his aid from Greenland, strong heroes who bravely fought,
Two mighty kings, and a torrent of knighthood with them they brought,
And many a goodly vessel: and they pleased me, those men of might—
And here for his sake came Morhold, who hath cunning and skill in fight.'

'But now have they turned them homewards, and that which the queen shall say
Even that will I do with mine army, her servant am I alway!
Thou shalt thank me not for this service, from kinsman 'twas due, I ween.
Now *thine* are these gallant heroes, if like mine they baptized had been
And were even as they in colour, then never a monarch crowned
But if they should fight against him, of conflict his fill had found!
But I marvel what here hath brought thee? Say, how didst thou reach this strand?'
'Yestreen I came, and this morning I am lord o'er this goodly land!
The queen by the hand she took me, and with love I myself would shield,
For so did my wit give counsel—' 'Yea, so hast thou won the field,
Those sweet weapons two hosts have vanquished!' 'Thou wouldst say, since I fled from *thee*,
So loudly on me thou calledst, say, what wouldst thou force from me?
Let us speak of the thing in friendship!' 'Thine anchor I failed to know,
But seldom mine aunt's brave husband Gandein, did such token show!'
'But I, I knew well thine ostrich with the snake's head upon thy breast,
Aloft stood thy bird so stately, nor hid it within a nest!'

'And I saw in thy mien and bearing that that pledge would have 'seemed thee ill

Which two heroes afore had given, tho' first had they fought their fill.'
'E'en such fate as theirs were my portion—But this thing I needs must say,
Tho' little I like a devil, were he victor as thou this day
For love of his gallant doings the women had deemed him sweet,
Yea, as sugar were fain to eat him!' 'Now thou praisest me more than meet!'
'Nay, of flattery know I little, thou shalt see that I hold thee dear
In other wise!' Then the hero bade Rassalig draw anear.

And courteous he spake, King Kailet, 'My kinsman with valiant hand
Hath made of thee here his captive?' 'Yea, Sire, so the thing doth stand,
And I hold him for such a hero that Assagog's kingdom fair
Should fail not to yield him homage, since the crown he may never wear,
Our prince Eisenhart! In her service was he slain who shall now be wife
To thy kinsman, as knight so faithful he gave for her love his life.
With my kiss have I sealed forgiveness, yet my lord and my friend I lost!
If thy cousin by knightly dealing will repay of his death the cost
I will fold my hands as his vassal: and wealth shall be his and fame,
All that Eisenhart from Tánkaneis as his heritage thought to claim.
Embalmed here the hero lieth, and I gaze on his wounds each day
Since this spear thro' his true heart piercing, my lord and my king did slay!'

Then he drew it forth from his bosom by a silken cord so fine,
And the heroes saw the spear-blade 'neath his robe on his bare chest shine.
And he quoth, 'It is now high morning, if my lord Sir Killirjacac
My token will bear to my princes, with him will the knights ride back.'
And a finger-ring he sent them: dark as hell were those heroes all
And they rode who were there of princes, thro' the town to the castle hall.
As his vassals he gave with their banners to Assagog's lords their land,
And each one rejoiced in the fiefdom he won from his ruler's hand,
But the better part was his portion, Gamuret's, as their lord and king.
And these were the first—as they passed hence their homage they fain would bring
The princes of Zassamank's kingdom, and they came in their order due,

And each as their queen had bade them, they took from his hand anew
Their land, and the fruit it should bear them, as to each man was fit and right,
And poverty fled from his presence. Now he who was slain in fight
And in life was a prince by lineage, Prothizilas, he had left
A Dukedom fair, and this country which was thus of its lord bereft
He gave unto him who much honour had won by his strong right hand,
The Burg-grave, in combat dauntless—With its banners he took the land.

Then Assagog's noble princes took the Scotch Duke, proud Heuteger,
And Gaschier, the Norman hero, to their lord did they lead them there,
And he spake them free for their asking, and they thanked brave Gamuret.
Then Heuteger of Scotland with prayers did these knights beset,
'Now give to our lord the armour, as prize for his deeds so brave,
That Eisenhart's life took from us, when to Friedebrand he gave
That which was of our land the glory—Forfeit of joy the knight,
And dead on his bier he lieth, since no love might his love requite —'
And earth knoweth naught so goodly, the helm it was strong and hard,
Yea even of diamond fashioned, in battle a goodly guard.
Then Heuteger sware unto them, if the land of his lord he saw
He would pray of his hand the armour, and send it to them once more.

And this did he swear them freely—Then leave would the princes pray
Who stood in the royal presence, and they wend from the hall their way.
And tho' sorely the land was wasted, yet Gamuret scattered free
Such royal gifts and goodly as if laden with gold each tree.
And costly I ween the presents that vassal and friend must share
From the open hand of the hero; and the queen deemed it right and fair.

Full many a bitter conflict had been fought ere the bridal feast,
But peace had the foeman sealèd, and the land was from strife released;
(Nor this song I myself have woven, but so was it told to me)
And Eisenhart did they bury with honours right royally.
To his grave did his kinsmen bear him, and the gold that his lands might bring
In a whole year long, did they spend there, of their free will they did this thing.

And Gamuret bade his kinsfolk his riches and lands to hold
And use as they would; tho' they craved not such boon from the hero bold.

At dawn from before the fortress the foe would their camp withdraw,
And those who were there departed; many litters with them they bore.
And the field was left unsheltered, save for one tent so great and fair,
And the king he bade his servants that tent to his vessel bear.
And he said to his folk that to Assagog would he take it, and yet I wot
He did with that speech deceive them, for Assagog saw him not.

Now that proud and gallant hero, his heart gave him little rest
Since he found there no deeds of knighthood, and gladness forsook his breast;
Yet his dusky wife was dearer than e'en his own life might be,
Ne'er knew he a truer lady whose heart was from falsehood free,
She forgat not what 'seemed a woman, and with her as comrades good
Went purity untarnished, and the ways of true womanhood.

He was born in Seville's fair city whom the knight would hereafter pray,
When he grew of his sojourn weary, to sail with him far away;
For many a mile had he led him, and he brought him unto this place,
And a Christian was he, the steersman, nor like to a Moor in face.
And wisely he spake, 'Thou shalt hide it from them who a dark skin bear,
Too swift is my barque for pursuing, from hence shall we quickly fare!'

Then his gold it was borne to the vessel. Now of parting I needs must tell,
By night did he go, the hero, and his purpose he hid it well;
But when from his wife he sailèd, in her womb did she bear his child:
And fair blew the wind, and the breezes bare him hence o'er the waters wild.

And the lady she found a letter, and 'twas writ by her husband's hand;
And in French (for she well could read it) did the words of the writing stand:
'Here one love to another speaketh—As a thief have I stolen away
That mine eyes might not see thy sorrow—But this thing I needs must say,
Wert thou, e'en as I, a Christian I ever should weep for thee,

For e'en now I must sorely mourn thee. If it chance that our child shall be
In face like unto one other, then his is a dowry fair,
Of Anjou was *he* born, and Frau Minne for his lady he did declare.
Yet was he in strife a hailstorm, ill neighbour unto his foe;
That his grandsire hath been King Gandein, this I will that my son shall know.
Dead he lay thro' his deeds of knighthood; and his father the same death won,
Addanz was his name, and unsplintered his shield hath been seen of none;
And by birth he hath been a Breton, and two brothers' sons were they,
He and the brave Pendragon, and their sires' names I here will say;
For Lassalies he hath been the elder, and Brickus was his brother's name,
And Mazadan was their father whom a fay for her love did claim.
Terre-de-la-schoie did they call her, to Fay-Morgan she led the king,
For he was her true heart's fetters; and my race from those twain did spring.
And fair shall they be, and valiant, and as crownèd kings they reign—
If lady, thou'lt be baptizèd thou mayst win me to thee again!'

Yet had she no thought of anger, but she spake, 'Ah! too soon 'tis o'er,
Of a sooth would I do his bidding, would it bring him to me once more.
In whose charge hath my courteous hero left the fruit of his love so true?
Alas! for the sweet communion that we twain for a short space knew!
Shall the strength of my bitter sorrow rule body and soul alway?
And she quoth, 'Now his God to honour, his will would I fain obey,
And gladly I'ld be baptizèd, and live as should please my love!'
And sorrow with her heart struggled, and e'en as the turtle dove
Her joy sought the withered branches, for the same mind was hers, I ween,
When the mate of the turtle dieth, she forsaketh the branches green.

Then the queen at the time appointed bare a son, who was dark and light,
For in him had God wrought a wonder, at one while was he black and white.
And a thousand times she kissed him where white as his sire's his skin.
And she named the babe of her sorrows Feirefis Angevin.

And he was a woodland-waster, many spears did he shatter fair,
And shields did he pierce—as a magpie the hue of his face and hair.
Now a year and more was ended since Gamuret won such fame
At Zassamank, and his right hand the victor's prize might claim,
And yet o'er the seas he drifted, for the winds vexed the hero bold.
Then a silken sail red gleaming he saw, and the barque did hold
The men whom the King of Scotland, Friedebrand, sent upon their way
At the bidding of Queen Belakané: from her would they pardon pray
That ever he came against her, tho' in sooth he had lost the more.
And with them the diamond helmet, the corslet and sword they bore,
And hosen e'en such as the harness, and a marvel it needs must be
That the barque was thus borne towards him, as the venture hath told to me!
And they gave him the goodly armour, and an oath unto them he swore
That his mouth it should speak their message, an he came to the queen once more.
And they parted; and one hath told me that the sea bare him onward bound
Till he came to a goodly haven, and in Seville his goal he found.
And with gold did he pay his steersman right well for his guidance true,
And they parted, those twain, and sorrow the heart of that steersman knew!

BOOK II
HERZELEIDE

ARGUMENT

This Book tells how Gamuret sought for King Kailet, and found him before Kanvoleis. How the Queen of the Waleis ordered a Tourney to be holden, and of the heroes there assembled. How Gamuret did valiant deeds, and was adjudged the victor; and how two queens laid claim to his love. Of the wedding of Gamuret and Queen Herzeleide and their love to each other. How Gamuret went to the aid of the Baruch, and was treacherously slain before Alexandria. How the news was brought to the land of the Waleis; of the sorrow of Herzeleide; and of the birth of Parzival.

BOOK II

HERZELEIDE

Now there in the Spanish country he thought him the king to greet,
His kinsman and cousin Kailet, and he followed with footsteps fleet
To Toledo, but thence had he ridden unto deeds of knighthood fair,
Where many a spear should be splintered, and men thought not their shields to spare.
Then he thought him to make him ready (so the venture doth tell I ween)
With many a blazoned spear-shaft, and many a sendal green;
For each spear it bare a pennon, with the anchor in ermine white,
And well was it wrought, the symbol, and costly in all men's sight.
And long and broad were the pennons, and e'en to the hand hung low
When men on the spear-blade bound them, a span-breadth the point below.
And a hundred spears were ready for that true and gallant knight,
And his cousin's folk they bare them, and with him went forth to fight;
And honour and loyal service they showed him as fit and fair,
Nor I think had their lord been wrathful that his kinsman their love should share.

I know not how long he sought him, till shelter at length he found
In the Waleis land: 'fore Kanvoleis were pitched on the open ground
Many tents so fair and knightly; (I speak not from fancy light
But sooth are the words I tell ye if the tale ye would hear aright)
Then he bade his folk to halt there, and he sent on before his face

The chief of his squires, and he bade him to seek them a resting-
place.
He would fain do his master's bidding, and swift to the town he
sped,
And many a pack-horse laden his comrades behind him led.
And never a house he saw there but its roof was a shield I trow,
And the walls were hung and circled with spears in a goodly row,
For the queen of the Waleis country had ordered at Kanvoleis
That a Tourney fair be holden, and they ordered it in such wise
That a coward had little liked it—for whoever would seek such
strife
At his will doth it chance but seldom! She was maiden, not yet a
wife,
And herself and two lands she offered to him who the prize
should hold;
And many to earth had fallen in whose ear had this tale been
told,
And he who such fall must suffer he held that his chance was o'er.
And many a dauntless hero showed knighthood those walls
before,
And many a horse rushed onward as the knight spurred to
onslaught fierce,
And the sword-blades rang clear on each other, and spears did
the shield rims pierce.

A bridge from the plain was builded that crossed o'er the river's
flow,
And 'twas closed by a tower-portal; nor the squire at his task was
slow,
But he opened the gates, unwearied, when one would an
entrance win.
And above it there stood the palace, and the queen sat the hall
within,
And she gazed from the high hall window with many a maiden
fair,
And they looked on the squires beneath them to see what had
brought them there.
'Twixt themselves had they taken counsel, and a tent did they rear
on high
For the winning of love ungranted a king wrought it in days gone
by,
('Twas in service of Queen Belakané). The squires laboured with
might and main
Till the burden of thirty pack-steeds they raised on the grassy
plain,
A pavilion rich to look on, and the meadow it was so wide
That the silken ropes that held it might stretch forth on either
side.
And Gamuret, their master, ate without in the open air—
And then for his courtly entrance with skill would the knight
prepare,

Nor longer might be delaying—His squires take the spears straightway,
And they bind them fast together, and five in each band they lay,
And the sixth in their hand they carry, with its pennon and anchor white;
So proudly into the city came riding this gallant knight.

Then the queen she heard the tidings that a noble guest was come
From a far-off land and distant, and in sooth was he known to none.
'And courteous his folk in bearing; both heathen and French I trow,
And Angevin, some among them if their speech I aright may know;
And their courage is high, and their raiment both rich and well shaped shall be.
But now was I with his people, and they seem me from falsehood free,
And they say, 'Who hath lust for riches, if he to our lord shall seek
He will free him from fear of scarceness!' The while I with them did speak,
I asked them to tell of their master, and they thought not to hide the thing,
But spake of a true heart freely, 'Of Zassamank is he king.'

'Twas a page who brought the tidings—'Ah me! that pavilion fair!
Wouldst thou pledge thy crown and thy kingdom not half of its cost were there!'
'Thou needst not to praise so highly, my mouth ne'er shall say thee nay,
A rich man shall be its owner, no lack doth he know alway.'
And in this wise she spake, the lady, the fair and gracious queen,
'Why cometh he not to the castle? For fain I his face had seen.'

This she bade her page to ask him—Then the hero was fain to make
Brave entry into the city, and the sleepers must needs awake.
Many shields he saw fair shining—The blast of the trumpets clear
Rang loud and long before him, and two drummers ye needs must hear
As they tossed and smote their tambours, and the walls echoed back the sound,
With the notes of the flutes 'twas mingled as the train through the city wound,
'Twas a march that they played so gaily—Nor forget we how he must ride
Their master and lord, he followed with the fiddlers his rein beside.

Then he threw his leg o'er his charger, that hero so bold and fair,
And boots did he wear of leather, or else had his limbs been bare.

And his mouth it was e'en as a ruby, and red, as a fire doth burn,
And full, not too thin; fair his body wherever the eye might turn;
And fair was his hair and curling, and wherever one saw the skin
I ween 'twas as costly cover as ever a head might win.
And of samite green was his mantle, and the sable shone dark thereon
Tho' white was his vest, and the gazers they came in a goodly throng.
And many must ask the question, 'Who was he, the beardless knight
Who rode with such pomp of riches?' Then the tale it was spread aright,
For they spake it as truth who knew it—So they drew to the bridge anear
The folk of the town, and his people; and so bright was the radiance clear
That shone from the queen that it thrilled him thro' his strong limbs, that goodly knight,
And he braced himself as a falcon that plumeth its wings for flight,
And the lodging he deemed it goodly; so thought he that hero wise;
And his hostess with joy beheld him, the lady of fair Waleis!

Then the king of Spain he heard it, how there stood on the open plain
The tent that at Rassalig's bidding Gamuret as his prize did gain
At Patelamunt, and the tidings a knight to his lord would bring—
Then he sped as a deer, joy's vassal I ween was the gallant king!
And thus spake the knight, 'Thy kinsman, and the son of thine aunt I saw,
And with pomp and in state as aforetime, so to-day doth he hither draw;
There are floating a hundred pennons full fair by his knightly shield,
And around his high pavilion they stand on the grassy field,
And green as the grass the pennons, and the hero bold doth bear
Three anchors of snow-white ermine on every sendal fair.'

'Hath he come here arrayed for battle? Ah! then shall men see straightway
How he spurreth him swift to the onslaught, how he striveth in knightly fray!
Long time hath the proud King Hardeiss his anger against me shown,
Here in joust shall Gamuret fell him, and good fortune shall be mine own!'

Then straightway he sent a message to Gaschier, the Norman knight,

Where he lay with many a vassal; and Killirjacac the fair and bright,
For here had they come at his bidding—The twain at King Kailet's side
Towards the fair pavilion with a goodly following hied.
And Zassamank's king was joyful, for he held them dear at heart:
And the time over-long had seemed them since they must from each other part,
This they spake of a true heart truly—And the king he was fain to know
What knights should be here for the Tourney, who valour and skill should show.
Then spake unto him his kinsmen, 'From distant lands they came,
The knights whom love's power hath brought here, many heroes of dauntless fame.'

'Here Uther Pendragon fighteth, and with him his Breton host;
One grief as a thorn doth vex him, his wife hath the hero lost,
The queen who was Arthur's mother; a clerk who all magic knew
With him hath she fled, and Arthur doth after the twain pursue;
'Tis now the third year since he lost them, his son alike and wife—
And here is his daughter's husband, a hero well skilled in strife,
King Lot is his name, of Norway—swift seeketh he knighthood's prize,
But slow are his feet to falsehood, the knight so bold and wise.
And here is his young son Gawain; as yet he too weak shall be
For any deed of knighthood—but now was the boy with me,
And he spake, were he not too feeble a spear-shaft as yet to break
He were fain to do deeds of knighthood, in the Tourney his part would take!
His lust for strife waketh early! Here Patrigalt's king hath brought
Of spears a goodly forest; yet their valour shall be as naught
When weighed against the gallant doings of the men of Portugal,
Yea, *bold* we in truth may call them, and shields do they pierce right well.
And here are the men of Provence, with many a blazoned shield;
And here the Waleis, to their onslaught the foemen perforce must yield,
And they ride at their will thro' the combat, for men of the land are they.
Many fight here for love's rewarding whose title I may not say,
But all whom I here have named thee now lie, and the truth I tell,
At great cost here within the city, for so the queen deemed it well.'

'And without on the plain they hold them who deem their prize lightly won,
Proud Arragon's haughty monarch, and the brave king of Askalon.
Eidegast, he is there from Logrois, and the King Brandelidelein

(The monarch is he of Punturtois), there too is bold Lähelein.
And Morhold is there of Ireland, many pledges that knight hath ta'en;
And many a haughty German doth camp on that battle plain.
To this country the Duke of Brabant hath come thro' the King Hardeiss;
The king of Gascony gave him his sister the fair Aleiss,
(Yet his service ere that won payment) wrath against me those princes drew:
Now I trust *thee* to think of our kinship—For love's sake do me service true!'
Quoth the king of Zassamank, 'Cousin, no thanks would I have from thee
Whate'er I may do for thine honour, my will e'en as thine shall be.
Doth thine ostrich yet stand un-nested? Thou shalt carry its serpent's head
'Gainst thy foeman's demi-gryphon, *my* anchor shall swift be sped,
And find in his onslaught landing; himself shall a haven seek
Behind his steed on the gravel! If our wrath we be fain to wreak,
And ride one against the other, I fell him, or he felleth me—
On my knightly faith as a kinsman this word do I swear to thee!'

Then Kailet he sought his lodging, and his heart it was gay and light.
Then arose on the plain a war-cry, 'fore the face of two gallant knights,
They were Schyolarz of Poitou, and Gurnemanz of Graharz,
On the plain did they meet together; ere the eventide might pass
The knights in their troops they rode forth, here by six and there by three,
And they did gallant deeds of knighthood—nor otherwise might it be.

And now it was fully noontide, and the knight in his tent abode;
Then the king of Zassamank heard this, that o'er all the field they rode,
'O'er the length and the breadth they gallop, and in knightly order fight.'
And thither he rode, the hero, with many a banner bright;
But he rode not in search of conflict, at his leisure he thought to see
What was done by one side and the other of fair deeds of chivalry.
On the plain did they spread his carpet, where the knights in strife would close,
And the shriek of the wounded horses o'er all the tumult rose.
The squires stood round in a circle mid the clash of the ringing steel,
And the heroes for fair fame battled, and the swords sang for woe or weal.

There was sound as of splintered spear-shafts, but none need to question, Where?
And his walls were of meeting foemen, by knightly hands builded fair.

And so near was I ween the jousting that the maids from the hall above
Might look on the toil of the heroes—But sorrow the queen did move
Since the king of Zassamank did naught, nor mingled him in the fight,
And she quoth, 'Ah! why came he hither? I had deemed him a gallant knight!'
(Now the King of France, whose fair wife brought Gamuret sorrow sore
When he fought for her sake, lay lifeless, and the queen sought the wide world o'er
To know if from heathen countries he had come to his land again.
'Twas love's power to the search that drove her, for love did her heart constrain.)

And many brave deeds were done there of many a poor man bold,
Who yet for the highest strove not, which the queen for their prize had told,
Herself and her two fair kingdoms,—they thought not such prize to gain,
But they battled for other booty, tho' their hearts were for payment fain.

Now clad was Gamuret's body in the harness whereby his wife
Might bring to her mind forgiveness, and the ending of bitter strife.
The Scotch King Friedebrand sent it, as a gift, to repay the woe
That with conflict he heaped upon her, nor shall earth of its fellow know.
Then he looked well upon the diamond—'twas a helmet, thereon they bound
An anchor, and jewels so precious were within its setting found;
Nor small were the stones, but costly, and the weight it was none too light
Of that helmet, and yet he bare it, and decked was the guest for fight

And what was his shield's adorning? of gold of Araby fair,
And the boss it was rich and costly, and heavy the weight he bare.
And the red gold shone so brightly that mirrored the face therein,
And an anchor beneath of sable—I were fain to myself to win
That wherewith the knight was girded, full many a mark its worth.
And wide was the coat emblazoned, and it reached e'en unto the earth,
And I ween that few in battle such raiment shall think to wear.

And if I have skill to praise it, or its value aright declare,
It shone e'en as when there burneth thro' the night-time a living flame,
And never a tint was faded, and its shimmer as lightning came,
A feeble eye had feared it! And with gold was it all inwrought,
That in Kaukasus' distant mountains from out of the rock was brought
By gryphon claws, for they guarded, and shall guard it unto this day.
And from Araby came the people who stole it by craft away,—
Elsewhere shall be none so precious,—and they bare it to Araby
Where they weave Achmardi and Pfellel, and no vesture like *that* shall be!
His shield, round his neck he hung it—There stood a charger proud,
Well-nigh to the hoof was it armed—and the squires cried the war-cry loud,
And he sprang on his steed as he found it; and many a spear of might
Did he break with strong hand in the Tourney, and where men did the closest fight
There he brake a way thro' the mêlée, and came forth on the further side,
And ever behind the Ostrich the Anchor did close abide.

Gamuret smote from off his charger Poytewin of Prienlaskors
And many another hero, their pledge must they yield perforce.
But what knight bare the cross he rejoiced him in the hero's valiant deeds,
And much did he win by his valour, since he gave him the captured steeds.

Now four banners, with self-same bearing, were led 'gainst that gallant knight,
(And bold riders they rode beneath them, and their lord was a man of might,)
And on each was the tail of a gryphon; and that hinder part I trow
Was e'en as a hailstorm smiting, so rode they in goodly row.
And Gascony's king before them the fore part of that gryphon bare
On his shield; he was skilled in battle, and his body was armed full fair
As women alone might arm him; and he rode forth his knights before
Where he saw on a helm the Ostrich, but the Anchor towards him bore,
And he thrust him from off his charger, the brave king of Zassamank,
And made of him there his captive. Here close thronged the knightly ranks,

And the furrows were trodden level, and their locks must the
sword-blade know,
And many a wood was wasted, and many a knight laid low—
And they who thus fell, 'twas told me, they turned their chargers
round
And hied to the back of the Tourney, where none but the cowards
were found.

And so near was I ween the combat that the women might see
aright
Who there won the prize of valour; Rivalein that love-lorn knight
With his spear hewed afresh a token, of Loheneis was he king,
And the crash of the splintered spear-shaft did aye with his
onslaught ring.
Of a knight did Morhold rob them, for he drew him from off his
steed
And lifted him up before him (unseemly methinks such deed)
And Killirjacac they called him,—and ere this King Lac had ta'en
Such payment from him as in falling a knight from the earth may
gain—
So his deeds had been fair and knightly; then this valiant man he
thought
He would take him with never a sword-thrust, and the knight in
his arms he caught.
Then the hand of the valiant Kailet it smote from the saddle-bow
The Duke of Brabant, Prince Lambekein, and the hero was laid
alow.
And what think ye they did, his soldiers? Their swords into shields
they turned,
And with them did they guard their monarch—And ever for strife
they yearned.

Then the King of Arragon smote him Uther Pendragon old,
From his charger adown on the meadow fell the king of the
Bretons bold,
And the flowers stood fair around him—Ah! I courteous am I, I
trow,
Since the Breton before Kanvoleis I lay on such couch alow,
Where never the foot of a peasant hath trodden unto this day,
Nay, perchance they may never tread there—'tis the truth and no
lie I say—
No more might he keep his saddle as he sat on his steed of yore,
But his peril his friends forgat not, they fought fiercely the hero
o'er.

And many a course was ridden; and the king of Punturtois
Fell prone in his horse's hoof-tracks on the field before Kanvoleis,
And low did he lie behind it—'Twas Gamuret dealt the blow—
'Ride on, on thy course, thou hero, and tread thy foemen low!'
Strife giveth whereon to trample! Then Kailet, his kinsman true,

Made the Punturtois his captive, tho' he scarce pierced the mêlée thro'.
Brandelidelein was prisoner, and his folk they had lost their king,
In his stead another monarch to their host did they captive bring.
And hither and thither sped they, the heroes, in armour good,
And by blows and by trampling kneaded, of alum I ween their food;
And dark on their skin the swellings, and many a gallant knight
Might speak, as he knew, of bruises he had won him in hard-fought fight.

Now as simple truth I say it, little rest was their portion here,
By love were they forced to conflict, many shields with their blazon clear,
And many a goodly helmet whose covering the dust should be.
And the meadow with flowers was sprinkled, and green turf ye there might see,
And there fell on it many a hero, who of honour had won such meed—
More modest were my desiring! 'Twould content me to sit my steed.

Then the king of Zassamank rode forth a space from the knightly fray
Where a rested steed did wait him, and the diamond he loosed alway,
With no thought of pride in the doing, but the breezes blew fresh and cool,
And the squires unbound his vizor, and his lips shone so red and full.

I have named unto ye a lady—Her chaplain did hither ride,
And with him three noble pages, and strong squires were there beside;
And pack-horses twain they led there, and the will of their queen they'ld do,
She was Lady of France, Anflisé—Her chaplain was wise and true,
And straightway he knew the hero, and in French should his greeting be,
'Soit le bien venu, mon beau sire' to my lady as e'en to me,
As queen of France she reigneth whom the lance of thy love doth smite,
And he gave to his hand a letter, and therein read the gallant knight
A greeting fair, and a token it held of a finger-ring—
As pledge of the truth of his mission the chaplain the same must bring
His lady of old received it from the hand of the Angevin—
Then he bowed as he saw the letter. Would ye hear what was writ therein?

'Here biddeth thee love and greeting a heart that hath ne'er been free
From grief since it knew thy service—Thy love is both lock and key
To my heart, and my heart's rejoicing! For thy love am I like to die,
If thy love afar abideth, then all love from my heart shall fly.
Come thou, and take from my true hand crown, sceptre, and kingdom fair,
It falleth to me as heirdom, and thy love well may claim a share.
As payment for this thy service rich presents I send to thee,
Four pack-horses' chests well laden—I would thou my knight shouldst be
In this the land of the Waleis, 'fore the city of Kanvoleis.
I care not if the queen shall see it, small harm may therefrom arise,
For fairer am I, and richer, and I think me shall better know
To take the love that is proffered, and love in return bestow.
Wilt thou live in true love as shall 'seem thee? Then here do I bid thee take
My crown as thy love's rewarding—This I pray for my true love's sake.'
And no more did he find in the letter—Then his squires once more they drew
O'er his head the under-helmet; from Gamuret sorrow flew,
And he bound on the helm of diamond, 'twas harder than blade might pierce,
For he thought again to prove him, and ride forth to conflict fierce.
And the messengers did he bid them to lead to the tent for rest:
And he cleared a space around him wherever the conflict pressed.
This was vanquished, and that one victor—Did a knight o'er-long delay
To win to him fame in battle, his chance might he find to-day.
Here twain would joust together; in troops would these others ride;
And the customs of friendly combat for a space did they lay aside,
And sworn brotherhood nothing counted 'fore the strength of fierce anger's might,
And the crooked was seldom straightened; nor spake they of knightly right,
What they captured they kept, uncaring if another's hate they won,
And from many lands had they ridden who with brave hands brave deeds had done,

And their hurts but little grieved them. Here Gamuret heard her prayer,
And e'en as Anflisé bade him, as her knight to the field would fare;

'Twas a letter had brought the tidings—Ah! he giveth his courage rein,
Is it love or the lust of battle that driveth him on amain?
Great love and strong faith they quicken his strength into life anew.
Now see where his shield he beareth, King Lot, that hero true,
His foemen to flight had forced him save for Gamuret's strong right hand,
His charger in gallant onslaught brake its way thro' the threatening band,
And Arragon's king was smitten from his horse with a spear of reed,
'Schaffilor was his name, and the spear-point which thrust him from off his steed
Bare never a waving pennon, from paynim lands 'twas brought,'
And the knight made the king his captive, tho' his folk they had bravely fought.
And the inner force drave the outer far back on the grassy plain.
'Twas a good vesper-play, yea, a Tourney; many spears did they smite in twain—

Then Lähelein 'gain wax wrathful, 'Shall our honour be reft away?
'Tis the fault of him of the Anchor! Now one of us twain to-day
Shall lay in short space the other on a couch that he liketh ill,
For here are they well-nigh victors!' Then they cleared them a space at will,
And no child's play it was that combat—In such wise with their hands they wrought
That a woodland was well-nigh wasted; and alike from their squires they sought
'New spears! New spears! Bring them hither!' Yet Lähelein he must know
Sorrow and shame, for his foeman thrust him down from his horse alow,
And he smote him the length of the spear-iron in a shaft of reed made fast,
And one read of itself his surety, for the knight to the earth was cast.
(Yet better I like to read them, sweet pears on the ground that lie
As thick as the knights lay round him! for his was the victory!)

And the cry arose from many who had fallen in joust before,
'Fly! Fly! For the Anchor cometh!' Then a knight towards him bore,
(A prince of the Angevin country) and grief was his comrade true,
For he bare a shield inverted, and sorrow it taught anew
To the King, for the badge he knew it—Ah! why did he turn aside?
If ye will, I the truth will tell ye, 'twas given in royal pride
By Galoes the son of Gandein, Gamuret's brother true,
Ere Love this guerdon gave him that the hero in joust she slew.

Then he loosed from his head the helmet: nor thro' grass, nor thro' dust and sand
Did he make him a way to the conflict, but he yielded to grief's command;
And his thoughts within him battled, that he sought not ere this to hear
From Kailet, his friend and kinsman, how it fared with his brother dear
That he came not here to the Tourney—Alas! tho' he knew it not,
He had fallen before Monthorie—Sore sorrow was there his lot,
For to anguish did love constrain him, the love of a noble queen;
For his loss had she grieved so sorely that death had her portion been.

And tho' sorely Gamuret sorrowed, yet had he in half a day
So many spear-shafts broken, were it Tourney indeed this fray
Then had he a woodland wasted. Did I think me to count each spear
One hundred in fight had he shattered, each blazoned with colours clear—
But the heralds, they won his pennons, in sooth were they theirs of right—
Then toward the fair pavilion he turned him, the gallant knight.
And the Waleis squire rode after; and his was the coat so fair,
All pierced and hewn with sword-thrust, which he did to his lady bear;
And yet with gold was it precious, and it shone with a fiery glow,
And right well might ye see its richness. Then joy did the queen's heart know,
And she spake, 'A fair woman sent thee, with this knight, to this distant land!
Now, courteous, I must bethink me lest these heroes ashamed shall stand
Who have risked their fate in this venture—goodwill unto all I bear,
For all do I count my kinsmen, since Adam's flesh we share,
Yet Gamuret's hand, I think me, the highest prize hath won.'
But by wrath constrained they battled till the shadows of night drew on,
And the inner host the outer by force to their tents had brought,
Save for Askalon's king and Morhold thro' the camp they their way had fought.

Some were winners, and some were losers, and many sore shame had earned,
While others won praise and honour. Then the foe from each other turned,
Here no man might see—He who holdeth the stakes, if no light he show,
Who would cast the dice in the darkness? To such sport were the weary slow!

Men well might forget the darkness where Gamuret did abide,
'Twas as day—That in sooth it was not, but light shone on every side
From many small tapers clustered. There, laid on the olive wood,
Was many a costly cushion, and by each couch a carpet good.
Then the queen, she rode to the doorway with many a maid of rank,
For fain would they see, those ladies, the brave king of Zassamank.

Many wearied knights thronged after—The cloth had they borne away
Ere she came to the fair pavilion; then the host he uprose straightway,
And the monarchs four his captives (and many a prince was there),
And she welcomed him with due honour, and she saw him, and deemed him fair.
Then glad spake the queen of the Waleis, 'Thou art host where we twain do stand,
And I, even so I think me, am hostess o'er all this land,
If thou deem it well I should kiss thee, such kiss seemeth good to me!'
'Thy kiss shall be mine if these heroes, e'en as I, shall be kissed by thee,
But if princes and kings must forego it, 'twere unfit I such boon should crave!'
'Yea, e'en as thou wilt, so be it, tho' ne'er saw I these heroes brave!'
Then she kissed, e'en as Gamuret prayed her, these princes of noble line,
And he prayed her to sit, and beside her sat the King Brandelidelein!

Then lightly they strewed, o'er the carpet, green rushes yet wet with dew,
And he sat him down upon them whose presence brought joy anew
To the gracious queen of the Waleis; and love did her soul constrain,
And as Gamuret sat before her his hand did she clasp again,
And she drew him once more towards her, and she set him her seat beside.
No wife was she, but a maiden, from whose hand did such grace betide.
Would ye know the name they called her? Herzeleide the queen was she,
(And her cousin was hight Rischoydè, King Kailet should her husband be,
And *he* was Gamuret's cousin), and so radiant the queen, and bright,

That e'en though they quenched the tapers, in her presence
'twould still be light!
(Were it not that a mighty sorrow his joy which aloft would fly
Had beaten to earth, I think me he had wooed her right readily.)

And courteous they spake to each other: then cup-bearers drew
anigh,
And from Assagog the vessels, and their cost might no man deny;
And noble pages bare them, many costly bowls and fair,
Of precious jewels wroughten, and wide, none too small, they
were,
And none of them all were golden—'twas the tribute of that fair
land,
Which Eisenhart oft had proffered, when love's need nerved his
knightly hand.
And the drink unto each they proffered in many a coloured stone,
And of emerald some, and of sardius, and of ruby some wrought
alone.

Then there drew near to his pavilion two knights who their word
must swear,
(To the outer host were they captive and from thence to the town
would fare.)
And one of them was King Kailet; and he looked upon Gamuret,
And he saw him sit heavy-hearted, and he spake, 'Dost thou
sorrow yet
For all men they own thy valour; Herzeleide and kingdoms twain
Hast thou won, and all tongues have said it, to thy praises all men
are fain,
Be they Britons or men of Ireland—Who speaketh with foreign
tongue,
If France be their land, or Brabant, with one voice they thy praise
have sung,
That none here both skill and wisdom in strife like to thine have
shown.
True letter it is I read thee! No slumber thy strength hath known,
When these knights thou hast put in peril who surety ne'er sware
of old,
Brandelidelein the monarch, and Lähelein, hero bold;
And Hardeiss and King Schaffilor; yea, and Rassalig the Moor,
Whom thine hand before Patelamunt o'erthrew and he surety
swore,
Such lesson thou there didst teach him—Yea, this doth thy fame
desire
That with every coming conflict it broader shall wax and higher.'

'The queen sure will deem thou ravest, if in this wise thou praisest
me,
Yet I think not that thou shalt sell me, since the buyer the flaw
shall see;
Thy mouth is o'er-full of praises! Say, how hast thou come again?'

'The worthy folk of Punturtois, this knight from fair Champagne
And myself have loosed, and Morhold who this nephew hath stolen of mine
Will set him free, if on thy part thou wilt free Brandelidelein;
Otherwise are we captive to them, both I and my sister's son,
But such grace thou wilt surely show us—Here such vesper-play was run
That it cometh not to a Tourney this while before Kanvoleis,
And in sooth do I know how it standeth! Here sit they before mine eyes,
The strength of the outer army—now speak, tell me when and how
They could hold the field against us? Much fame hast thou won, I trow!'

Then the queen she spake to the hero from a true heart full tenderly,
'Whate'er be my claim upon thee, I pray thee to let it be.
I were fain of thy service worthy—If here I my right shall claim,
And thine honour thereby be tarnished, I will leave thee nor mar thy fame!'

Then he sprang to his feet, the chaplain of Anflisé the wise and fair,
And he quoth, 'Nay, my queen doth claim him, at her will to this land I fare.
For his love hath she sent me hither, for his love she afar doth pine,
And her love layeth claim upon him and *hers* shall he be, not *thine*.
O'er all women I ween doth she love him: here as messengers hath she sent
Three princes, lads free from falsehood; and the one is hight Lazident
Of noble birth from Greenland, and in Kärlingen doth he dwell,
And his own hath he made the language; and the second his name I'll tell,
Liodarz he, a count his father, and Schyolarz was he hight.
And who was the third? Will ye hearken, his kinship I'll tell aright:
Belleflur she hath been his mother, Pansamur was his father's name,
Liahturteltart they called him, of the race of the fays he came.
Then they ran all three before him, and they spake, 'Wouldst thy fortune prove?
(The queen of France doth proffer the chance of a worthy love.)
Thou shalt play the game, and never a pledge shall be asked from thee,
Nor thy joy be to sorrow forfeit, as it waxeth still fair and free!'

Then e'en while they spake their errand Kailet he had ta'en his seat

'Neath a fold of the royal mantle, and she spake to him low and sweet,
'Now say, hath worse harm befallen? Methinks I the wounds have seen?'
In that same hour his wounds and bruises she sought out, the gracious queen,
With her white hands so small and shapely, which their wisdom from God must win,
And sore was he cut and wounded on nose and on cheek and chin.
He had won for his wife the cousin of the queen who such honour fair
Would show him, herself would she tend him, and her hands for his hurts should care.

Then e'en as courtesy bade her she spake unto Gamuret,
'The fair queen of France, it seemeth, her heart upon thee hath set;
Now honour in me all women, and give what I here may claim,
Go not till men judge betwixt us, else thou leavest me here to shame.'
This he sware unto her, the hero, and leave she from him would crave,
And she passed thence, and then King Kailet, that monarch so true and brave,
He lifted her to her saddle; and he turned him about once more
And came into the pavilion, where his kinsman and friends he saw.

Then spake he unto King Hardeiss, 'Aleiss thy sister fair
She proffered her love, I took it—Now wedded is she elsewhere,
And a better than I is her husband! No longer thus wrathful frown,
Prince Lambekein, he hath won her—tho' in sooth she shall wear no crown,
Yet honour enough is her portion—Brabant and Hennegau
Do her service, and many a brave knight doth unto her bidding bow.
If thy mind it shall turn to greet me let thy favour be mine once more,
And take thou again my service of a true heart as aye of yore.'

Then the king of Gascony answered as befitted a hero brave,
'Yea, soft is thy speech, yet if greeting I give thee as thou dost crave,
Who hath offered to me such insult, men will deem *fear* such grace hath won,
For captive am I to thy cousin!' 'Yet ill shall he deal with none,
Gamuret, he shall grant thy freedom, that boon my first prayer shall be:

No man shall thereto constrain thee, yet my service the day shall see
When thou as thy friend shalt claim me. For the shame, 'tis enow I wot,
For whate'er *thou* mayst do against me, thy sister, she slayeth me not!'

Then all at his words laughed loudly. But their mirth it was soon o'erpast
For his true heart the host constrainèd, and desire held him once more fast,
And a sharp goad I ween is sorrow—Then the heroes they saw right well
How he wrestled anew with sorrow and his joy in the conflict fell;
And his cousin he waxed right wrathful, and he spake, 'Now thou doest ill.'
'Nay, nay, for I needs must sorrow, and naught may my yearning still
For the queen I have left behind me, afar on a heathen shore,
Pure wife and true is that lady, and my heart she hath wounded sore.'

'And her purity doth constrain me to mourn for her love so sweet,
Vassals and lands she gave me; yet joy for a true knight meet
Belakané of that hath robbed me! yet shame for a wavering mind
I think me is right and manly—With such fetters her love did bind
That she held me afar from Tourney, nor in search of strife I went;
Then I thought me that deeds of knighthood should free me from ill-content,
And here have I somewhat striven—Now many a fool would say
That I, for her colour, fled her, to my eyes was she light as day!
For her womanhood true I sorrow; o'er all others her worth stood high
As the boss from the shield outstandeth. And another grief have I,
And here make I my moan unto ye, my brother's arms I saw,
But the shield on which they were blazoned, with point up-turned they bore.'
(Ah! woe for the words that are spoken, and the tidings of grief they bring!)
His eyes they o'erflowed with water, that gallant Spanish king,
'Alas! O queen for thy madness, thro' thy love is Galoes slain,
Whom every faithful woman from her heart shall mourn amain
If she would that her dealing win her true honour in true man's thought.
Ah! queen of Auvergne I think me, tho' small grief it to thee hath brought,
Yet thro' thee have I lost my kinsman, tho' his ending was fit and fair,
For a knightly joust hath slain him who thy token in strife would bear!

And these princes here, his comrades, their heartfelt grief they show,
As in funeral train their shield's-breadth do they turn to the earth below,
For thus hath great sorrow taught them—In this guise do they knightly deeds,
Heavy-hearted that he, my cousin, serveth no more for true love's meed!'

He hath won him another heart-grief as his brother's death is told,
And he spake aloud in his sorrow, 'Now mine anchor hath found its hold
And its haven in bitter rueing,' and the badge did he lay aside,
And his grief taught him bitter anguish, and aloud the hero cried,
'Galoes of Anjou! henceforward shall never a man deny
That on earth ne'er was born thine equal for manhood and courtesy,
And the fruit of a free hand knightly from thine heart did it bloom amain.
Ah! woe is me for thy goodness!' then to Kailet he spake again,
'How goeth it with Schoettè, my mother, of joy bereft?'
'So that God hath had pity on her! When Gandein this life had left,
And dead was Galoes thy brother, and thou wert not by her side,
And she saw thee no more, then death brake her heart, and she too hath died!'

Then out quoth the Gascon Hardeiss, 'Turn thy will to a manly mien,
Thou shalt mourn but in fitting measure if true manhood thine own hath been!'
But too great was the load of his sorrow, and the tears as a flood must flow
From his eyes—Then all things he ordered that the knights a fair rest might know,
And he went where he saw his chamber, of samite the little tent,
And in grief and sore lamentation the hours of the night he spent.
When there dawned another morning the knights together came,
The inner host and the outer, all who thought there to win them fame;
Were they young or old, were they cowardly or brave, they fought not that day.
And the light grew to middle morning: yet so worn were they with the fray,
And the horses so spent with spurring, that the knights in battle tried
Were yet by weariness vanquished—Then the queen herself would ride,

And the valiant men from the open would she bring to the town again,
And the best of the knights within there she bade ride to the Leoplain;
And straightway they did her bidding, and they rode in their knightly ranks,
And they came ere the Mass was ended to the sad king of Zassamank.

Then the benediction spoken, Herzeleide the queen she came,
And e'en as the folk upheld her, so she laid to the knight her claim:
Then he spake, 'A wife have I Lady, and than life shall she be more dear,
Yea, and e'en if I were without her thou another tale shouldst hear
That afar should drive me from thee, if men here shall list my right!'
But the queen she looked upon him, and she spake to the gallant knight:

'Thou shalt leave thy Moorish lady for my love; stronger far shall be
The blessing that baptism giveth! From heathendom set thee free,
And wed me in Christian marriage, since my heart for thy love doth yearn.
Or say shall the French queen's message to my shame and my sorrow turn?
Sweet words did they speak her people, and thou heardest them to the end!'
'Yea, she is in truth my lady. When I back to Anjou must wend,
Then fair counsels and courteous customs with me from her land I brought;
Yea, even to-day doth she help me whom from childhood to man she taught.
She hath fled all that mars a woman—We were children then, she and I,
Yet gladly we saw each other in the days that are long gone by!
The noble queen Anflisé, in true womanhood hath she share,
From her lands a goodly income she gave me, that lady fair,
(In those days was I still a poor man), yet I took it right willingly,
As a poor man thou still shalt count me, and Lady, shalt pity me,
He is dead, my gallant brother—Of thy courtesy press me not,
Turn thy love where thou findest gladness, for sorrow is aye my lot!'

'Nay, let me not longer sorrow; how wilt thou deny my claim?'
'Thy question I'll gladly answer, here a *Tourney* thou didst proclaim,
That Tourney hath not been holden, as many shall witness bear'

'For the vesper-play hath marred it! The knights who had
foughten there
So well have they tamed their ardour that the Tourney hath come
to naught,'
'I did but defend thy city with others that bravely fought;
Thou shouldst force me not to withstand thee, here have others
done more than I,
Mine the greeting that *all* may claim here, other right would I still
deny!'

Then, so hath the venture told me, they chose them, both man
and maid,
A judge o'er the claim of the lady, and their cause they before
him laid,
And it drew near to middle morning, and thus did the verdict run,
'What knight hath bound on his helmet, and hath hither for
conflict come,
And hath fought, and the prize hath holden, then that knight he
shall wed the queen.'
And unto the judgment spoken the knights gave consent I ween.
Spake the queen, 'Mine thou art, and I'll yield thee fair service thy
love to gain,
And will give thee of joy such portion that thy life shall be free of
pain!'

And yet bare he grief and sorrow—Now the April sun was o'er,
And had left behind a token in the garment the meadow bore,
With short green grass was it covered, so that coward hearts
waxed bold,
And won afresh high courage; and the trees did their buds unfold
In the soft sweet air of the May-tide, and he came of the fairy
race
That aye loveth, or sweet love seeketh, and his friend she would
show him grace.

Then he looked on Queen Herzeleide, and he spake to her
courteously,
'If in joy we would live, O Lady, then my warder thou shalt not be,
When loosed from the bonds of sorrow, for knighthood my heart
is fain;
If thou holdest me back from Tourney I may practise such wiles
again
As of old when I fled from the lady whom I won with mine own
right hand;
When from strife she would fain have kept me I fled from her folk
and land!'
Then she spake, 'Set what bonds thou willest, by thy word will I
still abide.'
'Many spears would I break asunder, and each month would to
Tourney ride,
Thou shalt murmur not O Lady when such knightly joust I'ld run!'

This she sware, so the tale was told me, and the maid and her lands he won.
The three pages of Queen Anflisé and her chaplain were nigh at hand,
As the judgment was sealed and spoken they must hearken and understand,
And he spake to the knight in secret, 'To my lady this tale was told
How at Patelamunt thy valour did the guerdon of victory hold,
And that there two kingdoms served thee—And she too hath lands I trow,
And she thinketh *herself* to give thee, and riches and gold enow!'

'As knighthood of old she taught me so must I hold fast alway
By the strength of the knightly order, and the rule of the shield obey.
Thro' her my shield have I won me, else perchance I had worn it not,
Here doth knightly verdict bind me, be sorrow or joy my lot.
Go ye homeward, and bear my service, her knight will I ever be,
And for her is my deepest sorrow tho' all crowns were awaiting me!'
Then he proffered to them of his riches, but his gifts did they cast aside.
Yet was she not shamed their lady, tho' homeward they needs must ride!
And they craved not leave, but they rode thence, as in anger ye oft shall find,
And the princes' sons, her pages, well-nigh did they weep them blind.

They who bare their shields inverted their friends spake to them this word,
'The queen, fair Herzeleide, hath the Angevin for her lord.'
'Say, who from Anjou hath fought here? Our lord is, alas, elsewhere;
He seeketh him fame 'gainst the heathen, and grief for his sake we bear!'
'He who shall be here the victor, who hath smitten full many a knight,
He who smote and pierced so fiercely, he who bare on his helm of light
An anchor rare and costly, that knight is the knight we mean,
And King Kailet he spake his title, Gamuret Angevin—I ween
Good fortune doth here befall him!' Then swift to their steeds they sprung,
And their raiment was wet with the tear-drops that grief from their eye-lids wrung,
When they came where their lord was seated they gave him a welcome fair,

And he in his turn would greet them, and sorrow and joy were there.

Then he kissed his knights so faithful, and spake, 'Ye no more shall make
Such measureless moan for my brother, his place I with ye will take.
Turn your shields again as befits them, and as men who would joyful fare;
My anchor hath struck its haven; my father's arms I'll bear,
For the anchor it is a symbol that befitteth a wandering knight,
He who willeth may take and wear it. I must rule my life aright
As now shall become my station: I am rich now, when shall I be
The lord of this folk? For my sorrow it worketh but ill to me.
Queen Herzeleide, help me that thou and I may pray
The kings that are here and princes for my service awhile to stay,
Till thou unto me hast yielded that which love from true love may crave!'
Thus both of them made petition, and the heroes their promise gave.

Then each one went to his chamber, and the queen to her knight spake low,
'Now yield thyself to my tending, and a hidden way I'll show!'
For his guests did they care as fitting tho' the host was no longer there,
The folk they were all together, but the knight he alone must fare
Save for two of his pages only—Then the queen and her maidens bright
They led him where gladness waited, and his sorrow was put to flight,
And regret was o'erthrown and vanquished—And his heart it waxed high and brave
As is ever the lot of lovers! and her maidenhood she gave
The queen, fair Herzeleide: nor their lips did they think to spare,
But close did they cling in kisses; grief was conquered by joy so fair!

Then courteous deeds were begun there; for free were his captives set,
And the Kings Hardeiss and Kailet were made friends by Gamuret.
And such marriage feast was holden that he who had proudly thought
Hereafter to hold such another much riches thereto had brought.
For this did Gamuret purpose, his wealth he would little spare,
But Arabian gold did he scatter mid the poor knights; and jewels rare
Did he give to the kings and princes who were there with the host I ween;
And glad were the wandering players, for rich gifts had their portion been.

Let them ride whom he there had feasted, from the Angevin leave they prayed.
Then the panther the badge of his father on his shield they in sable laid;
And a small white silken garment, a shift that the queen did wear,
That had touched her naked body who now was his wife so fair,
This should be his corslet's cover. And of foemen it saw eighteen
Pierced thro' and hewn with sword-blade ere he parted from her his queen,
And aye as her love came homeward on her body that shift she drew:
And many a shield had he shattered; and their love it waxed strong and true.

And honour enow was his portion ere his manly courage bore
The knight o'er the seas to conflict, for his journey I sorrow sore.
For there came unto him true tidings, how the Baruch, his lord of old,
Was beset by mighty foemen, by Babylon's princes bold:
And the one he was called Ipomidon, and Pompey his brother's name
(For so hath the venture told me), a proud man of warlike fame.
('Twas not he whom Julius Cæsar had driven from Rome of yore).
His uncle was Nebuchadnezzar, who in books found the lying lore
That he himself should a god be, (o'er this would our folk make sport)
And of noble race these brothers, nor of strength nor of gold spared aught.
From Ninus they came who was ruler ere ever Bagdad might be,
Nineveh did he found—Now an insult and a shame vexed them bitterly,
The Baruch as vassals claimed them—So the combat was won and lost,
And bravely the heroes battled, and on each side they paid the cost.
Thus Gamuret sailed the water, and aid to the Baruch brought,
And gladly he bade him welcome; tho' I weep that that land he sought!

How it chanced there, how went the conflict, gain or loss, how the thing might be
Naught of that knew Queen Herzeleide; and bright as the sun was she,
And her form it was fair to look on, and both riches had she and youth,
And more than too much her gladness! I think me in very truth
She had sped past the goal of all wishes—And on wisdom her heart was set,
And she won from the whole world favour; her fair deeds with fair guerdon met,
And all men praised Herzeleide, the queen, as both fair and true,

And the queen of three kingdoms was she, of Waleis and fair Anjou,
Of these twain was she aye the ruler; and beside them in far Norgals
Did she bear the crown and sceptre, in the city of Kingrivals.
And so dear did she hold her husband, if never a maid might win
So gallant a man, what recked she? She counted it not for sin.

As for half a year he was absent she looked for his coming sure,
For but in the thought of that meeting might the life of the queen endure.
Then brake the sword of her gladness thro' the midst of the hilt in twain,
Ah me! and alas! for her mourning, that goodness should bear such pain
And faith ever waken sorrow! Yea, so doth it run alway
With the life of men, and to-morrow must they mourn who rejoice to-day!

So it chanced that the queen one noontide in a restless slumber lay,
'Twas as if with a start she wakened and by lightning was borne away,
And towards the clouds it bare her, and they smote her with mighty force,
The fiery bolts of Heaven, as they sped on their downward course,
And sparks sprang from her floating tresses mid the fire of the circling spheres,
And the thunder crashed loud around her, and the rain-drops were burning tears.

For a little space was she conscious, then a grip on her right hand fell,
And, lo! it was changed, the vision, and wondrous things befell;
For then did she nurse a dragon, that forth from her body sprung,
And its dragon life to nourish awhile at her breast it hung,
Then it fled from her sight so swiftly she might look on it never more:
And her heart it brake for the anguish, and the terror and grief she bore.

And never methinks a woman in slumber such woe hath seen,
But now had she been so joyful, alas! all was changed I ween,
And sorrow should be her portion, and her ill it waxed long and wide,
And the shadow of coming sorrow did still on her heart abide.

Then she did what afore she could not, for the terror that on her lay,
She stretched her limbs in her slumber, and moaned in her grief alway,
And she cried aloud on her people; and many a maid sat by

And they sprang to her side at her summons, and wakened her speedily.

Then Tampaneis he came riding, of her husband's squires the chief,
And many a page was with him, and joy's goal was o'erpassed in grief,
And they cried, 'He was dead, their master!' And her senses forsook the queen,
And she fell aback in her anguish—And the knights spake, 'How hath this been?
Hath our lord been slain in his harness, who ever was armed so well?'
And tho' sorely the squire must sorrow, to the heroes the tale he'ld tell:
'No long life should he have, my master! His helm he put off awhile,
The heat thereto constrained him—'twas accursed heathen guile
That stole him from us, our hero—A knight took a he-goats blood,
And from a long glass he poured it on the helmet of diamond good,
And softer than sponge grew the diamond. May He Whom as Lamb they show
With the Cross in His hold, have mercy on the deeds that are wrought below!'

'Then when one host met the other: Ah! that was indeed a fight,
And the knights who were with the Baruch they fought all as men of might,
And there in the field by Bagdad full many a shield was pierced,
As they flew each one on the other, and they mingled in charges fierce,
And banner was mixed with banner, many fell who had bravely fought,
And my lord's hand it did such wonders that his foemen became as nought,
But Ipomidon he came riding, and with death would reward the knight,
And he smote him down, and I think me many thousands they saw that sight.'

'For my master, free from falsehood, rode against Alexandria's king,
But, alas! for the guile of the heathen, this joust but his death should bring,
For the spear cut sheer thro' the helmet, and it pierced thro' my master's brain
(In his head did they find the splinters), yet the hero still held the rein,

And dying he rode from the combat, o'er a wide plain his way
he'ld take,
And his chaplain he knelt above him, and in few words his shrift
he spake.
And he sent here the shift and the spear-blade that hath robbed
us of our friend,
He died free from sin—us his servants he did to the queen
commend!'

'At Bagdad was the hero buried, and the Baruch the cost would
pay,
With gold is it fair to look on, and rich is the tomb alway;
And many a costly jewel doth gleam where he lies at rest,
And embalmed was the fair young body (sad was many a faithful
breast);
And the grave-stone it is a ruby, and thro' it he shineth clear,
And they granted us as with martyrs, the cross o'er his tomb to
rear,—
For as Christ by His death hath freed us, and to comfort that soul
so brave,
And for shelter we raised the symbol—And the Baruch the cost
he gave.
For the cross was of emerald wroughten: heathen counsel we
asked it not,
For they know not the Cross, nor the blessing that Christ's death
won for us I wot!
And the heathen they pray unto him as if he were a god in truth,
Nor they do it the Cross to honour, nor hath Baptism taught them
ruth
(Tho' it looseneth *us* from Hell's fetters when the uttermost day
shall dawn),
But his knightly faith and honour, who leaveth us here forlorn,
Have wrought him a place in Heaven where he shineth with
Heaven's light,
And true penitence and confession—for falsehood e'er fled that
knight.'

'And there in his diamond helmet an epitaph did they grave,
And fast to the cross they fixed it o'er the tomb of that hero
brave,
And thus do they run the letters: '(*Through this helmet a joust
hath slain)*
This hero who bare all manhood, and Gamuret *was his name,*
*As king did he rule o'er three kingdoms, in each land the Crown he
wore*
Whom mighty princes followed—Anjou's land this hero bore,
And he lost his life for the Baruch at the city of Bagdad fair.
*And so high did it soar, his honour, that no knight may with him
compare,*
Howe'er ye may test their dealings. Nor is he of woman born,

(I mean of the knightly order) to whose hand he his strength had sworn.
But help and true manly counsel to his friends did he steadfast give;
And thro' women much grief he suffered, for he would in their favour live.
Baptized was he as a Christian tho' Saracens mourn him yet,
(This is truth and no lie)—All his lifetime since his years were on wisdom set
His strength strove for fame and honour, till he fell in his knightly pride,
Wish him bliss who here lieth buried! 'Twas by treason's hand he died!'

So spake the squire, and the Waleis who heard it must weep full sore,
Cause hast they enow for sorrow! A living child she bore
Who of men was left unaided, Herzeleide the gracious queen,
With death the mother battled: her maidens were crazed I ween,
Since they thought not to help their lady, for within her womb she bare
Him who should be flower of all knighthood, if death did not claim him there.
Then there came a wise man ancient to weep with his lady's grief,
And he saw how with death she struggled, and he brought to her swift relief;
For he forced her teeth asunder, and betwixt her lips they pour
Water, and at their tending her senses they came once more.
Then she spake, and aloud she mourned him, 'My heart's dearest, Ah! where is he?
For in sooth my heart's deepest gladness was in Gamuret's chivalry,
Yet his valour of this hath robbed me—Now his *mother* am I and *wife*,
Tho' far younger was I, for within me do I carry his flesh and life;
The love that we bore to each other hath been of such flower the root,
And if God shall in truth be faithful, He withholdeth not here the fruit.
Already too sore my sorrow for my husband so proud and brave,
What ill death hath wrought upon me! Her love never woman gave,
But his heart it rejoiced in her gladness, and sad for her grief was he,
Thus his true heart it gave him counsel who was aye from all falsehood free.'

Now hearken yet more the story how the noble queen must mourn,
Within her arms would she hold him, her child who was yet unborn,

And she spake, 'Now God send me safely the child of my hero fair,
For this is my heart's petition; God keep me from dark despair,
'Twere Gamuret's second slaying if I thought myself to slay
While I bear of his love the token who was faithful to me alway!'

Then careless of who might see her, the robe from her neck she tore,
And her fair white breasts she tended with the wisdom of mother-lore,
To her rosy lips she pressed them, 'Ah, thou food that shall feed my son,
He hath sent thee before his coming who life from my life hath won!'

And the queen it nothing vexed her that above her heart it lay
The milk that her child should nourish, and softly she spake alway,
'Twas true love that brought thee hither, if I yet unbaptized should be
From thee had I won my baptism, and the tears which shall flow so free,
And openly and in secret will I mourn for my husband dear!'
Then the shift with his life-blood crimsoned she bade them to bring anear,
(Thus clad in the Baruch's army had Gamuret lost his life,
For he chose him a gallant ending in the turmoil and stress of strife),
And then for the spear she prayed them wherewith was her husband slain,
From Nineveh's Prince Ipomidon such guerdon he needs must gain.
And tho' tattered and hewn to pieces yet the queen fain the shift would wear,
As aforetime had been her custom when her lord did from Tourney fare,
But her maidens who stood around her they took it from out her hand,
And they carried them to the Minster, the highest from out her land,
And the spear and the blood they buried as men bury a hero dead,
And sorrow and bitter mourning thro' Gamuret's kingdom spread.

And when fourteen days were ended a babe lay the queen beside,
'Twas a son, and so great and goodly that the mother had well-nigh died.

Now 'tis cast the die of the venture, and here doth my tale begin,
For now is he born who henceforward this song for his own shall win.

And now have ye heard the story of his father, his love and grief,
Of his gallant life, and the treason that ended its span so brief;
And ye know whence he came, the hero of this tale, and how for long
He was hidden from deeds of knighthood, till his youth it waxed bold and strong.

When the queen found sight and hearing she was fain on her child to look,
And her maidens they bare him to her and the babe in her arms she took;
And she saw his limbs soft rounded, and she knew she had born a son,
And her maidens with her were joyful that the earth had a man-child won.
(As he bare of a man the body, so manly was he of heart,
As a smith did he wield the sword-blade till fire from the helm would start)
And no joy did she know, the mother, save ever her babe to kiss,
And with soft words she spake to him ever, '*Bon fils, Cher fils, Beau fils.*'

And e'en as herself she bare him, so herself she his nurse would be,
At his mother's breast was he nourished who was ever from falsehood free.
And she thought she had won her husband by her prayers to her arms again,
She all folly forsook, and meekness and truth in her heart did reign.

And musing spake Herzeleide, 'The queen of Heaven high
Gave her breast to the dear Lord Jesu Who a bitter death would die
As Man on the cross for man's sake, for thus did His love begin:
Who thinketh light of His anger his soul's peace shall hardly win,
Tho' he else were brave man and worthy—and this tale do I know for true!'
Then the queen of the land she bathed her in heart sorrow's bitter dew,
And her eyes on the babe rained tear-drops as soft in her arms it lay,
For hers was the way of women, where a true heart holdeth sway;
She could laugh and weep together, her heart joyed for her baby's birth,
Yet the ford of her bitter sorrow had drowned in short space her mirth.

BOOK III
GURNEMANZ

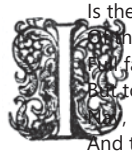
ARGUMENT

In the Introduction the poet speaks of the honour in which he holds all true women, though he be wroth with one who has wronged him. Yet, though women shall count him their friend, he would fain that they should honour him for his knightly deeds, rather than for this his song.

In Book III. he tells of the sorrow and the faith of Queen Herzeleide; of Parzival's childhood; of his meeting with the knights; of his faring forth to seek knighthood from King Arthur; and of the death of Herzeleide. How Parzival met with Jeschuté, and robbed her of her token, and of the wrath of her husband Orilus. Of the sorrow of Siguné, and how Parzival learnt his name and his lineage. How Parzival met with the Red Knight and bare his challenge to the court of King Arthur, and how he craved a boon of the king. Of the shaming of Kunnewaaré; and of the death of the Red Knight. How Parzival came to Gurnemanz of Graharz and was cured by him of his folly and taught all knightly wisdom, and how he rode forth from the land of Graharz.

BOOK III

GURNEMANZ



Is there ever a singer among you, who singeth a sweeter song
Of the favour and love of women, I hold not he does me wrong!
Full fain am I still to hearken to aught that may give them joy,
But to one alone among women my homage I still deny.
Nay, ever the fire of my anger doth kindle and flame anew,
And the sorrow her treason wrought me, it grieveth me still I trow!
I, whom men have named the singer, I, Wolfram of Eschenbach,
The words that against a woman I spake, I may ne'er take back.
Nay, I hold fast my wrath for ever, and clasp it closer still,
As I think how in soul and body alike hath she wrought me ill!
How can I do aught but hate her, till death setteth seal on life?
Yet it grieveth me sore that others should mingle in this our strife;

It grieveth me sore that maidens should say, as they name my name,
'Forsooth he hath shamed all women, let it be unto him for shame!'
Nay, then, an they reckon for evil the words that in grief I spake,
I will speak them no more for ever, though my heart should in silence break!
But let them beware in their anger, these warlike maidens fair,
How they stir from his eyrie the eagle, rouse the lion from his lair!
Full well I know how to defend me, full well know I what beseems

The maid of a knight's devotion, the maid of the poet's dreams!
Let a maiden be steadfast-hearted, pure and true in word and deed,
And her champion true she'll find me, comes there ever an hour of need.

I hold his renown waxeth slowly, and halteth upon the road,
Who, for wrong at the hand of one woman, shall slander all womanhood:
But if any will look upon me, and hearken to what I sing,
Of a sooth I will not deceive them, though my tale over-strange may ring.
Born was I unto the bearing of knightly shield and spear,
And though sweet be the song of the singer, I hold it not all too dear:
I had rather my love should love me for my deeds of high renown,
Than because in the hall of the Wartburg they should crown me with music's crown!
With the shield and the spear of knighthood will I seek for a knight's reward,
Nor charm, with the harp of the singer, what I failèd to win with the sword!

Nor in praise of fair women only runs this tale that I have to tell,
Full many strange deeds it holdeth, and marvels that once befell
Ere the course of this wondrous venture be tracèd unto its end;
Yet he who heareth shall reckon, if he fain would account me friend,
That this is no book he readeth, for no maker of books am I!
But a singer of strange adventures, and of knightly prowess high:
Stripped bare will I be of all honour, naked and reft of fame,
Ere I trust my renown unto letters, and give to a book my name!

It vexes me, soul and body, that so many should bear the name
And speak with the tongue of women, who reck not of woman's fame;
That those who have known no falsehood, and those who are swift to fall,
Should carry one name in common, be counted as sisters all!
A truth that has faltered never, a faith that has aye withstood,
Is the only glory of woman, the crown of her womanhood!

Many will say, 'What good thing can come out of poverty?'
She who for love endures it, she 'scapeth Hell thereby,
And, in the kingdom of Heaven, receiveth a hundredfold
For all she has borne for love's sake, new joys for her sorrows old!
Not one have I known in my lifetime, I count it a bitter truth,
Neither a man nor a maiden, who the joy and the pride of youth,
And all earth's riches and honour, will leave as a worthless thing
If weighed with the glory of Heaven, and the service of Heaven's King!

But Queen Herzeleide only, she left her fair estate,
In her youth of all joy bereavèd, with sorrow afar to mate.
So holy was she and gentle, so faithful and pure of mind,
That no tongue spake a word against her, and no eye a fault could find.
Sunlight or shadow, what recked she? the day was to her as night,
For her heart was the home of sorrow, and dead was the world's delight.
And in sorrow and grief she wandered, till she came to Soltanè's strand,
A woodland wild and lonely afar from her native land:
Fair flowers might bloom and blossom without, on the sunlit plain,
And be woven in rosy chaplets, but for her they would bloom in vain!
And there, mid the woodland shadows, she hid with Gamuret's son,
For she willed that her life's last treasure be revealed unto none:
So she called her folk around her, (who toiled in the upland field
With oxen and plough, that the furrows their daily bread might yield,)
And she charged them all, by the service which she as their queen might claim,
That they hide from the boy his birthright and the fame of his father's name.
'For the knightly deeds ye vaunt of, and the glory and pride of war,
Have wrought me but heart's affliction, and trouble and anguish sore,
So, lest I yet more should suffer, I pray you, my servants dear,
That ye speak no word of knighthood, lest my son perchance should hear!'

Then full sore were her people grievèd, for they held it an evil thing,
And a training that ill beseemèd the son of a mighty king.
But his mother kept him hidden in the woodland valleys wild,
Nor thought in her love and sorrow how she wronged the kingly child:
No knightly weapon she gave him, save such as in childish play
He wrought himself from the bushes that grew on his lonely way,
A bow and arrows he made him, and with these, in thoughtless glee,
He shot at the birds as they carolled o'erhead in the leafy tree.

But when the feathered songster of the woods at his feet lay dead,
In wonder and dumb amazement he bowed down his golden head,
And in childish wrath and sorrow tore the locks of his sunny hair;
(For I wot well of all earth's children was never a child so fair

As this boy, who afar in the desert from the haunts of mankind did dwell,
Who bathed in the mountain streamlet, and roamed o'er the rock-strewn fell!)
Then he thought him well how the music, which his hand had for ever stilled,
Had thrilled his soul with its sweetness, and his heart was with sorrow filled,
And the ready tears of childhood flowed forth from their fountains free
As he ran to his mother weeping, and bowed him beside her knee.
'What aileth thee child?' quoth the mother, 'but now wast thou gay and glad'—
But, childlike, he gave no answer, scarce wist he what made him sad!

But Queen Herzeleide watched him through the sunny summer days,
Till beneath a tree she saw him stand silent, with upturned gaze,
And a look of joyful rapture in the radiant childish eyes,
As he listed the bird, that, soaring, sang clear thro' the cloudless skies;
And the mother's heart was troubled, and her wrath waxed to fever heat,
She would brook in his love no rival—not even God's singers sweet!
So she sent forth in haste her servants, with many a cunning snare
To capture the singers whose music made joyful the woodlands fair.
Then, alas! for the birds, who struggled in the cruel snare in vain,
Yet some few burst their bonds, and joyful, brake forth into song again!

Then the boy spake,'Now sweet my mother, why trouble the birds so sore?
Forsooth they can ne'er have harmed thee, ah, leave them in peace once more!'
And his mother kissed him gently, 'Perchance I have wrought a wrong,
Of a truth, the dear God who made them, He gave unto them their song,
And I would not that one of his creatures should sorrow because of me.'
But the boy looked up in wonder, 'God, Mother? Who may God be?'
'My son, He is light beyond all light, brighter than summer's day,
And He bare a Man's Face, that we men might look on His Face alway!
Art thou ever in need of succour? call on Him in thine hour of ill,

And be sure He will fail thee never, but will hear thee, and help thee still.
Yet one there is dwelleth in darkness, and I wot men may fear him well,
For his home is the house of falsehood, and his kingdom the realm of Hell!
Turn thy mind away from him ever, nor waver betwixt the twain,
For he who doubteth, his labour shall ever be wrought in vain.'

Thus his mother read him the riddle, the myst'ry of day and night,
The dread and the doom of darkness, and the glory and grace of light!
Then javelin in hand he hastened thro' the forest pathways wild,
And the deer sprang up from their thickets, and fled from the dauntless child;
But clear-eyed and eager-footed he hastened upon their track,
And full oft with a hornèd trophy, at even he hied him back.
Little cared he for rain or sunshine, summer's storm or winter's snow,
And daily in strength and beauty all men might behold him grow;
Till at length no beast so mighty thro' the forest wild did roam,
If it fell 'neath his shaft, unaided, on his shoulder he bore it home!

It chanced thro' a woodland thicket one morn as he took his way,
And brake from o'erhanging bushes full many a leafy spray,
That a pathway steep and winding rose sharply his track anear,
And the distant beat of horse-hoofs fell strange on his wondering ear.
Then the boy grasped his javelin firmly and thought what the sound might be;
'Perchance 'tis the devil cometh! Well, I care not if it be he!
Methinks I can still withstand him, be he never so fierce and grim,
Of a truth my lady mother she is o'er-much afraid of *him*!

As he stood there for combat ready, behold, in the morning light,
Three knights rode into the clearing, in glittering armour bright;
From head to foot were they armèd, each one on his gallant steed,
And the lad as he saw their glory thought each one a god indeed!
No longer he stood defiant, but knelt low upon his knee,
And cried, 'God, Who helpest all men, I pray Thee have thought for me!'

Then wroth was the foremost rider as the lad barred his further way,
And he spake out, 'This stupid *Waleis* will hinder our work to-day!'
(Now here would I give to the Waleis the fame we Bavarians hold;
They are duller than e'en our people, yet manly in strife and bold.
And in sooth were one born in both countries such marvel of strength and skill

Would he hide in himself that I think me their fame he might well
fulfil!)

Then there rode swift with hanging bridle, in costly harness dight,
With plumed and jewelled helmet another gallant knight;
Swiftly he came as thirsting to challenge in mortal fight
The foe who sped far before him, who had done him a sore
despite;
For two knights from out his kingdom a maiden had borne away,
And he held it a deed most shameful and one he must needs
repay;
For the maiden's sorrow grieved him, and fain would he ease her
pain:
(And the three knights who rode before him were part of his
warlike train.)
He rode a Spanish war-horse, and his shield had fierce conflict
seen,
And Karnachkarnanz did they call him (he was Ulterleg's count I
ween).
Then he cried to his knights, 'Why loiter? who barreth our onward
way?'
And straight on the lad did he ride there, who deemed him a god
alway,
For ne'er had he seen such glory; his harness shone fair with dew,
And on either foot the stirrups with golden bells rang true.
And their length was e'en as fitting, and with bells did each
strong arm ring,
As he stirred himself, or his sword-blade in battle aloft would
swing.
And the hero was swift in seeking the guerdon of knightly prize,
So he rode here, the prince, and had decked him in a fair and
wondrous wise.

Then spake this flower of all knighthood, 'Say, boy, did they pass
thy way?
Two knights who have shamed their knighthood, nay, *robbers* I
ween are they,
For they bear a maiden with them, and she rideth against her
will!'
Yet the boy, tho' he spake with a man's tongue, as a god must
account him still;
For he thought how Queen Herzeleide had told him that God was
Light
And dwelleth in Light for ever; and so to his dazzled sight
This knight, in his shining armour in the glow of the summer's
day,
Was the God of his mother's lesson, and he knelt him again to
pray.

But the prince he spake full gently, 'Fain am I to do God's will,
And yet for no God I hold me, but a sinful mortal still.

Nay, wert thou more clear of vision, thou wouldst see, an thou sawest aright,
No Lord of the host of Heaven, but only a humble knight!'

'Knight?' quoth the boy in answer, 'Nay! I wot not what that may be,
Is thy strength not of God, but of knighthood, then I would such were given to me!'
'Then wend thy way to King Arthur, an thou camest unto his court,
A noble knight he would make thee, ashamed and afeared for naught,
For sure, now I look upon thee, thou com'st of a noble strain.'
Then his knights they turned their bridles, and gazed at the boy again.
Full well might they look and wonder, at the work that God's Hand had wrought,
For they say, who tell this story, that never could human thought
Have dreamed of aught so goodly, since ever the world began,
For of all men beloved by women, was there never so fair a man!
Loud they laughed as the boy spake further, 'Good knight, what may these be?
These rings that so close around thee, above and below I see.'
Then he handled, with curious finger, the armour the knight did bear,
His coat of mail close-linkèd as behovèd a knight to wear;
And he spake as he looked on the harness, 'My mother's maidens string
On their chains, and around their fingers, full many a shining ring,
But they cling not so close to each other as these rings that here I see,
I cannot force them asunder, what good are they then to thee?'

Then the prince drew forth from its scabbard his shining blade so keen,
'Now see, he who fights against me, must withstand my sword I ween,
And lest he, on his part, should slay me, it is fit that with mail and shield,
I ward me against his spear-thrusts, and the blows that his arm may wield.'
Swiftly the lad made answer, 'Little good would it do the deer
An their coats were e'en such as thine is, they would fall still beneath my spear.'

Full wroth were the knights and scornful that their lord thus long had talked
With this lad with the face of an angel, and the speech as of one distraught;
Then the prince he spake full gently, 'God keep thee in His good grace,

I would that my shield's bright mirror might show me as fair a face!
Nay, an the Giver of all gifts but gave thee wit enow
To match with a mien so goodly, full rich wert thou then I trow!
May He keep all sorrow from thee, and thy life be a summer's day —'
And with that he turned his bridle, and wended once more his way.
Then adown the woodland pathway they rode, till they came full soon
Where the carles of Queen Herzeleide toiled hard thro' the sultry noon:
The fields must they plough and harrow, if a harvest they hoped to reap,
So they goaded the patient oxen to their toil on the hillside steep.

Then the prince he gave them 'Good-morrow,' and asked if there passed that way
A maiden in need and sorrow? and they dared not to say him nay;
But they answered him e'en as he prayed them, and they spake 'Yea, at early morn
Two knights and a maiden passed here, and the maiden, she wept forlorn,
And the knights as they rode beside her, spurred ever her flying steed.'
Then the prince knew his foe, Meljakanz, and his wrath waxed hot indeed,
On his tracks he followed swiftly, and they who this venture tell,
Say he won back in fight the maiden ere the shadows of evening fell.

But sore were the queen's folk troubled that the heroes had chanced that way,
And they spake, 'God forbid that our queen's son fall in with these knights to-day!
An he chances to light upon them in the pride of their warlike gear,
It will anger full sore our mistress if by hap she the tale should hear:
And ill-luck will it bring upon us that, ere ever the dawn of day,
With us while his mother slumbered, to the woods he stole away!'
Little recked the boy of their trouble as he chased the flying deer,
And shouted in youthful gladness, as they fell before his spear
Then homeward he sped to his mother, but ere he his tale might tell
She was smitten with deadly terror, and low at his feet she fell.

Then soon as Queen Herzeleide found hearing and speech once more
Her boy was she fain to question tho' her heart it misgave her sore;

'Who spake to thee, son, of knighthood? What knowest thou of such-like rede?'
'I met in the woods, sweet mother, four men I deemed gods indeed,
So light were they all and shining, God Himself ne'er could brighter be,
And of knighthood they spake and King Arthur, who might well make a knight of me!'
Then her sorrow of old-time wakened, and the queen in her heart she sought
For some cunning wile of woman, that her boy from his will be brought.

When the simple lad and gallant would crave from her hand a steed,
Tho' heavy her heart, she bethought her in naught to gainsay his need,
'Yet not as he asks will I give him, no mother's gifts be mine,
But ever the worst and the meanest that my skill may aye divine.'
And she thought her, Queen Herzeleide, 'Many folk thro' the world shall fare
Who love mocking—On his fair body my son shall a Fool's dress wear,
Then sure when the mockers see him, and to scoff at his garb are fain,
An he at their hands be smitten, then he cometh to me again!'
Alas! for a woman's cunning, and the cruelty of mother's love,
She chose from her stores a sackcloth, the coarsest that might be wove,
And a garment of this she made him that should reach e'en unto his knee;
For his sunny hair such covering as on fools men are wont to see;
And instead of hose she bound him on his limbs so strong and fair
Leggings of undressed calf-skin—And all wept who beheld him there.

Then his mother with forethought bade him to tarry till morning light,
'Nor from hence would I have thee journey till my rede thou hast heard aright—
'Keep thou ever from paths untrodden and ford not the darkling stream,
Where the waters flow clear and limpid, there safe is the ford I ween.
And be ever fair and courteous, greet all men who pass thy way.
If a wise man old and grey-headed would teach thee, as well he may,
All courteous ways and fitting, as his word so shall be thy deed,
Nor wax wroth if by whiles he chide thee, but give to my words good heed.

And one thing, my son, would I tell thee, canst thou win from a maid her ring
And her greeting fair, thou shalt take them, and sorrow hath lost her sting!
If a kiss from her lips she will give thee, and thine arms shall the maid enfold,
Be she pure and true thou art blessèd, and thy strength shall wax high and bold!'

'And hearken my son, a proud knight, Lähelein, do men call his name,
From thy princes two lands hath wrested, else from them couldst thou tribute claim.
And Waleis they are and Norgals—and one of thy princes brave,
Turkentals, hath he slain, and thy people he hath smitten and doth enslave.'
'For such wrong will I vengeance, mother, if vengeance be here God's will,
Be he never so strong with my javelin I think me to wound him still.'

Then e'en at the daylight's dawning the boy would no longer stay,
For the thought of King Arthur's glory yet heavy upon him lay.
Then Queen Herzeleide kissed him, and she sped swift his steed behind,
And the sorrow of sorrows smote her when her boy she no more might find.
(Hence he rode and what heart rejoiceth?) Then the queen from all falsehood free,
Fell low on the earth, and grief tare her till death must her portion be!
Yet I wot that her death so faithful it hath saved her from pains of Hell,
And to be of such son the mother, it repayeth all anguish well!
Thus she, the root of all goodness whence humility's flower might blow,
Herself on a pilgrimage wended that a goodly goal should know.
Woe worth us! that none of their children should live still, to hand us down
In these days when we look on falsehood their honour and fair renown.
And therefore shall faithful women wish well to this lad so bold,
Who rideth fair ventures seeking, whose journey ye now behold!

Then the gallant lad rode onward on his way toward Briziljan's wood,
And he came to a rippling streamlet, and a cock well might wade that flood!
And flowers in the grass were blooming, yet so darkling ran the wave

That the lad he thought not to ford it; but as wit the counsel gave,
So he followed its course thro' the daylight, and he passed as he could the night,
Till he saw once more the morning, and he came to a fair ford bright.
On the further side was a meadow, and a tent decked the grass so green,
And tall was the tent wide-spreading, and riches thereon were seen;
'Twas of samite of threefold colours, on the seams lay fair ribbons wide,
And a leathern covering hung there, 'gainst the rain-cloud to guard its pride.

('Twas Duke Orilus of Lalande, whose wife he beneath it found—
She lay there in peaceful slumber with riches happed fair around,
A Duchess she was, well worthy the love of a gallant knight,
And the venture it tells that Jeschuté was the name of that lady bright)

Softly the princess slumbered,—yet weapons of love she bore;
A mouth so red and glowing, that a knight's heart had wounded sore,
And e'en as she slept they parted asunder, her lips so bright,
That the fire of love had kindled, (fit venture for gallant knight)
And even as ivory snow-white, and little, and close the row
Of the teeth that gleamed white betwixt them—methinks that a man were slow
To use himself to such kisses from a mouth that all men might praise—
I wot that so fair a guerdon but seldom hath crowned my days!

A covering of richest sable over foot and knee was thrown,
(For the heat she aside hath cast it, whom her lord had thus left alone)
And her form it was fairly fashioned, and wrought by a skilful hand,
Since 'twas God Himself in His wisdom who so fair a work had planned.
And long was her arm and rounded: on her snow-white hand a ring
Gleamed golden, and when he saw it the lad to her side did spring;
For had not his mother told him such jewels were the guerdon fair
That a knight well might crave? and he thought him he fain would such token bear!

Then the lady awoke in terror as his clasp on her white arm fell,
And gazed in startled wonder and wrath as beseemed her well;

'Who is it, who thus would shame me? Nay, sir, thou art all too free!
Go, choose thee some fairer maiden, my favours are not for thee!'

In vain might she weep and bewail her; he asked not her yea, or nay,
But took from her lips unwilling the kiss she would fain gainsay;
And the ring of gold from her finger with ungentle hand he'ld take,
And the clasp that her shift had fastened from the garment he roughly brake:
In vain were her tears and struggles, she was but a woman still,
And his strength was to hers as an army, perforce must she do his will.
Then the lad spake aloud, he hungered, from his hand was the lady free,
And she quoth, 'Of a truth 'twere better thou shouldst not make meal of me!
If thou wert but a little wiser thou wouldst choose thee some other meat,
There stand bread and wine, and two game-birds, of them mayst thou freely eat,
Methinks when my maiden brought them, 'twas scarcely of thee she thought!'
Then he asked not where sat the hostess, but he ate e'en as hunger taught,
And he drank his fill; and the lady she deemed all too long his stay,
For she thought him bereft of his senses, and she wished he were well away,
And for fear and shame the sweat-drops stood thickly upon her brow—
And she spake, 'Thou my ring shalt give me, and the clasp thou didst take but now,
And get thee away, if he cometh, my husband, then shalt thou bear
The weight of his wrath, and I think me thou wouldst then wish thyself elsewhere!'

Quoth the noble youth, 'What care I how fierce thy lord's wrath may be?
If my presence doth shame thine honour, then from hence will I swiftly flee.'
And he stepped to the bedside boldly, and kissed her as there she lay,
Tho' little it pleased the Duchess, and without leave he rode away;
And he spake a word of parting as he vaulted upon his steed,
'God have thee in His safe keeping, so my mother she gave me rede.'

Then the lad he was glad of his booty, and thus did he ride a while—
Methinks there was little lacking that from hence he had gone a mile,
Ere he came of whom I would tell you: on the dew he the tracks might see
Of one who had sought his lady—The tent-ropes displaced should be
Where the lad thro' the grass had ridden; then the gallant Duke and proud
Found his lady within in sorrow, and Orilus spake aloud,
'Alas! for the service done thee—for smitten and put to shame
Is the crown of my knightly honour, since another thy love can claim!'
Then little, alas! might it profit that with streaming eyes she swore
No lover had she save her husband,—he would hearken her tale no more.

Then she spake in her fear and anguish, 'Twas a *fool*, he who came to me,
And yet tho' a fool, of all men I wot he may fairest be!
My ring and my clasp gold-gleaming, he took them against my will!'
'Nay, I doubt not so well he pleased thee, thou didst grant him more favours still,'
'Now, God forbid! for his fool's garb and his javelin were e'en too near,
It shameth us both, my husband, such words from thy lips to hear!
Are *queens* wont to love thus lowly, that thou speakest such words of me?
Thou wrongest our royal breeding, when thou deemest such things may be!'

Then the Duke spake, 'This shame, O lady! alone hast thou won from me,
Thou dost call thyself *Queen* no longer; tho' thy title shall *Duchess* be
Little good hath that bargain brought me—So bold shall my manhood be,
That thy brother, King Lac's son Erec, for that cause beareth hate to thee:
He is wise, and right well he knoweth that my fame so high shall stand
That nothing shall stain mine honour, save at Prurein when his right hand
In knightly joust once felled me, but that have I paid right well,
In a joust at Karnant I smote him, and behind his steed he fell,
And his pledge did he yield unto me,—thro' his shield I thy token bare,
I thought not, my wife Jeschuté, with *another* thy love to share!'

'Thou mayst also well assure thee that the son of King Gandein,
Proud Galoes, once lay lifeless before this arm of mine;
And thou thyself wast witness when the Knight Plihopleheri
Rode swift in a joust against me, nor his strife it hath passed me by,
My spear from the saddle thrust him that his charger he sat no more;
Yea, great was the fame that I won me by my prowess in days of yore,
Many knights have I borne from their chargers,—yet it profiteth not I ween,
Nor outweigheth the bitter shaming that thro' thee hath my portion been!'

And with reason good do they hate me, those knights of the Table Round,
Since eight of their bravest champions have I borne unto the ground,
And many fair maidens saw it, when at Kanedig fierce we fought
For the hawk; there was I the victor, and my hand fame to thee hath brought
And that didst thou see with King Arthur—At his court doth she dwell to-day,
My sister, sweet Kunnewaaré, and grave is her mien alway,
For her lips may not move to laughter till the day that her eyes shall light
On him who of all shall be reckoned the fairest and bravest knight.
Would he come unto me, that hero! Ah! then should a strife be seen
As to-day in the early morning already my lot hath been.
I have fought, and a prince hath suffered, for joust he toward me sped,
But my spear-point so sorely smote him that he lay there before me, dead!'

'Well I know that in righteous anger for a lesser sin than thine
Full many had slain the sinner, but I would not such deed were mine!
For the service of knightly honour that to thee I had offered fair,
Henceforth shalt thou know but lacking; nor thy need do I think to spare—
No more with thy white arms circled in love and in peace I'll lie,
Those golden days of love's glory have faded and passed us by,
But pale be thy mouth so rosy, and tear-dimmed thy shining eyes,
For joy shall be put far from thee, and thy heart's songs be turned to sighs!'

Then sadly she looked upon him, that princess so fair and true,
'May it be for the honour of knighthood what seemeth thee best to do,

Wise art thou indeed and loyal, and I in thy power may be,
And I know well that heavy sorrow and pain thou canst bring on me:
To the ordeal, I prithee, put me, and do this for all women's sake,
Thereafter, an I be guilty, for my sin do thou vengeance take!
If another's hand shall slay me, (for *thee* were such deed un-meet)
Then gladly I'll die—Dost thou scorn me? then welcome is death, and sweet!'

Then he broke out in bitter anger, 'If thy pride be still so great,
It is meet I should meekness teach thee, tho' the lesson be all too late—
No more shall we be companions, together no more we'll eat;
Be our marriage couch forgotten and the hours of communion sweet.
This garment in which I found thee thy only robe shall be,
And instead of jewelled bridle hempen twist will I give to thee;
Thy steed be the guest of hunger, and thy saddle once decked so fair
Shall be robbed of its goodly trappings!' and with hasty hand he tare
The samite adown, and he brake it, the saddle she rode erewhile,
(Nor her gentle ways and seemly might his angry wrath beguile)
With a hempen cord he bound it—Too soon had she won his hate!
As he did this he spake, 'Now Lady, 'tis best we no longer wait,
Could I reach him who shared thy favours, then fulfilled were my heart's desire,
The venture I'ld face, though as dragon he were breathing forth flames and fire!'
Then with weeping instead of laughter she passed from out the tent
That lady so rich in sorrow, and sadly her way she went;
Yet more than she mourned her shaming she wept her lord's grief, I ween,
His sorrow so sorely moved her, e'en death would have lighter been.
Now of true heart shall ye bemoan her who thus did sore anguish know,
And tho' hatred I won from all women, still I'ld mourn for Jeschuté's woe!

So rode they upon the traces of the lad who before them fled,
And, dauntless, he little thought him how a foeman behind him sped,
But whoever his eyes might light on, as his pathway they drew anear,
He gave to him kindly greeting, 'Thus bade me my mother dear!'

Thus rode he, our lad so foolish, adown a mountain side,

When a woman's voice before him from amid the rocks loud cried;
'Twas a cry of heartfelt sorrow, for her joy was in ruins laid—
Then swift rode the lad towards her,—Now hear what she did, this maid:
She tore, the maid Siguné, her plaits of long brown hair
From out her head thro' sorrow; and the lad he beheld her there,
And he saw Schionatulander, the prince, on her knee lie dead,
And the maiden she wailed above him, and her joy had for ever fled.

('If sad be their mien or joyful, my mother she bade me still
Greet all men, whoe'er might meet me) God keep thee from greater ill,
For in sooth a sorry treasure have I found on thy knee to-day!
Who hath wounded this knight?' (For an answer the lad he would press alway)
'Did one with a javelin slay him? For Lady, he sure is dead;
Wilt thou tell me naught? Who hath slain him? If he none too far hath fled
Methinks I might overtake him, for gladly with him I'ld fight!'
Then the lad he laid hold on his quiver wherein lay the javelins bright,
And still in his hand tight claspèd, the tokens twain he bore
Which he in his thoughtless folly erewhile from Jeschuté tore.
Had he known the courtly customs with his father's life in-bound,
His shield were better smitten when the duchess alone he found
Who thro' him must suffer sorrow—for more than a whole year long,
Her husband withheld his favour, tho' in sooth did he do her wrong.

Now list to this maid Siguné who her grief would bemoan as meet,
She spake to the lad, 'Thou art courteous, all hail! to thy youth so sweet,
And thy face so fair; yea blessèd thy lot shall hereafter be!
No javelin pierced this hero, but slain in a joust was he—
From truth wast thou born who truly for another's woe can grieve!'
Then his name she was fain to hearken, ere the lad her side might leave,
And she spake, God with skill had wrought him—But his answer was naught but this,
'At home all who know me call me '*Bon fils, Cher fils, Beau fils!*'

Ere ever the word was spoken, the maiden she knew his name—
Now hearken aright his title, that hereafter ye own his fame
Who is hero of this my venture, who now standeth the maid beside—

And her red lips they spake unfaltering, 'Thou art *Parzival*,' she cried,
And thy name it shall mean '*to pierce thro*',' for thy mother's faithful heart
With furrow of grief was riven when she from her lord must part:
And I speak not that those shouldst vaunt thee; thy mother my aunt shall be,
And in truth, with no guile of falsehood, thy race will I tell to thee!'

'An Angevin was thy father, thy mother of fair Waleis,
And I know for a truth thy birthplace was the city of Kanvoleis;
And thou art the King of Norgals, and there in the citadel
As king shalt thou bear the sceptre and crown as beseems thee well.
For thy sake was he slain, this hero, who thy kingdom for thee would guard,
His truth it hath faltered never, tho' in death did he find reward.
Two brothers have wrought thee evil, two kingdoms from thee have reft,
And Orilus this thy kinsman in a joust hath lifeless left.
And me too hath he left in sorrow—He served me nor thought it shame,
This prince of thy land, where my childhood did thy mother's tending claim.
Now fair and sweet my cousin wouldst thou hear how he met his end?
'Twas the fair wove leash of a brachet that brought sorrow unto my friend—
He hath served us twain, in our service hath he won him but death alone,
And I, I have won but sorrow, and henceforth for his death make moan,
For scant of wit was I surely, that I gave not my love afore—
So God hath my gladness shattered, and the dead I love evermore!'

Then he spake, 'I must mourn, O cousin, thy grief, and my bitter wrong,
Of a truth till I may avenge them the time seemeth over-long!'
Then straight would he ride to battle, but the way did she falsely show,
For she feared were he slain then henceforward yet sorer should wax her woe.
But a road he found that led him straightway to the Breton's land,
And smooth and wide was that highway—An there met him on either hand
Afoot or ahorse a merchant or knight, he would greet them still,
For so was his mother's counsel; and she spake with no thought of ill.

But great weariness o'ertook him, as darkened the eventide,
And a house that was none too stately the youth in his folly spied.
'Twas a churl he who sat within it, discourteous by birth and low,
(A fisherman he, little kindness might one at his hand e'er know)
Then the lad drew rein for he hungered, and craved of him drink and meat.
But the host quoth, 'Nay, not a half-loaf shalt thou have at mine hand to eat
In thirty years; he who waiteth, in the gifts of mine hand to share,
O'er-long shall delay his journey—For none but myself I care,
Thereafter perchance for my children—Thou comest not here to-day,
Hadst thou money or pledge 'twere other, then thine host would I be straightway!'

Then Jeschuté's clasp all golden the lad he would bid him take,
And soon as the peasant saw it, with smiling mouth he spake,
'Wilt thou stay here, sweet lad? then due honour be thy portion from all within—'
'Wilt thou feed me to-night and to-morrow wilt help me the way to win
To King Arthur (for well I love him) then thyself mayst keep the gold!'
'Yea, that will I do,' quoth the peasant, 'for ne'er might mine eyes behold
A face and form so comely—I will thee, as a marvel, bring
To the court, and the good Round Table, and the face of the noble king!'

So the lad thro' the night abode there, and ere ever the dawn of day
He roused himself full eager to get on his onward way,
And the fisher, he made him ready, and before the lad he ran,
And the boy he rode behind him, and swift were both steed and man.

(Herr Hartmann von Aue, and thy lady, the queenly Guinevere,
And thy gallant lord, King Arthur, a guest do I bring ye here;
No tool is he for your mocking, nay, never a harp or lute,
Ye shall choose ye some other plaything, such as courtesy well doth suit;
Else will I thy lady Enid, and her mother Karnafite
Pass under the mill, and their honour with bitter scorn I'll smite—
Tho' I tune my song to mocking, and thy lips with mockery seal,
Yet here will I guard my hero lest thy scorn he perchance should feel!)

When the lad with his guide so humble to the city walls drew near,
And Nantes might be well discernèd in the morning light so clear,
'God keep thee, boy,' said the fisher, 'thou seest where thou must ride.'

Quoth the lad yet scant in knowledge, 'Yet nearer must thou be guide!'
'Nay, nay, so proud as these court-folk, such folly be far from me,
An' a peasant came nigh unto them, his welcome would sorry be!'

So alone the lad rode onward o'er a plain that was none too wide,
And the flowers stood fair around him and blossomed on every side,
No Kurwenal was his teacher and of courtesy knew he naught—
They know it not, the untravelled, till the world hath wisdom taught—
Of hempen twist his bridle, and feeble and faint his steed,
And oft it fell, as stumbling it went o'er the flowery mead.
And nowhere upon his saddle fair leather and new was seen;
And of samite fair and ermine full great his lack had been.
No mantle clasp he needed, nor knightly garb he wore,
Of blazoned coat or surcoat; his javelin alone he bore.
He whose deeds were praised of all men, his father so brave and wise,
Was robed in far other fashion on the carpet 'fore Kanvoleis!

He who ne'er felt the sweat of terror, to him did a knight draw near;
Then he greeted him, 'May God keep thee! thus bade me my mother dear.'
'God reward thee, lad, and thy mother,' swift answer the knight would bring,
(Uther Pendragon reared him, he was cousin unto the king,
And unto the land of Bretagne did the self-same knight lay claim)
He was Ither of Gaheviess, 'The Red Knight' they called his name.

All dazzling red was his armour, the eye from its glow gleamed red;
Red was his horse swift-footed, and the plumes that should deck its head,
Of samite red its covering; redder than flame his shield;
Fair-fashioned and red his surcoat; and the spear that his hand would wield
Was red, yea, the shaft and the iron; and red at the knight's desire
Was his sword, yet the blade's fair keenness was not dimmed by the raging fire.
And the King of Cumberland, stately, in his mailèd hand did hold
A goblet, with skill engraven, and wrought of the good red gold —
From the Table Round had he reft it—All red was his shining hair
Yet white was his skin, and kindly his speech to the lad and fair.

'Now hail to thy fair young body, that in sooth a true woman bare,
Yea, blessèd is she thy mother! Ne'er saw I a face so fair,
And the light of thine eyes, I think me, is kindled by love alone,
And Love shall in thee be victor, as by thee Love is overthrown!

And in thee is the joy of woman, whose bliss finds in thee its goal,
And for thee shall the load of sorrow weigh heavy upon the soul
—
Now do me this grace I pray thee, an thou wend thee unto the
town
Bear greeting from me to King Arthur, and his heroes of high
renown,
And say that no fleeting vision am I who now speak with thee,
But here I abide, and await him who thinketh to joust with me!'

'And never a man will wonder: to the Table Round I came
And there, in the heroes' presence to my kingdom would I lay
claim,
And with hasty hand I raised it, this cup, and the wine out-poured
The robes of the queen besprinkled, as she sat there beside her
lord.
This I did as the custom olden of one who would claim his right
For better I thought the wine-cup, than the straw-wisp all alight,
For its smoke perchance had soiled me, thus I chose it not' spake
the king,
'Nor for robbery rode I hither, my crown doth forbid such thing—
Say thou to the queen that the wine-drops, they fell on her
'gainst my will
Where those heroes sit, nor remember, nor their knighthood as
meet fulfil.
Whether kings they shall be or princes o'er-long doth he thirst
their king!
This cup, why delay to fetch it? Their fame it hath taken wing!'

Then the lad spake, 'I'll bear thy message, yea, e'en as thou
biddest me.'
And then unto Nantes fair city he gat him right speedily,
And many a youth they followed to the court of the palace fair,
And 'twas filled with a motley gathering, and they thronged him
and pressed him there.
Then Iwanet sprang from out them, and this youth from
falsehood free
He gave him a kindly greeting, and he proffered him company.
And the lad he quoth, 'God keep thee, (so my mother she bade
me speak
Ere yet from home I wended) King Arthur I fain would seek
But here see I full many an Arthur! Who of all these shall make
me knight?'
Then Iwanet laughed loud 'I will show thee, not yet hast thou
seen the right!'

To the Table Round he led him where sat the heroes all
And as best he could for the tumult cried the lad thro' the lofty
hall,
'God keep ye all ye heroes! I greet ye both queen and king,
For thus did my mother bid me fair greeting to ye to bring.

And all who have won by their valour at the Table Round a seat
Ye gallant knights and heroes, ye too did she bid me greet!
But in one thing my skill doth fail me, who is host here I may not know;
To him do I bear a message from a knight who all red doth glow,
He waiteth without the portal (methinks he is fain to fight)
That he spilt o'er the queen the wine-cup that sorely doth grieve the knight—
Ah! if I his gear so goodly from the king's hand as gift might take,
In sooth were I rich in gladness—so knightly and fair its make!'

Thus spake the youth gay and careless, and the courtiers they thronged around
And hither and thither pressed him till scarce might he stand his ground:
And well did they look upon him, for each for himself might see
That never in man or maiden might the fruit of love fairer be.
And in truth it was no ill working that in Parzival God had wrought,
In whom never a sight of terror had wakened of fear a thought.

Thus they brought him before King Arthur, he whom God for a wonder chose,
And no man might bear him hatred—Then the queen from her seat arose
And she gazed for a space upon him ere she passed from out the hall
Where the wine from the golden goblet perforce on her robes must fall.
Then Arthur he looked upon him—To the simple youth he spake,
'Now lad to thy kindly greeting a kindly answer take,
For this would I do thee service, yea with body alike and land;
This I speak of a true heart truly, so my will doth toward thee stand!'

'Would to God that were true! Now I think me it well-nigh a year shall be
That I fain would be knight, lacking knighthood all else seemeth ill to me!
Now make thou no more delaying, be knighthood my lot straightway.'
Quoth the king, 'I were fain to do so if worth fail me not alway,
So noble art thou to look on; and goodly gifts and rare
Would I give thee; to do thee service I'll naught of my treasure spare.
Yea, loath had I been to refuse thee, wait but for to-morrow's light,
And I myself will dower thee with all that befits a knight.'

The lad like a bird new cagèd, he shook himself to and fro,
And he quoth, 'For naught do I ask thee! But that knight who as fire doth glow

If thou givest me not his armour no gift will I take from thee,
My *mother* will not withhold it—For a queen shall she surely be.'

Then Arthur he quoth, 'That armour so gallant a knight doth wear
That to give thee a gift so goodly methinks I may hardly dare.
And guiltless I live in sorrow since his homage I must forego,
Ither he is of Gaheviess; thro' my joy hath he wrought me woe.'

'Now my King sure it were ungracious to say to his pleading nay,
Thou shalt give him what he desireth, nor think it too great,' quoth Kay,
'Let him forth to the plain; bid him bring thee the cup if it be thy will!
Here hast thou the whip, there the top is, let the child have of sport his fill.
The women, forsooth, will praise him, and it seemeth good to me
He should learn to take blows an he gives them, many such will his portion be.
For the life of the twain what care I? Each of us needs must have his day,
If thy dogs for the spoil shall hunger, thou must e'en give thy dogs their way.'
'I were loath to refuse his pleading, yet I feared lest he here be slain,
And to knighthood I fain had helped him.' Thus Arthur he spake again.

Thus the lad won the gift he craved for, which many perforce must rue,
And young and old they followed, as forth from the hall he flew.
By the hand would Iwanet lead him, 'fore a bower that was none too high,
And backward and forward turning the lad gazed with eager eye.
And the bower was so low that within it the lad he both heard and saw,
And therefrom did he win a sorrow that vexed him with torment sore.

The queen from her bower window to look on the sight was fain,
And her knights and maidens round her they gazed and they gazed again.
And the maiden Kunnewaaré she sat there, the fair and proud,
And never, that man might wot of, had she laughed or low or loud.
For never she vowed, an she died first, would she laugh ere her eyes might see
That knight, who of knights the bravest or was, or henceforth should be.
As the lad rode beneath the window she brake into laughter sweet,
And her back was sore from the guerdon—reward for a maid unmeet!

For Kay the Seneschal seized her, the maiden of fair Lalande,
By her waving hair, and the tresses he wound fast around his hand,
Without a band he bound her—Tho' never an oath she sware
His staff he laid unknightly on her maiden shoulders fair,
And ere ever the sound of the smiting on the ear had died away
Thro' white skin and royal raiment had he wounded the maid that day.

And thus did he speak in his folly, 'Now hast thou thine own fair fame
Cast aside, and I wot thou hast done it to thine own mending shame!
Now see, e'en in flight have I caught it, and I bring it to thee once more
In such wise thou mayst well remember, and be e'en in the memory sore:
For I wot well unto King Arthur, to his court and his palace hall
Many gallant men have ridden, yet hast thou despised them all,
And ne'er hast thou smiled upon them—And now doth thy laughter ring
For one knowing naught of knighthood! Unseemly I deem this thing!'

Now whate'er might be done in anger I wot well no king's decree
Had bid him thus smite the maiden; and her friends mourned her bitterly.
(Might she bear knightly shield and armour it had helped not this sore disgrace,
Discourteous the blows were smitten.) She came of a royal race,
Had her gallant brothers seen it, Lähelein and Orilus
Far fewer blows had fallen; she ne'er had been smitten thus.

Now Sir Antanor the Silent, who thro' silence a fool was thought,
(His speech and the maiden's laughter on a self-same thread were wrought)
For never a word would he utter till she laughed whom Kay thus did smite,
As clear rang the maiden's laughter, aloud spake the silent knight,
'Now here before God I tell thee, Kunnewaaré of fair Lalande
Thou hast wronged for that lad, and thy guerdon awaiteth thee at his hand,
Nor so weak shall he be, nor so foolish, but he turneth thy bliss to bale!'
'And thy speech thou hast found but to threaten for joy shall it naught avail.'
His food would he make full bitter.—Kay smote him upon the ear
With his fist till naught but a singing and a whispering might he hear.
And Parzival saw the sorrow of the maiden and Antanor,

And his heart was hot for their shaming, and grief for their sake he bore,
And he grasped his javelin tightly, but the throng pressed so close around
That perforce the dart must he lower, lest some other aim it found.

Thus alone from the court of King Arthur rode the son of Gamuret,
And he came to the plain where the Red Knight his foeman awaited yet;
And he bare unto him the tidings how in Nantes was there never a knight
Whose heart yet yearned for jousting, or who lusted with him to fight.
'But a gift King Arthur gave me—I spake as thou saidst before,
That without thy will had it chanced thee the wine o'er the queen to pour,
Thy discourtesy sorely vexed thee—They think not to fight with thee.
Now give me the steed thou ridest, and thine harness give thou to me,
They were given me in the palace, therein shall I be a knight,
Wouldst withhold them, I will not greet thee—Yield thou what is mine of right!'

Then the King of Cumberland answered, 'If Arthur hath given to thee
Mine armour, my *life* he gave thee, if that life thou canst take from me,
So well doth he love his kinsmen! Hath he known thee before to-day,
That so swiftly the service done him with such guerdon he would repay?'

'I may win what I will I trow me, of a sooth had he given me more;
Now leave thou thy claim on his kingdom—'Tis time I a knight's shield bore
For *squire* will I be no longer!' He laid on the rein his hand
'Thou art Lähelein, so I think me, who hath taken from me my land!'

Then the knight he turned his spear-shaft, and he struck with so true a blow
That the lad and his sorry charger on the meadow he laid them low,
And the hero was swift in his anger, and he smote with a will so good
That there where the spear-shaft struck him there sprang forth bright drops of blood.
Then Parzival sprang up swiftly and stood wrathful upon his feet

And he grasped his javelin firmly—Where the helm and the visor meet
And betwixt the twain is an opening, there the javelin swiftly sped
And thro' eye and neck it struck him, and the knight on the plain lay dead.
Fierce foe had he been to falsehood; women's sighs, true hearts wounded sore,
Were the fruit of his death, and with tear-drops must many an eye run o'er.
And they whom his love made joyful their gladness asunder brake,
And their joy to the goal of sorrow o'er a rough road its way must take.

Then Parzival in his folly turned the dead knight o'er and o'er,
For fain would he loose his armour, yet was lacking the needful lore.
He fingered both helm and corslet with his bare white hands alone,
Yet the fastening he failed to loosen, nor with force might they be undone
Tho' oft and again he tried them, who in wisdom was all untaught.
Then the horses they neighed so loudly that the sound on the breeze was brought
To Iwanet's ear, and he heard them, by the city moat he stood,
(To Queen Guinevere was he kinsman, and he did to her service good)
He heard the cry of the horses, but naught of the riders saw,
As his true heart would give him counsel, Parzival did he seek once more.

And Ither lay dead; and his slayer by his folly was vexed amain—
Then swiftly he sprang to aid him, and Parzival thanks must gain
For the honour he here had won him o'er the hero of Cumberland:
'God reward thee, but give me counsel for skill here doth fail mine hand,
How best may I loose this armour which myself I were fain to wear?'
'Such lore I right well may teach thee,' quoth Iwanet the proud and fair,
So the armour was reft from the dead man, 'fore Nantes on the grassy plain,
And they did it upon the living, o'er whose dealings did folly reign.

Quoth Iwanet, 'These leather leggings fit not with the mailèd gear,
As a *knight* shalt thou now be clothèd,' and the lad deemed it ill to hear;

Quoth Parzival, 'What my mother aforetime hath given me
That cometh not from my body, or for good or for ill it be!'
And much did Iwanet marvel, for clever was he i' troth,
Yet he followed perforce his bidding, nor waxed at his folly wroth.
And he drew above the leggings the hosen of shining mail,
Nor the spurs with red gold in-wroughten should unto the harness fail,
And of silk and gold the laces, nor leather might there be found.
Ere he gave unto him the corslet he bound him with greaves around,
And tho' o'er-long Parzival deemed it yet the time was swiftly sped,
Ere in knightly armour shining he clad him from foot to head.
Then the lad would have ta'en his quiver, but Iwanet he spake out free,
'Nay, no javelin will I give thee, unknightly such arms shall be!'
Then he girt the sharp sword around him, and he showed how to draw the blade,
And he bade him ne'er fly in battle, nor in conflict to be dismayed.
Then nearer he led unto him the charger the dead knight rode,
And 'twas tall and strong, yet the saddle the youth with one spring bestrode,
He recked not the weight of his armour, and of stirrups had little need—
E'en to-day do men speak of his swiftness, and the fame of his mighty deeds.

Nor o'er-much did Iwanet think it to teach him with fitting skill
To hold his shield and to guard him, while he wrought to his foeman ill;
And a spear in his hand he gave him—But Parzival turned aside,
'Nay, nay, what good may that do me?' 'If a joust one with thee would ride
Thou shalt on thy foeman break it, perchance drive it thro' his shield,
If thou doest that oft, 'fore the maidens will they praise thee for well-fought field.'

And this hath the venture told me,—Not in Maestricht, or e'en Cologne
Might a painter so fair a picture as this lad and his steed have shown.
Then straightway he spake to Iwanet, 'My friend and companion dear,
The boon that I asked have I won me, of that art thou witness here.
My service bear thou to the city, to Arthur the noble king,
And mourn unto him my shaming—This cup thou again shalt bring,

And tell him a knight hath wronged me, since he smote that
maiden fair
Who looked, and who laughed upon me, and grief for her grief I
bear.
Nor hath it but lightly touched me, it hath pierced to my inmost
heart
This maid's woe all undeservèd—Now do thou in her shame have
part
Thro' the friendship that thou hast shown me! God keep thee in
peace alway,
And watch o'er us twain, for I think me no longer I here may stay!'

And Ither the prince of Gaheviess on the plain had he lifeless left,
E'en in death was he fair to look on who was thus of fair life
bereft.
If in joust by a spear-thrust pierced he thro' knighthood his death
must gain
Who had mourned for the grief and the marvel? By a javelin he
here was slain.
Then Iwanet he strewed above him a covering of blossoms bright,
And he smote the shaft of the javelin in the ground by the fallen
knight,
And that lad so true and faithful, he pierced with the crimson
blade
A bough of wood, and in this wise a cross o'er the dead man
made.
Then he gat him again to the city, and the heavy tidings told;
And from many a trembling woman, and from many a hero bold
Rose the wail of love and of sorrow; and the dead would they
fetch in state,
And the Host they bare before her, as the queen passed the city
gate.

Then o'er Cumberland's prince and hero, who by Parzival's hand
was slain,
Queen Guinevere spake in sorrow while her tear-drops they
flowed amain,
'Alas! alas! for broken in twain is King Arthur's might,
For he whom the good Round Table accounted its bravest knight
Here slain before Nantes he lieth! His heritage did he claim
Where men gave him death for his guerdon—For naught marred
his knightly fame;
Here long hath he dwelt among us in such wise that never an ear
The tale of a deed unknightly, or wrong he had done, might hear.
He held him afar from falsehood, to guile was he aye a foe;
The lock and the seal of knighthood all too soon must we bury
low.
His heart wise in courteous wisdom, and steadfast as seal and
sign,
Taught him ever the fairest counsel that a man's heart might aye
divine,

Whereby with true love and courage a man woman's love may
woo
And show manhood's truth—Fruit-bearing it seedeth itself anew
The plant of all woman's sorrow! From thy wounds grief shall ever
grow—
So red was thy hair that the blossoms that bloom here thy corse
below
Scarce redder may be with thy life-blood—All laughter hast thou
forbid
To fair women, and joy and gladness by thy death are for ever
hid.'

Thus Ither, beloved of all men, as a king in the grave was laid,—
With his life must he pay for his armour who taught sighing to
many a maid,
Since Parzival in his folly for the harness his death had sought,
Hereafter, when he won wisdom, he scarcely such deed had
wrought!

NOW this might ye mark in the charger, great labour it held as
naught,
Were it hot, were it cold, no journey the sweat on its coat had
brought;
It sped over stone or tree-trunk, and scarce was there need to
draw
The girth by one hole the tighter if the knight for two days it
bore.
So fully armed, in his folly yet further he rode that day
Than a wise man unarmed in two days if his steed he betimes
would stay.
And ever it onward galloped, and but seldom would walk or trot,
How to check its speed by the bridle as yet Parzival knew not.

Then he saw the roof of a castle rise fair in the evening glow,
And the lad he thought in his folly that the towers from the earth
must grow
Since the one roof bare so many—And he thought Arthur sowed
such seed,
And he who could work such marvels were a holy man indeed!
Then he said, 'While at home I tarried ne'er looked I on woodland
field
That a crop so rich and so stately in growth might ever yield;
I think me my mother's people their labour but little know,
For never too dry, I think me, is the soil where their seed they
sow!'—
Now Gurnemanz of Graharz of this mighty Burg was lord:
At his portal a spreading linden stood fair on the summer sward,
Nor too long nor too wide was the meadow, and the horse and
the road they led
To where Parzival found him seated who of castle and land was
head.

Now weariness sore constrained him, nor his shield might he rightly hold
But it backward and forward wavered as beseemed not a rider bold.
And Prince Gurnemanz sat all lonely, and the boughs of the linden tree
Gave shade as was meet to its master, the captain of courtesy—
And his life it fled from falsehood—Then e'en as should be his right
He gave to the guest fair welcome, and with him stood nor squire nor knight.

Then Parzival made him answer—In his folly he spake straightway,
'My mother bade me seek counsel from an old man with locks of grey;
For thy rede will I do thee service, for so did my mother speak!'
'If here thou art come for counsel, and aid at my lips would seek,
Thy favour thou still shalt leave me whatever my counsel be,
If thou will that thy prayer I hearken, and give rede as seem best to me!'

Then the prince cast a yearling falcon from his hand and aloft it flew,
And it winged its way to the castle, and its golden bells rang true,
'Twas a messenger; and the pages came swiftly in garments fair,
And he bade them to lead the guest in, and lodging as meet prepare;
And the lad he spake in his folly, 'My mother she told me true,
An thou follow an old man's counsel his rede shalt thou never rue!

And the pages they led him straightway where stood many a gallant knight,
And there in the castle courtyard from his steed did they bid him light.
Spake the youth, and he showed his folly, 'Tis a King who hath bidden me
Be a knight, and whate'er befall me on this charger my seat shall be.
My mother she bade me greet ye!' And mother they thanked and son,
(Both horse and man were wearied) then, the words of greeting done,
Full many a time they urged him, but it cost them many a thought
Ere the lad within the castle, and from off his steed they brought.
Then they led him to a chamber, and they prayed the stranger guest,
'Let us loose thine harness off thee, that thy wearied limbs find rest.'

But scarce had they loosed his armour when lo! there came to view
A garment e'en such as Fools wear, and leggings of calf-skin new;
Then startled and shamed they turned them, and they whispered each to all,
And with bated breath the tidings ran swift through the castle hall,
And the host for shame was speechless—But a knight spake in courtesy,
'Let that be as it may, one so noble mine eyes they might never see,
And Good Fortune hath looked upon him by his mien so high and fair—
Ah! he whom Love's light hath chosen, who bade him such garb to wear?
And it grieveth me sore to find thus on the World's Joy such poor attire.
Ah! well for the mother who bare him, she hath won her full heart's desire!
And his helmet is decked so costly; ere his harness from him we took
It became him well, and knightly and noble I ween his look,
And many a bruise and blood-stain the lad on his limbs doth bear.'
Quoth the host, ''Tis perchance a woman who bade him such garb to wear!'
'Nay, Sire, for so strange his bearing he would know not a maid to pray
To take from him knightly homage,—Tho' his face is so fair alway
It had fitted him well for Love's service.' Then the host spake, ''Tis best we see
This lad, in whose strange attiring a marvel for sure shall be!'

Then to Parzival they betook them, and they found that a wound he bare
From a spear that was never shattered, and the host for his hurts would care,
And so kindly I ween his tending that a father, whose heartfelt love
To his children, found no denial, his faith might no better prove.
And he washed his wounds and bound them, the prince, with his own right hand,
Ere forth to the hall he led him where the evening meal should stand.

And food the guest sore needed, and hungry was he alway,
From the house of the fisherman fasting had he ridden at break of day,
And his wound and the heavy harness which he before Nantes had won

Wrought him weariness sore and hunger ere ever the ride was done.
For from Arthur the King of the Bretons the whole day he needs must ride,
Nor his fast at the Court had broken, and now it was eventide.
Then the host bade him eat at his table, and Parzival did his will,
And the food it swiftly vanished, as if one would a manger fill!
And Gurnemanz was well pleasèd, and ever the lad did pray
To eat as he would, and his hunger and weariness put away.

When 'twas time, and the meal was ended, 'Now weary art thou, I ween,'
Quoth the host to his guest, 'If this morning betimes thou a-foot hast been?'
'God knoweth my mother slumbered, so early she ne'er doth wake.'
Then the host he laughed, and he led him where rest he right well might take,
And he bade him disrobe, tho' unwilling, he needs must—An ermine fair
They cast o'er his naked body,—fairer fruit never woman bare!

By weariness taught to slumber, but seldom throughout the night
On his other side did he turn him, he might well wait the morning light.
Then the prince he bade his servants ere ever 'twas middle day,
A bath, as was meet, make ready by the couch where the young knight lay,
And roses they threw within it—And tho' he no call might hear
The guest awoke from his slumbers, and he stepped in the waters clear.
I know not who sent them hither, but maidens richly dressed,
Lovely and sweet to look on, all courteous sought the guest,
They washed his wounds and bound them with their hands so soft and white,
(Nor should this o'er strange have seemed him who was reft of wisdom's might)
And both ease he felt and gladness, nor his folly they made him rue—
Thus these fair and gentle maidens they tended the lad anew,
And they spake 'twixt themselves, and he hearkened, yet never a word would say,
Yet too early he might not deem it, for they shone as a second day,
And their beauty it vied with the morning, yet his fairness outshone the twain,
For naught to the youth was lacking that favour and praise might gain.
Then a linen cloth they proffered, but the lad he took it ill,
An he robed himself before them, their presence should shame him still.

Perforce must the maidens leave him, nor longer might linger there
Tho' in sooth they would fain have questioned lest deeper the wounds he bare.
(For such was the way of woman, and such is true woman's will,
Tho' scatheless themselves yet the sorrow of a friend it doth work them ill.)

Then he strode to the bed, and he found there fresh raiment so fine and white,
With a girdle he bound it round him, 'twas of silk and of gold so bright;
And hosen of scarlet woollen they drew on the fearless knight,
In sooth they well became him who was comely in all men's sight.
And of ruddy brown well fashioned, (nor lining they thought to spare)
Were robe alike and mantle, and within was the ermine fair,
And without were they decked with sable, both black and grey in hue;
Then the gallant youth the mantle around his shoulders threw,
With a belt so rich and costly he girt him found the waist,
And the fastening of the mantle with a golden clasp was graced.

And his mouth was red and glowing—Then his host he drew anigh,
And many a proud knight followed, to greet him courteously,
And e'en as 'twas done the heroes they spake with a great amaze
'Ne'er saw they a man so goodly!'—And all would the mother praise
Who such son to the world had given—And in truth and in courtesy
They spake, 'Whatsoe'er he asketh for his service fulfilled shall be,
And favour and love await him if his worth win its meed alway,'
And of those who hereafter saw him none were there who said them nay.

By his hand the host then took him, and forth from his chamber led,
And the prince fain would hear the story how the night hours with him had sped,
'Were it otherwise, I think me that living I scarce might wake,
'Twas well that my mother bade me thus shelter with thee to take
Ere yet from her I had ridden—May God requite ye both,
For mercy Sir Knight, and kindness, hast thou shown to me nothing loth.'
So went our hero witless where to God and the host they'd sing,
And the prince by the Mass would teach him that which health to the soul shall bring.
He would rede him well of the Offering—How to sign himself with the Cross,

And thus work on the Devil vengeance, who seeketh for aye our loss!

Then again to the hall of the castle and the morning meal they came,
And the host set his guest beside him, and he ate without fear or shame.
Then out spake the prince so courteous, 'An it seemeth not ill to thee,
Fain am I to know thy dwelling, and from whence thou art come to me?'
Then frankly he told the story how his mother's side he fled,
Of the ring and the clasp so golden, and the winning the harness red.
And the prince he knew the Red Knight, and his fate it pleased him ill,
And the name of his guest he asked not but 'The Red Knight' he called him still.

Then e'en as the meal was over, were they tamed the ways so wild,
For the host to his guest he quoth thus 'Thou speakest as doth a child,
Why hold not thy peace of thy mother, and otherwise turn thy speech?
An thou follow henceforth my counsel far wiser the ways I'll teach!'

'And thus I begin, do thou hearken—From true shame shalt thou never flee,
A shameless man, bethink thee, what place in the world hath he?
As a bird that moulteth ever so his honour doth fall away,
And hereafter he hath his portion in the fires of Hell for aye.'

'So noble methinks thy bearing, a folk's Lord thou well mayst be;
If high be thy birth, and yet higher the lot that awaiteth thee,
Then see that thy heart hath pity for the poor and needy man
And fight thou against his sorrow with free gifts as best thou can,
For a true knight must aye be humble—A brave man who need doth know
Full often with shame he battles, and sore is that strife I trow,
For him shall thy help be ready—(Who lighteneth his brother's need
From Heaven he winneth favour as rewarding for righteous deed.)
For in sooth his case is harder than theirs who as beggars stand
'Neath the window, and succour seeking, for bread shall stretch forth the hand.'
'Thou shalt learn in a fitting measure both rich and poor to be,
Who spendeth as lord at all times no lordly soul hath he—
Yet who heapeth o'er-much his treasure he winneth methinks but shame,

But give thou unto each their honour, so best shalt thou guard
thy fame.'

'I saw well as thou earnest hither that thou hadst of my counsel
need—
Yield not unto ways discourteous but give to thy bearing heed,
Nor be thou so swift to question—Yet I would not that thou
withhold
An answer good and fitting to the speech one with thee would
hold.
Thou canst hear and see, I wot well full five shalt thy senses be,
An thou use them aright, then wisdom it draweth anear to thee.'

'In thy wrath remember mercy, and slay not a conquered foe,
He who to thine arms shall yield him take his pledge and let him
go;
Unless he such ill have wrought thee as sorrow of heart doth give,
An my counsel thou fain wouldst follow, then in sooth shalt thou
let him live.'

'Full oft shalt thou bear thy harness—When thy knightly task is
sped
Thy hands and face thou shalt cleanse them from the rust and the
iron red,
For such is in truth thy duty, so thy face shall be fair and bright,
And when maiden's eyes behold thee they shall deem thee a
goodly sight.'

'Be manly and of good courage, so shalt thou deserve thy fame;
Hold women in love and honour, it shall be to thine own good
name;
And be ever steadfast-minded as befitteth good man and true,
An with lies thou wouldst fain deceive them much harm can thy
dealings do.
If true love be repaid with falsehood then swift shalt the
judgment be,
And a speedy end to all honour and renown shall it bring to thee.
As beneath the stealthy footsteps of the thief the dry stick breaks,
And the slumbering watcher, startled, to his danger swiftly wakes
So false ways and dealings crooked in their wake bring but strife
and woe;
Prove this by true love, for true women have skill 'gainst the
hidden foe,
And their wiles can outweigh his cunning—An thou winnest from
women hate,
Then for ever art thou dishonoured, and shame on thy life shall
wait.'

'So take thou to heart my counsel—And more would I tell to thee;
Husband and wife united as one shall they ever be,
As the sun that this morning shineth, and this morn that we call
to-day,

So the twain may be sundered never but *one* shall be held alway.
As twin blossoms from one root springing e'en so shall they
bloom and grow;
With wisdom receive my counsel that its truth thou hereafter
know.'

Then he thanked his host for his teaching, nor spake of his
mother more,
But as true man and son so loving in his heart her memory bore.

Then the prince spake as did him honour, 'Yet more will I teach to
thee,
Thou shalt learn knightly skill and bearing—In such wise didst
thou come to me,
Full many a wall have I looked on that the shields might better
deck
Than that shield erewhile became thee, as it hung there around
thy neck.
None too late shall be the morning, we'll hence to the open field,
And fitting skill I'll teach thee that thine arms thou mayst rightly
wield.
So bring to my guest his charger, and mine shalt thou hither lead,
And each knight shall make him ready, and mount, e'en as I, his
steed.
And pages shall thither follow, and each one shall bear a spear,
And the shaft shall be strong and untested, and blazoned with
colours clear.'

So the prince and his guest together they rode to the grassy
plain,
And many a feat so skilful was shown by that knightly train.
And the lad he learned how to check him his charger in seeming
flight
With touch of spur, and turn him once more 'gainst the foeman's
might;
His spear to sink as needed, and before him hold his shield
As he rode a joust; 'Thus shalt thou thine arms in future wield!'

Thus of lack of skill he cured him better than by the bough
That smiteth unruly children and breaketh their skin I trow.
Then he bade swift knights come hither, and a joust with the
stranger ride,
And himself to the ring he led him, and against the foe would
guide;
And the lad in his first joust carried his spear through the
foeman's shield,
And tho' strong was the knight yet he smote him from his steed
on the open field.

And they marvelled much who beheld it—Then another to joust
rode near,
And Parzival took unto him a fresh and unbroken spear,

And his youth had strength and courage—The beardless lad and fair
Was spurred by his inborn manhood, and to Gamuret's skill was heir—
Then he urged his charger onward full swiftly against the foe,
And his spear rang true on the four nails, and struck nor too high nor low,
Nor the host's knight might keep his saddle, but prone on the sward he fell,
Of the spear-shaft full many a splinter the force of the blow might tell.
Thus five of the knights were smitten ere the host to the Burg would ride,
And the victory was his, and hereafter fierce strife might he well abide.

Then they who his deeds had witnessed, the wise men, they needs must say
That great was the skill and valour he had shown in the joust that day,
'Our lord may be free of sorrow, and his youth it may bloom anew
If he give him to wife his daughter, our lady so fair and true.
If we see him wax in wisdom then the sorrow shall be o'erpast—
The death of his sons a shadow o'erlong o'er his life hath cast,
But now to his door hath ridden one who maketh amends for all,
And gladness no more shall fly him, but it seeketh his palace hall!'

Then homeward they turned at even when the board for the feast was spread,
And the prince bade his daughter hither (for so I the tale have read)
As he saw the maid draw near him the host to Liassé spake,
'To this knight shalt thou do all honour, and a kiss from his lips shalt take,
With Good Fortune for guide he fareth! And of *thee* would I pray this thing,
If token perchance she beareth, thou wilt leave to the maid her ring—
Yet none hath she, nor clasp—Who should give her what that forest princess wore?
For *she* won from the hand of her husband what thine hand from her raiment tore,
From *Liassé* canst thou take little'—Then the lad he must blush for shame,
On her lips did kiss the maiden, and her mouth it was red as flame.
And Liassé was fair to look on, and gentle of heart and pure,
And a hero might well have loved her with a love that should aye endure.

Full long and low was the table, nor many might sit thereat,
At its head was the prince so kindly, and his guest by his side he set
Betwixt him and his daughter, and the maiden with snow-white hand
Must carve, as he willed, for the Red Knight, so her father would give command,
And courteous, she did his bidding, and none did the twain prevent
As shy glances rosy-blushing, they each to the other sent!

The feast over, the maiden left them, but she bade not the guest 'Farewell,'
For twice seven days in honour Parzival with his host did dwell.
But within his heart lay a sorrow, 'twas no other I ween than this,
He would he enough had striven to be worthy of wedded bliss,
And he thought him a goal so worthy must lead to a guerdon high
Both in this life and e'en in the other—And these words they shall be no lie.

One morning for leave he prayed him, from Graharz he fain would ride,
And his host, sore loth to lose him, awhile rode his steed beside.
Fresh sprang of grief the fountain as the prince spake, 'I lose once more
A son, Death of *three* hath robbed me, thy loss now shall make them *four*.
And threefold it was, my sorrow—Who my heart would in pieces smite
Fourfold and from hence would bear them, in the pain should I find delight.
One for thee, since thou ridest from me, and *three* for my three sons slain—
Bravely they fell in battle, such guerdon doth knighthood gain!'

'And its end is of sorrow woven—One death all my joy doth lame,
The death of my son so gallant, Schenteflur did they call his name;
When Kondwiramur her kingdom and herself would withhold with strife
From Klamidé the king, and Kingron, in her aid did he lose his life,
And my heart with the thrust of sorrow, as a hedge is it piercèd thro'.
Now all too soon dost thou leave me since no comfort from thee I drew,
Ah! would Death were here my portion since Liassé, that maiden bright,
And the land I had deemed so goodly find no favour in this thy sight!'

'My other son, Count Laskoit, by Idêr son of Noit was slain

Anent a hawk—Little gladness from his death I methinks might gain—
Gurzgrei did they call my third son, to whom Mahaut gave her heart,
As his wife did he win the maiden from her brother proud Ekunât.
'Gainst Brandigan on a venture for Schoie-de-la-kurt he'ld ride,
And the Prince Mabonagrein smote him, and there by his hand he died.
And Mahaut she lost her beauty, and his mother, my wife, lay dead,
For thro' sorrow and bitter yearning the days of her life were sped.'

Then the guest saw his host's deep sorrow as he told unto him his woe,
And he quoth, 'Little wisdom have I, yet if ever the day I know
When I win knightly fame and honour, so that maiden I well may woo,
Thou shalt give unto me Liassé, thy daughter so fair and true.
Thou hast told me of o'er-much sorrow; if thy grief I may lift from thee
From the load of so sore a burden I gladly will set thee free!'

Then leave from the prince so kindly the young knight that morn would pray,
And from all his gallant vassals; and he rode from their land away;
And the prince, in the game of sorrow, tho' heavy before his throw,
Had lost yet more, for from threefold to fourfold his grief must grow.

BOOK IV
KONDWIRAMUR

ARGUMENT

Book IV. tells how Parzival came to Pelrapär, and found it besieged by sea and land, and the folk wasted by famine. How Queen Kondwiramur besought his aid; how he overthrew Kingron, and sent him to the court of King Arthur. How Parzival wedded the Queen; and of the wrath of King Klamidé when he heard the tidings. How the Burgers defended Pelrapär against their foemen; how Klamidé challenged Parzival to single combat, and was overthrown; and how he came to the court of King Arthur at Dianasdron. Of the love of Parzival and Kondwiramur; and how the hero parted from his wife, and went in search of knightly venture.

BOOK IV

KONDWIRAMUR

Thus Parzival parted from them, and courteous he now might bear
His knightly garb, and he knew them, the customs of knighthood fair.
Yet alas! he full sore was troubled with many a bitter pain,
And the world was too close, and too narrow the width of the spreading plain,
And the greensward he thought was faded, and his harness had paled to white;
So the heart the eye constraineth and dimmeth awhile the sight.

For since he had waxed less simple somewhat of his father's lore,
The desire of the man for the maiden, in his wakening heart he bore;
And he thought but of fair Liassé, that maiden so true and sweet,
How never her love she proffered, yet with honour the guest would greet.
And wherever his horse might turn it he took in his grief no heed,
And if slowly it paced or swiftly he thought not to guide its speed.

Nor many a field well-fencèd nor wayside cross he found;
Nor chariot-wheel nor horse-hoof had furrowed with tracks the ground;
Untrodden the woodland pathway, nor wide was I ween the way,
And he knew not the hills and the valleys—Full oft shall ye hear men say,
'Who rideth astray, in his wandering the lost axe may often find.'
They lay here unnumbered round him, if for *axe* ye have *trees* in mind.
Yet tho' far was the road he journeyed yet he went in no wise astray,

And thus from the land of Graharz he rode through the livelong day,
Till he came to the kingdom of Brobarz thro' mountains wild and high—
When the shadows of evening lengthened, and red flushed the western sky,
Then he came to a mountain torrent, and the voice of the raging flood
Rang clear as its waves rushed foaming round the crags that amid them stood.
So he rode adown by the waters till he came to the city fair
Which a king had bequeathed to his daughter; 'twas the city of Pelrapär,
And I wot that tho' fair the maiden who bare of that land the crown,
Great grief and small gladness had they who dwelt in that noble town!

Like an arrow that swiftly speedeth from the bow by a strong arm bent,
The waters onward rushing on their downward pathway went;
And a bridge hung high above them with woven work so fair,
And the stream it flowed swift to the ocean—Well-guarded was Pelrapär,
As children in swings delight them, and swing themselves to and fro,
So swung the bridge, yet ropeless, youthful gladness it scarce might know!

And on either side were standing, with helmets for battle bound,
Of knights e'en more than thirty, and they bade him to turn him round,
And with lifted swords, tho' feeble, the strife would they gladly wait,
They thought 'twas the King Klamidé whom they oft had seen of late,
So royally rode the hero to the bridge o'er the field so wide—
As thus to the youth they shouted, and with one voice his arms defied,
Tho' he spurred his steed full sharply it shrank from the bridge in fright,
But ne'er knew he a thought of terror—To the ground sprang the gallant knight.
And he led his horse by the bridle where the bridge hung high in air,
Too faint were a coward's courage so bitter a strife to dare!
And well must he watch his footsteps for he feared lest his steed should fall—
From the other side of the water the knights had ceased their call,
And with shield and sword-blade gleaming within the town they passed,

For they feared lest an army followed, and they closed their portals fast.

So Parzival crossed the river, and he rode o'er a grassy plain
Where many in search of knighthood must death for their guerdon gain;
And he came to the palace portal, and stately the Burg and high,
And there hung there a ring of iron, and he gripped it right manfully.
But none to his call made answer, save only a maiden bright
Who looked forth from out her window, and was 'ware of the gallant knight.
Spake the maiden so fair and courteous, 'An thou comest, Sir Knight, as foe,
Little need have we of thine hatred, for heavy enough our woe,
A wrathful host doth threaten already by sea and land!'
Then he quoth, 'Nay, gentle lady, at thy portals a man doth stand
Who will, if he can, do thee service! For thy service my hand is fain,
And never reward save thy greeting as payment I think to gain.'
Then the maiden she went in her wisdom to the queen and an entrance prayed
For the knight, and in sooth his coming it brought to their sorrow aid.

So Parzival came to the city; down the roadway on either hand
The folk who would fain defend them in close groups he saw them stand,
Soldiers on foot, and slingers, and they who the dart could throw,
He saw as he came towards them, in many a goodly row.
And many a squire so valiant, the bravest from out the land,
Long, sharp, and strong were the lances they bare in each strong right hand.
There too, so the story telleth, was many a merchant grave,
And the javelin and axe were their weapons, so their lady commandment gave.

And their skins, they were loose for hunger—Then the Marshal of the queen
Made his way thro' their ranks to the castle, and heavy his task I ween.
And well was that castle guarded, with towers o'er the chambers high;
And barbican, keep, and oriel in such numbers they met his eye
That buildings so strong and so many in his lifetime he never saw,
And on horse or afoot from all sides the knights to his welcome draw.
'Twas a sorry host, for as ashes some were grey, some were pale as clay,
(My lord the Count of Wertheim sure had starved on such scanty pay!)

Thro' want full sore they hungered, nor cheese, nor bread, nor meat
Had they, and their teeth were idle since naught might they find to eat.
And their palate knew naught of the flavour of the wine-cup, or red or white,
And their doublet hung loosely on them, and wasted each limb of might,
And their skin like wrinkled leather on each rib hung gaunt and grim,
For hunger their flesh had wasted and driven from every limb.
Thro' want must they sorely suffer, little grease in their fuel ran—
(A hero to this had forced them, the proud King of Brandigan,
Thus they paid for Klamidé's wooing)—The mead might they seldom spill,
For small was their store, I think me, the vessel or cup to fill.
In Trühending oft shall ye hearken the hiss of the frying cake,
In such music, methinks, but seldom the folk might their pleasure take!

(And if for such want I'ld mock them, then in truth must I share their shame,
For there where I oft dismount me, where men do me '*Master*' name,
At home in mine house, with trouble e'en the mice shall their portion steal,
Nor oft for their food be joyful! Nor need they the bread conceal,
Unhidden, I scarce may find it—Yea, oft doth it happen so,
And I, Wolfram of Eschenbach, ofttimes such pleasure and ease may know.)

But enough of my lamentation, once more ye the tale shall hear
How the city was full of sorrow, and for gladness they paid full dear.
How these heroes, so rich in courage, must in need and in scarceness live,
For so did the manhood bid them, to their need shall ye pity give —
For their life stood in pledge, might He free it in Whose Hand all power shall be!—
Yet more of their grief would I tell ye that ye mourn for them bitterly,
With shame their guest did they welcome, for they deemed him so rich and great
That he craved not thro' need their shelter; he knew naught of their poor estate.

On the grass did they spread a carpet, where a linden was walled around,
And trained to a welcome shadow—'Neath its boughs they his arms unbound,

And the vassals they took his harness; but other than theirs his face
When he in the streamlet washed it, and cleansed it from red rust trace;
Nay, the sunlight's rays were shamèd 'neath the glow of his beauty bright,
And a worthy guest they thought him as they gazed on the gallant knight.
Then a mantle rich they brought him e'en like to the robe he bare,
And new was the smell of the sable wherewith it was garnished fair.

Then they spake, 'Wilt thou look upon her, the queen, our lady true?'
And the knight made answer straightway, that thing would he gladly do.
To the palace they came, and the stairway steep and high to the portal led,
And the light of a fair face met him when his footsteps so far were sped.
Of his eyes should she be the sweetness—There shone from that lady bright
A radiant glow and dazzling, ere she welcomed the stranger knight.
Now Kiot of Katelangen and Manfilot, Dukes the twain,
Led hither their brother's daughter who as queen o'er this land did reign:
(For the love of God their harness, shield, and sword, had they put away
These princes true and stalwart, fair of face tho' their hair was grey.)
Midway adown the staircase all courteous the maid they led,
And she kissed the gallant hero, and the lips of the twain were red;
And she gave him her hand, and she led him, Sir Parzival, to the hall,
And they sat them adown together in the midst of the courtiers all.

And feeble and faint the maidens, and the knights who stood there around,
And vassal alike and hostess, small joy in their life they found.
Yet Kondwiramur, her beauty did high o'er all others stand,
Were it Enid, or fair Jeschuté or Kunnewaaré of far Lalande,
Whoe'er men had deemed the fairest when they women's beauty weighed,
Their fame to the earth was smitten by the glance of this royal maid.
Yea, even the twain Isoldé, tho' men praise them evermore,
They must yield the crown of beauty to the lady Kondwiramur.

(And her name in our tongue betokens her shapely form and fair)
And well had they done, the mothers, who had borne such a goodly pair
As these twain who sat here together, naught did they who stood around
But gaze on the one and the other—Many friends had our hero found.

And the thoughts of the knight will I tell ye, '*There* Liassé, Liassé *here*,—
God will free me from care since I see here Liassé that maiden dear
The child of a gallant father!'—Yet her fairness was naught I wot,
'Gainst her beauty who sat beside him, in whom God no wish forgot.
(The maiden was queen of the country) Yea, e'en as by morning dew
Refreshed, the rose from its calyx forth buddeth in beauty new,
And is white and red together—And grief to her guest it wrought,
To whose courtesy naught was lacking since Gurnemanz' side he sought,
And his words had from folly freed him; and had bidden him questions spare
Save only where they were needful—So he sat by that lady fair,
And never a word his lips spake, tho' he sat close the maid beside —
Yet to those who know more of woman such silence doth oft betide.

Then the queen to herself said softly, 'This man disdaineth me,
He deemeth my fairness faded. Nay, perchance it yet may be
That in this thing he doeth wisely, his hostess in sooth am I,
And he is my guest, the first speech should be mine assuredly!
Gently he looks upon me tho' never a word we speak,
And courteous hath been his bearing, 'twere well I the silence break;
Too long have I yet delayed me since here side by side we sit.'
To her guest did she turn, the maiden, and she spake as it seemed her fit:

'Sir Knight, it were well as hostess that the first words came from me,
Since I wot well my kiss as hostess a greeting hath won from thee,
And thou offeredst me thy service, so my maiden hath borne me word,
Our guests scarce are wont to do so, tho' the tidings I fain had heard.
Now tell me, my guest, I prithee, since the tale I am fain to know,
From whence art thou come to my kingdom, and whither thou yet wouldst go?'
'Lady, at early morning I rode from my host away,

A brave knight is he and faithful, yet he sorroweth sore to-day,
And Prince Gurnemanz do men call him, in Graharz he holds command,
From thence I to-day have ridden, thence came I unto this land!'

Then the noble maiden answered, 'Sir Knight, had another told
This tale, methinks that scarcely for truth I the words might hold,
That thou in one day hadst ridden a journey that scarce in twain
My swiftest squire could compass, tho' his charger he spurred amain!
Thy host was my mother's brother; his daughter's youthful glow,
It hath paled before the sorrow which she, e'en as I, must know.
For many sad days and mournful, with sad eyes we've wept our fill
I, and the maid Liassé—Wouldst thou show to thy host goodwill?
Then thou shalt with us, man and woman, this night-tide our sorrow share,
Thou shalt serve him thereby; and I'll tell thee the want we perforce must bear.'

Then out spake her uncle Kiot, 'Lady, I send to thee
Twelve loaves of bread, and of shoulders and hams do I give thee three,
And eight cheeses too are with them, and two casks of wine I trow,
And my brother, he too shall aid thee, of such aid hast thou need enow!'
And Manfilot spake, 'Yea, Lady, I send thee the self-same fare.'
And the maiden she sat in gladness, and of thanks she no word would spare.
Then leave they craved from their lady, and forth would the old men ride
To their hunting-house that was nigh there—But the cell where they would abide,
Was in Alpine wilds so lonely, there unarmed did they dwell afar,
And never a foeman vexed them with tumult or strife of war.

And the messenger sped full swiftly, and the fainting folk were fed,
No Burger within the city but was lacking for other bread,
And many were dead of hunger ere food for their need was found.
Then the queen she bade them share it to the feeble folk around,
With the cheese, the flesh, and the red wine, as Parzival counsel gave,
Scarce a morsel was left, yet they shared it, the queen and her guest so brave.

And swiftly the store had vanished, tho' to many who yet might live,
Nor were slain by cruel hunger this succour fresh life might give.

Then they bade them a couch make ready for the guest, and
'twas soft his bed,
(Had the Burgers been hawks for the hunting methinks they were
not o'er-fed
As their scanty board bare witness) yea, the folk there, one and
all,
Bare the marks of bitter hunger, save the gallant Parzival.

Then leave he prayed of his hostess, he would lay him down to
rest.
Do ye think that for tapers straw-wisps must light so brave a
guest?
Nay, better were they I think me; he betook him, the hero fair,
To a bed so rich and stately a king well might slumber there,
Nor of poverty bare it token, and a carpet before it lay.
Then he prayed the knights to go hence, nor longer there delay,
And noble lads un-shod him, and straightway he fell asleep,
Till the cry of heart-sorrow woke him, and tears that bright eyes
should weep.

This chanced e'en as I will tell ye; no woman's law she brake,
For pure was she aye, the maiden of whom this venture spake.
Long stress of war constrained her, and the death of her
champion true,
So heavy her heart with sorrow that sleep from her eyelids flew,
So she went, this royal lady, (but never such love to claim
As urgeth a gentle maiden to crave of a *wife* the name)
But she sought help and friendly counsel, tho' clad in a warlike
gear,
A silken shift, (strife she wakeneth who doth thus to a man draw
near.)
And the maiden she wrapped around her a mantle of samite
long,
And she went as her steps were guided by sorrow and bitter
wrong.

Her maidens and waiting women who lay there around her bed
She left them slumbering softly, and with noiseless footsteps
sped
To a chamber, there, e'en as she bade them, Parzival all lonely lay,
And around his couch the tapers burnt bright as the light of day.
To his bed she turned her footsteps, and she knelt low his couch
before,
But no thought of love unlawful the heart of either bore.
Of joy bereft was the maiden, his help she was fain to claim,
If awhile they lay there together it brought unto neither shame.

So bitter the maiden's sorrow that there fell full many a tear
On Parzival, and her weeping thro' his slumbers the knight might
hear,
And waking, he looked upon her, and sorrow and joy he felt,

And he rose up, the youthful hero, as the maiden before him knelt,
And he spake to the queen, 'Say, Lady, wilt thou now make a mock of me?
To God only, and never to mortal methinks shouldst thou bow the knee.
But rise thou and sit beside me, or grant me I pray this grace,
Lay thyself down where I was lying, I will seek me some other place!'
But she spake, '*Thyself* wilt thou honour, and show honour alike to me,
And by never a touch wilt shame me, I will e'en lay me down by thee.'
Then the knight he spake by his knighthood he would e'en do as he should say,
So down on the bed beside him in peace the maiden lay.

Tho' well sped were the hours of the night-time no cock did they hear to crow,
Empty and bare the perches, for the famine had left them so.
Then the maiden, grieving sorely, prayed him courteous her plaint to hear,
''Twill rob thee of sleep an I tell thee, and work to thee ill I fear.
My foeman the King Klamidé, and Kingron his seneschal,
My castles and lands have wasted, yea, all but this citadel.
My father, King Tampentäre, by his death me, poor orphan, left
In peril and need so deadly, of all hope am I well-nigh reft.
Kinsmen and princes many, and vassals, both rich and poor,
Yea, a mighty army served me, but they serve me now no more.
One half, nay, far more I think me, in defence of my land are slain,
Alas! whence shall I, poor maiden, or gladness or succour gain?
In such sore strait do I find me, I am ready myself to kill
Ere my maidenhood and this body I yield to Klamidé's will.
His wife he is fain to make me, yet his was the hand that slew
My Knight Schenteflur, the hero, whose heart was both brave and true,
And the flower was he of all manhood, falsehood he ne'er might know,
Who was brother unto Liassé, and she too shall share my woe.'

But e'en as she named Liassé then sorrow awoke anew
In his heart who would fain do service, and his spirit, so high and true,
Sank, as sinketh a hill to the valley, at the thought of that maiden dear;
Yet he spake to the queen, 'Say, Lady, how best may I serve thee here?'
'Sir Knight an thou couldst but rid me of Kingron the seneschal;
In knightly joust of my warriors full many before him fell.
With the morning again he cometh, and he thinketh that free from harm

His lord soon shall lie, my husband, in the clasp of my circling arm.
My Burg hast thou seen, and thou knowest how lofty its towers and high,
Yet down to the moat below them will I fling myself joyfully,
Ere of maidenhood King Klamidé shall rob me against my will,
If no better may be, then by dying, his boasting I yet may still!'

Then he quoth, 'Lady, French or Breton, of what country soe'er he be,
From Kingron my hand shall shield thee, with what power may be given to me.'
The night was spent, with the dawning the queen she arose again,
Lowly she bent before him, nor from thanks would her lips restrain.
Then she passed from the chamber softly, and no man might be aware,
Tho' wise were he else, of her errand, save only the knight so fair.

Nor Parzival longer slumbered, for the sun was swift to rise,
And it pierced thro' the clouds of morning, and smote on his wakened eyes;
And he heard the sweet bells chiming, as the folk church and minster sought,
For Klamidé their joy had banished, and their land in sore peril brought.

Then up rose the young knight also; the chaplain was in his place
And he sang to God and his lady; and the guest saw the maiden's face,
And he gazed till the Mass was ended, and the benediction o'er.
Then he bade them to bring his harness, and soon was he armed once more,
A good knight and strong they deemed him, in gallant armour fair.
Then on came Klamidé's army with banners borne high in air.
And Kingron, he came full swiftly, he sped far before the force,
And, so hath the story told me, of Iserterre's land his horse.
And there waited before the portal the son of King Gamuret,
And the prayers and the hopes of the townsfolk on the youthful knight were set.

Nor with sword he ere this had striven—From afar did he aim his stroke,
And so swift his joust, in the meeting the gear of both chargers broke,
And their girths were burst asunder, and each steed to its knees was brought,
And the heroes who yet bestrode them of their swords must they needs take thought;

In their scabbards did they find them—And already did Kingron bear
Wounds in arm and breast, and I wot me that loss was his portion there.
For this joust brought him loss of the glory that methinks had been his alway
Till he met with this knight, and their meeting, of his pride was the dying day.
And valiant did men account him, six knights had he prostrate laid
Who rode in one field against him, yet here was he well repaid
By Parzival's right hand valiant, and Kingron the seneschal
Thought strange was indeed his peril, for *stones* surely on him fell
Cast forth from a mighty engine—Other arms wrought his overthrow,
For a sword clave clean thro' his helmet, and Parzival laid him low,
And he knelt with one knee upon him, and he bade him forthwith to give
What he ne'er to a foe had given, his pledge, an he fain would live.
But he thought not to be his captor who had vanquished him here in field,
But he bade him ride hence to Graharz and his pledge to its lord to yield.

'Nay, Sir Knight, thou hadst better slay me, 'twas I who slew his son,
'Twas my hand of life that robbed him, Schenteflur—Thou from God hast won
Great honour, yea, men shall praise thee for the strength that thou here hast shown,
Of a sooth art thou here the victor, and Good Fortune shall be thine own.'
Quoth Parzival, 'Yet another is the choice I will give to thee,
Yield thou to the queen whom thy master in his wrath wronged so grievously!'
'Nay! Then were I lost of a surety, for I wot with their sword-blades keen
My body they'ld hew in pieces, small as dust in the sun is seen!
Such sorrow of heart, I think me, and grief thro' my hand they win,
Full many a gallant hero who dwelleth those walls within.'

'Then hence from this plain shalt thou journey to the kingdom of Brittany,
And bear to a gentle maiden thy pledge and thy fealty.
For she for my sake hath suffered a sorrow she ne'er had borne,
Had not Kay been of knightly customs, and of courtesy fair forsworn.
Say to her how with me it fareth, that I come not in joy again

Till my spear, thro' his shield sharp-piercing, hath wiped out her honour's stain.
To King Arthur and to his lady, and the knights of the Table Round
Bear my greeting, and say in their presence shall I never again be found
Till the day I from shame have freed me; from the shame which *I* too must share
With the maiden who smiled upon me, and great grief for that greeting bare.
Say to *her* I am aye her servant, to serve her with service fain!'
So Kingron must swear unto him ere they parted, those heroes twain.

Thus he came afoot to the city, for thither had fled his steed,
The Burgers' help in battle, from their anguish the folk he freed.
But the outer host was troubled that Kingron, their chosen knight,
In this wise had been dishonoured, and broken his dauntless might.
Then they led Parzival in triumph to their queen so fair and young,
And the maiden was fain to greet him, and her white arms around him clung,
And in close embrace she held him as she spake, 'The wide earth doth hold
No man I will have for my husband save him whom these arms enfold!'
And as here they disarmed the hero her part would the maiden bear
With ready hand and skilful, nor her service she thought to spare.

But tho' heavy had been his labour, yet scanty, I ween, the board.
And the Burgers they came before him, and they sware him with one accord
They would have him for lord and master; and the queen in her turn she spake,
And she said that this knight so valiant for her love and her lord she'ld take
Who had won him a fame so mighty o'er Kingron the seneschal—
But now from the castle bulwarks two sails might be seen by all,
A strong wind to the haven brought them, and their lading must needs make glad
The folk, they bare naught but victuals,—God's guidance they surely had!

Then they rushed adown from the ramparts, and swift to the ships they fled,
The hungry crowd, for the booty, as leaves by the wind are sped.
With flesh they were not o'erweighted, so wasted and thin were they,
Nor they strutted with well-filled belly, but bending they went their way.

The queen's marshal he sware the shipmen, by the doom of the hempen cord,
Safe conduct for life and lading, none should touch that which lay aboard.
Then he bade them to lead these merchants straightway into the town,
And Parzival for their lading the double he paid them down,
And gladly the merchants took it, for princely they deemed such pay;
And the Burgers these welcome viands to their fires did they bear straightway.

Now fain would I there take service, no man of them all drank beer,
Wine and food had they there in plenty—Then he did as you now shall hear,
Parzival, the gallant hero, for first in portions small,
With his own right hand he shared out the viands among them all,
Yea, even unto the nobles; so long had they lacked for bread,
He feared it had wrought them evil if perchance they were over-fed.
But to each one he gave his portion, and his counsel they deemed it right,
And more should they win ere nightfall from the hand of this gallant knight.

To their marriage couch they bade them, 'twas the will both of king and queen—
Yet throughout the night so courteous he bare him, in truth I ween,
He little had pleased those ladies who now, in these latter days,
In passion's heat forget all that should win for a woman praise;
Tho' modest they seem to strangers, yet their heart gives their mien the lie,
And their tenderness worketh sorrow to their friend, tho' in secrecy.
But the steadfast knight and faithful guards himself at every hour,
And well knoweth to spare a woman an she chanceth within his power.
For he thinketh, and thinketh truly, 'For many a lonely year
For her favours I served this lady; now, behold, the day is here
When her will is to reward me, and here we twain do lie—
Had I touched with bare hand her vesture I were blest to eternity!
An I vantage take of her slumbers to myself untrue I seem,
Methinks we were both dishonoured did I waken her from her dream,
For a woman's sleep is holy, and all men shall own its sway.'
Thus the Waleis, who ne'er had feared him, lay still till the dawn of day.

Thus he whom men called the Red Knight, a maiden he left the queen,
Yet surely she deemed in the morning his wife she o'er night had been,
And for love of her lord her tresses she bound with the morning light
As matrons are wont to bind them. And he won him, the gallant knight,
Castles and lands around them from the hand of his maiden bride,
But her *heart* was ere this his guerdon, and in peace did the twain abide.

Thus glad in their love they held them two days till the third night fell,
And often he thought might he take her to himself it would please him well.
Then he thought of his mother's counsel, and how Gurnemanz spake of yore,
That man and wife should as *one* be, and the doubt vexed his soul no more,
And his wife did he take unto him—Love's custom ever old,
Yet ever new to lovers, to these twain brought joy untold.

'Twas well, not evil, with them—Now hear how the king, their foe,
As he rode in his might to battle, must tidings of evil know.
'Twas a squire who fain had told them, all crimson his spurs with blood;
'Before Pelrapär on the meadow have they foughten those heroes good,
'Twas a bitter strife and knightly; thy seneschal fell that day,
Kingron, who led thine army, to King Arthur must take his way.
As he in departing bade them lies the army upon the plain.
Pelrapär shalt thou find well guarded 'gainst thyself and thine armies twain,
There within is a gallant hero, and naught doth he crave but strife;
In the camp of thy hired soldiers is many a rumour rife,
They say from the good Round Table cometh Ither of Cumberland
To the help of the queen, and knightly and valiant methinks his hand!
'Twas his arms that rode forth for jousting, and no man his deeds shall blame,
In such wise hath he borne his armour as winneth him meed of fame.'

Quoth the king to the squire, 'My lady, the queen, she desireth me,
And she and her land so goodly I trow shall my portion be.
And Kingron the seneschal told me, and surely the truth he spake,

That famine doth plague the city, and peace they ere long must make,
And the queen she her love shall proffer'—His wrath must the squire abide.
Then the king and his host passed onward, and a knight did toward them ride,
And he spared not his horse but spurred it, and told them the self-same tale,
And the king deemed the loss o'er-heavy, and courage and joy must fail.

Then a prince spake from out the army, 'Tho' Kingron hath valour shown,
Yet never he fought for *our* manhood, he fought for himself alone.
Now let him to death be stricken—Why then should they be cast down,
Two hosts, this one, and the army that lieth before the town?'
Then he bade his lord take courage, 'Once more will we try our fate,
Let them look to their arms, the conflict shall be for their strength too great,
We will make an end of their gladness! Bid thy vassals and kinsmen hear,
With banners twain before them to the town shall they draw anear;
Down the hill will we ride upon them, but afoot must we storm the gate,
For so shall we work them evil, and victory shall on us wait.'
Galogandres, the Duke of Gippones, it was who this counsel gave,
And sorrow he brought on the Burgers—but slain was this hero brave,
And slain, too, the brave Count Narant, a prince from Uckerland's shore,
And many another hero whom dead from the field they bore.

Now hear ye another story, how the Burgers would guard their wall.
Strong stakes of wood sharp-pointed they made fast in tree-trunks tall;
(Sore pain thus was wrought the besiegers) and the trunks were made fast that day
To a rope that by wheel was guided, so they guarded their walls alway.
And all this had they done and tested ere Klamidé would storm the gate
To avenge the fall of Kingron—There had come to their land of late
Greek fire, for the ships had brought it that of food brought a goodly store,

And it burnt of the foe the weapons, and the engines of deadly war;
And battering-ram or tortoise in vain 'gainst the walls were wheeled,
No weapon had they for onslaught but was forced to the flame to yield!

Now Kingron the seneschal journeyed till he came on to Breton ground,
In his hunting-house in Briziljan King Arthur at last he found,
And Karminöl did they call it—As 'fore Pelrapär he fought,
So at Parzival's word his surety to the maid of Lalande he brought,
And glad was fair Kunnewaaré that, faithful, he mourned her shame
Whom men there knew as the Red Knight, and this knight at his bidding came.

And soon were the wondrous tidings amid the courtiers spread,
And he stood there before King Arthur, a gallant knight ill-sped.
Then he spake unto him and his vassals in such wise as he needs must speak,
And Kay was with terror smitten, and crimson it grew, his cheek,
And he spake, 'Is it thou, O Kingron? Ah! many a Breton knight,
Thou seneschal of Klamidé, thy hand hath o'erthrown in fight!
If thy captor ne'er look upon me with favour, thine office high
Shall turn to thy good; we are rulers of the caldron, both thou and I,
Of thy wisdom and skill do thou aid me, to win me the favour fair
Of this maiden Kunnewaaré, and sweet cates for her board prepare!'

Nor they asked from him other ransom—Now leave we that tale and hear
What had passed since we left the story—So the host to the town drew near,
To Pelrapär came the King Klamidé, and a bitter strife arose.
The inner host strove with the outer, and in sooth were they gallant foes,
Fresh strength had they won and courage, and bravely they held the field;
And Parzival, lord of the country, in the vanguard he bare his shield.
And he swung aloft his weapon, thro' the helm clave the blade so keen,
And the knights he o'erthrew before him found a bitter death I ween,
For there, where the corslet opened, the Burgers they pierced them thro',
In such wise would they take their vengeance—this wrought grief to the hero true,

And Parzival, he forbade them, and they ceased at their lord's command,
But of living knights full twenty were captive unto their hand.

Yet Parzival well had marked it how the king and his bravest knights
Sought not fame before the portals, but far out in the plain would fight;
Then forth by a path untrodden the hero a circuit made,
And swiftly he charged where the monarch his banner aloft displayed.
And, see! there a mighty slaughter the guard of the king befell,
And the shields they were hewn in pieces, the Burgers they fought so well.
And Parzival's shield had vanished 'fore the blows and the sword-blades keen;
And tho' little his skill rejoiced them, yet all who the strife had seen,
They spoke but to praise his valour—Galogandres the standard bare,
(Well he knew how to wake their courage!) but dead lay the hero there.
And Klamidé himself stood in peril, and great stress on his army lay;
Then he bade them withdraw, for the valour of the Burgers had won the day.

But Parzival, gallant hero, bade them treat their captives well
Till the dawn of the third day's morning, and fear on his foemen fell.
Then the young host, proud and joyful, bade the knights on their oath go free—
'Good friends, when the word I send ye, then wend your way back to me!'
Their swords and their goodly harness as prisoners they needs must yield;
Unarmed did they fare from the city to the host on the outer field.

'For sooth,' spake their comrades mocking, 'from *wine* must ye needs be red,
Poor souls, since within the city ye have hungered for lack of bread!'
'Nay! nay! ye may spare your pity,' so spake they, the heroes good,
'If ye lie here a whole year longer, within is such store of food,
That by them might ye well be nourished! And the queen hath the fairest knight
For her husband, that e'er won knighthood, or carried a shield in fight,
He may well be of lofty lineage, for he lacketh no knightly skill!'

And the king needs must hear the tidings, and in sooth did they please him ill,
And heralds he sent to the city, and he bade them this challenge bear
To him whom the queen had wedded, 'If this knight the strife shall dare,
And the queen doth hold him worthy herself, and her lands so wide,
To defend in single combat, then in peace may our hosts abide!'

And Parzival he was joyful at the message the heralds bare,
And his heart was fain for the combat; and out spake the hero fair,
'Now I pledge me upon mine honour that no man within this wall
Shall lift his hand for my peril, *alone* will I stand or fall!'
So betwixt the moat and the meadow a truce did they swear that day,
And those smiths of battle armed them as meet for the coming fray.

On a gallant war-horse armèd sat the King of Brandigan,
'Twas hight Guverjorz—This charger with many a gallant man,
And many a goodly present, from Gringorz his nephew, king
Of Ipotente did Count Narant from the north o'er the deep seas bring.
And therewith were a thousand footmen, well armed save no shield had they;
(If the tale speaketh true to the third year the king had made good their pay.)
And Gringorz sent him knights five hundred, each one with his helm on head,
And skilled were they all in battle; with Klamidé they hither sped.
And thus had the mighty army, alike both by sea and land,
Encircled the town of Pelrapär, and great need must its folk withstand!

Forth rode Parzival from the city to the field that should aye declare
If 'twas God's will his wife to leave him, the child of King Tampentäre.
Proudly he rode, yet he spurred not his steed to its swiftest flight,
And 'twas armed for need, and its covering was a samite of red so bright,
And the iron lay beneath it—And the hero himself shone fair
In his harness red, red his corslet, and the shield that he proudly bare.
And Klamidé began the conflict—A short spear of wood unwrought,
With that would he fell his foeman, and the joust from afar he sought;

And Guverjorz sprang forth swiftly, and the joust it was ridden well
By those heroes young and beardless, nor one from his saddle fell,
And never a horse or a rider had foughten a better fight;
And the steam rose in clouds from the chargers on which sat each gallant knight,

And so fierce was the fight that the horses, out-wearied with conflict sore,
Stumbled and fell together, in sooth could they do no more.
And joyful they smote, the heroes, till fire from the helm must spring,
Small time had they there for leisure, but zeal to their task must bring;
And the shields were hewn in pieces, and the splinters were tossed on high,
As shuttlecocks gaily smitten to the winds of heaven fly.
Yet Gamuret's son was unwearied, and never a limb did ache,
Tho' Klamidé deemed that the foemen from the city the truce would break.
Then he bade his fellow-foeman to look to his honour well,
And stay the hand of the slingers, for the blows heavy on him fell
As of stones shot forth from an engine—But Parzival made reply,
'Nay, safe art thou from the slingers, my word is thy surety,
Thou hast peace from mine hand, and I swear thee that never a sling shall break
Head, or breast, or thigh, thou art safe here, were it but for mine honour's sake!'

All too soon was Klamidé wearied and spent with the deadly fight,
Who was victor, and who was vanquished, ere long might be seen aright,
And they looked on the King Klamidé, on the grass was he laid alow,
And Parzival's right hand gripped him till forth streamed the crimson flow
Of blood from the ears and nostrils, and the green turf was dyed with red;
And his foeman unbound the helmet and visor, and bared his head,
The vanquished would face the death-blow, and the victor spake, 'Here I free
My wife for aye from thy wooing! Learn thou what Death may be!'

'Nay! nay! thou gallant hero, thirty-fold doth thy glory grow
Thro' the valour thine hand hath shown here, since in strife thou hast laid me low.
What higher fame dost thou look for? Kondwiramur sure shall say

That Good Fortune hath smiled upon thee, whilst *I* am
Misfortune's prey;
Thy land hast thou now delivered—As when one a leaking boat
Doth free from the load of water, that it light o'er the waves may
float,
So lightened am I of honour! Manly honour and joy I trow
Are waxen thin and faded, what profit to slay me *now*?
From children and children's children mine heritage shall be
shame,
To do more here methinks were needless—For joy thou hast won
and fame,
And a living death is my portion, since for ever from her I part,
Who fast in love's magic fetters hath held me both mind and
heart,
Little good it forsooth hath brought me, ah! most wretched
henceforth am I,
And this land and its lovely lady for aye in thy power shall lie!'

Now he who was here the victor on Gurnemanz' counsel thought,
How mercy should well beseem him who with manhood had
valiant fought,
And he thought him the rede to follow; and thus to the king he
spake,
'I free thee not, to the father of Liassé submission make!'
'Nay, Sir Knight, I have wrought him evil, 'twas thro' me that his
son was slain,
An ill-fate wouldst thou bring upon me! The hand of thy queen to
gain,
With Schenteflur I battled, and in sooth had I died that day,
Save that Kingron came to my succour, and his hand did the hero
slay.
For Gurnemanz of Graharz had sent him to Brobarz' land
At the head of a gallant army; 'twas a fair and knightly band,
Nine hundred knights who fought well, and rode upon mail-clad
steeds,
And fifteen hundred footmen all armed for valiant deeds,
For naught but shields should fail them—Too great their might I
thought,
But the seed of such goodly harvest once more their country
sought.
Yet now hath my loss been greater! Of my heroes but few are left,
What more would thine hand take from me, who of gladness am
now bereft?'

'An easier way I'll show thee, to Brittany shalt thou ride,
Kingron has gone before thee, there King Arthur he doth abide,
To *him* shalt thou bear my greeting, and bid him to mourn alway
The shame I bare as my portion when I rode from his court away.
A maiden who smiled upon me for my sake was smitten sore—
Of all that in life e'er grieved me naught ever hath grieved me
more!

And that maid shalt thou tell of my sorrow; and thy pledge to her hand shalt yield,
And do even as she shall bid thee—Or die here on this foughten field!'

'So, if here I must choose betwixt them, not long shall my choice delay,'
Spake the King of Brandigan swiftly, 'From hence will I ride straightway!'
But his oath did he swear ere he parted whom pride had in peril brought.
Then Parzival, the hero, for his wearied charger sought,
And his foot touched nor horse nor stirrup as he light to the saddle sprung,
And his steed the hewn shields' splinters around him in circles flung.

And the Burgers I ween were joyful—but their foemen were sad and sore,
For flesh and bone were wearied, and sorrow of heart they bore.
And they brought King Klamidé wounded to those who might give him aid,
And the dead on the bier they bare them, and to rest in the grave they laid.
From many a guest unwelcome the land at last was freed,
And the gallant King Klamidé to Löver he rode with speed.

Now it fell at this time King Arthur and the knights of the Table Round,
And many another hero, at Dianasdron were found.
And in sooth no lie I tell ye when I say that this plain so good
Bare of tent-poles a greater number than the trees in Spessart's wood.
For 'twas ever the wont of King Arthur the high feast of Pentecost
To keep with his knights and vassals, and of maidens a goodly host.
There were many a noble banner, and many a warlike shield
With coat of arms emblazoned, and fair tents stood adown the field;
'Twould be thought of the world a marvel, who should make all the travelling gear
For such wondrous host of ladies as those that were gathered here!
And I think me that never a maiden but had counted it to her shame
If no knight mid the knights around her she might as her lover claim!
Came I myself to such gathering, an such youthful knights were there,
I were loth if my wife beside me thro' such tumult were fain to fare—

(Nay, when folk thus come together far liefer were I away)
May be one might speak unto her, and some such words would say—
'With love of her was he smitten, and ne'er might he healing know
Save that she herself should heal him. Yea, an but her will were so,
Her knight would he be for ever, to serve her his whole life long'
I were swift, with my wife beside me, to flee from such foolish throng!

Yet enough of myself have I spoken—Now hear how King Arthur's tent
Might be known apart from the others; before it on gladness bent
He feasted, the king, with his vassals whose hearts never falsehood knew,
And with many a stately maiden, whose thoughts aye to jousting flew,
As if with darts they sported, and their friend 'gainst the foe would aim,
And if ill befell their hero with sweet words to his aid they came.

Then the youthful King Klamidé in the ring would he bridle draw;
His steel-clad limbs and charger the wife of King Arthur saw,
His helmet and good shield cloven her maidens they saw right well—
So he came to the court, (who had sent him small need have I here to tell.)
So sprang he adown from his charger, and they thronged him on either hand
Ere he came where she sat whom he sought for, Kunnewaaré of fair Lalande.

And he spake, 'Art thou she, O Lady, to whom I owe service fair?
(Yet need doth in part constrain me) from the Red Knight I greeting bear,
He willeth to take upon him the shame that thy lot hath been;
He prays that King Arthur mourn it—Thou wast smitten for him I ween,
Here, Lady, my pledge I bring thee, so my victor hath bidden me,
Else my body to death were forfeit—I will do here as pleaseth thee!'

Then the maiden Kunnewaaré by his hand led the gallant knight
Where Queen Guinevere was seated, she ate with her maidens bright;
And Kay uprose from the table as the tidings he needs must hear,
They brought gladness to Kunnewaaré, but to Kay had they wrought but fear.

And he quoth, 'What he speaketh, Lady, who thus unto thee hath sped
He speaketh perforce, yet I think me he greatly hath been misled!

I thought but to teach thee better, yet for this cause thou hatest me!
Now bid thou this knight disarm him, for his standing o'er-long shall be.'

Then she bade him put off his helmet and visor, the maiden true,
And e'en as the bands were loosened Klamidé the king they knew,
And Kingron he looked upon him, and he saw his lord again,
And he wrung his hands in his anguish till as dry twigs they cracked amain.

Then the seneschal of Klamidé, from the table he sprung straightway,
And he asked of his lord the tidings; and joyless was he that day,
For he spake, 'I am born to sorrow; I have lost such a gallant host,
No man that was born of woman, I think me shall more have lost.
And the load of such bitter sorrow lieth heavy upon my breast,
And joy is to me a stranger, and gladness a fleeting guest!
And grey am I grown for the anguish she hath wrought me, Kondwiramur,—
Yea, the sorrow of Pontius Pilate, and false Judas who evermore
Must grieve for his faithless dealings, who did Christ unto death betray,
What of punishment God layeth on them that woe would I bear alway—
If so be that the Lady of Brobarz were my wife of goodwill and free,
And mine arms held her fast, I had recked not what hereafter should chance to me.
But, alas! for her love is withholden from the ruler of Iserterre,
And my land and my folk henceforward for her sake shall sorrow bear.
Mine uncle's son, Mabonagrein, for her love long hath suffered pain;
And by knightly hand constrainèd in thy court I, O king, draw rein!
And well dost thou know in my kingdom much harm have I done to thee,
Forget that, true knight and faithful, from thy hate do thou set me free
Since here I abide, a captive—And this maiden my life shall shield,
Since I stand in her sight, her servant, and my pledge to her hand would yield!'
Then of knightly heart King Arthur forgave him as he would pray,
And with faithful words, and kindly, showed favour to him that day.

Far and wide did they tell the tidings how the King of Brandigan
Rode hither, and man and maiden in thronging crowds they ran.
Then the king he would crave a comrade, and he spake out with joyless mien,

'Commend me unto Sir Gawain, if thou deemest me worth, O Queen!
Well I know that he would desire it, and if he thy word obey,
Then he honoureth thee, and the Red Knight shall win praise at his hand to-day.'
Then King Arthur he bade his nephew deal well with the captive king,
(Tho' I wot well, without his bidding, Sir Gawain had done this thing.)
And the conquered knight, in whose dealings no falsehood had part or share,
From the vassals and gallant heroes won a welcome both fit and fair.

Then Kingron he spake in sorrow, 'Alas! that I needs must see
The day when in Breton dwellings my king shall a captive be!
For richer wert thou than Arthur, and of vassals a greater host
Hath served thee, nor strength was lacking, and of youth canst thou make thy boast.
Shall men count it to *Arthur's* honour that Kay in his wrath did smite
A princess whose heart hath shown her the wisdom to choose aright,
And smile upon one whom henceforward all men may with truth proclaim
Elect to the highest honour and crown of true knightly fame?
The tree of their fame these Bretons may deem to have waxen high;
Dead lay Cumberland's king, but I wot well be by no deed of theirs must die!
Nor the fame shall be theirs that, my master, thou didst yield to that self-same knight,
Or that I myself have been vanquished in fair and open fight;
And the sparks sprang bright from our helmets, and our swords clave the whistling air
As for life and death we battled, and men looked on our combat fair.'

Then all at the good Round Table, both rich and poor alike,
With one voice spake that Kay did evil when a maiden he thought to strike.
But now will we leave their story, and fare back unto Pelrapär
Where Parzival reigned as monarch; the waste lands were builded fair,
And joy was their lot and singing, (and red gold and jewels bright
King Tampentäre left in the city where awhile he had reigned in might)
Then rich gifts he gave till men loved him for his knightly hand and free;
New shields and costly banners the pride of his land should be,
And many a joust and Tourney did he and his heroes ride.

And e'en on the distant borders in gallant deeds he vied,
That hero young and dauntless, and no foeman might e'er deny
That on battle-field or in Tourney his hand won the victory.

And now of the queen would I tell ye—What lot might ye hold so fair
As hers, that gentle lady? In earth's joys had she fullest share.
Her love it might bud and blossom, nor weakness nor wavering show,
For the worth of her lord and husband her heart scarce might fail to know.
And each found their life in the other, and each was the other's love.
If, as saith the tale, they were parted, what grief must each true heart move!
And I mourn for that gentle lady, her body, her folk, her land,
(So he won of her love the guerdon) had he freed with his strong right hand.

Thus courteous he spake one morning (and the knights stood their lord beside),
'Lady, an it so please thee, give me leave that I hence may ride
And see how my mother fareth, if weal be her lot, or woe,
For naught of all that befalls her methinks I for long may know.
For a short space would I go thither; and if ventures my skill approve
Therewith would I do thee service, and be worthy my lady's love.'
Thus he spake, and the story telleth she thought not to say him 'Nay,'
For she deemed it well; from his vassals all lonely he took his way.

BOOK V
ANFORTAS

ARGUMENT

Book V. tells of the wonderful adventure of the Grail Castle; how Parzival met with the Fisher King, and became his guest; and of the great feast in the hall of Monsalväsch. How Parzival saw the bleeding spear, and all the marvels of the Grail, and how be asked no question. How he in the morning found the palace deserted, and was mocked by the squire as he rode away. Of Parzival meeting with Siguné, and how she reproached him for his silence. Of Orilus and Jeschuté; of the fight between the heroes; and of Parzival's oath. How Orilus and his wife were made friends again, and of their welcome at the court of King Arthur.

BOOK V

ANFORTAS

Now he who would hear what befell him who thus for ventures sought,
Shall hearken many a marvel ere the tale to an end be wrought
Let the son of Gamuret ride forth, and all ye good folk and true
Wish him well, for bitter sorrow this hero hereafter knew,
Tho' honour and joy should crown him—And sorely his heart did grieve
That the wife he loved so dearly he now for a space must leave.
For the mouth never read of woman, and never hath tale been told
Of a fairer wife and truer, and his heart did she captive hold,
And his spirit so high was troubled by thoughts of his wife and queen—
Had courage not been his birthright he had lost it ere this, I ween!

O'er rock and marshy moorland, with loosened reins the steed
Dashed free, the rider thought not to guide or check its speed.
Of a truth the venture telleth, so far did he ride that day
E'en a bird had been outwearied, and its flight were fain to stay.
An the tale hath not betrayed me, no further the knight did fare
When Ither he slew, or from Graharz rode swift unto Pelrapär.

Now hear ye what chanced unto him; he came at the close of day
To a water fair, and upon it many boats at anchor lay,
And the fishers were lords of the water; to the shore did they lie so near
That e'en as they saw him riding his question they well might hear.
And one he saw in a vessel all clad in such royal pride
Scarce richer had been his vesture were he lord of the world so wide;

Of peacock's plumes his head-gear—Then the knight to the Fisher spake
And he prayed him for knighthood's bidding, and he prayed him for God's dear sake,
To help him unto a shelter where he might thro' the night hours rest.
And the Fisher sad he answered in this wise the stranger guest;

And he quoth, 'Nay, Sir Knight, I know not for full thirty miles around,
By land alike or water, where dwelling may yet be found
Save one house, I would bid thee seek it, for it lieth in sooth anear,
Thro' the livelong day wert thou riding none other thou findest here.
Ride there to the high cliff's ending, then turn thee to thy right hand
Until to the moat thou comest, and thy charger perforce must stand;
Then bid thou the castle warder to let the drawbridge fall
And open to thee the portals, then ride thou unto the hall.'

Then he did as the Fisher bade him, and leave would he courteous pray,
But he quoth, 'I myself will thine host be, an thou fail not to find the way,
Be thy thanks then as is our tendance—As thou ridest around the hill
Have a care lest the wood mislead thee, such mischance would but please me ill.'

Then Parzival turned his bridle, and gaily he took his way,
Nor missed he the path till before him the moat of the castle lay;
And the drawbridge was raised, and the fortress it lacked not for strength I trow,
As a turner with skill had wrought them stood the turrets in goodly row.
But with wings, or on winds of heaven uplifted, might ye have won
To that Burg, an a foeman stormed it little harm he methinks had done.
And so strong were the towers and the palace that its folk they had held the hall
And mocked at the foe, if all armies thirty years long beset the wall.

Then a squire looked forth from the castle, of the knight was he well aware,
And he asked whence he came? and wherefore he thought to their Burg to fare?
And Parzival spake, ''Tis the Fisher who hath bidden me ride to thee,

With all courtesy have I thanked him for the shelter he proffered free,
'Tis his will that the bridge be lowered, and I ride here the Burg within.'
'Sir Knight thou shalt here be welcome, and thy way to the Burg shalt win
Since the Fisher so spake—And honour would we shew unto thee his guest!'
Then the squire he let fall the drawbridge, for so was their lord's behest.

So the hero came to the fortress, to a courtyard so broad and wide,
By knightly sports untrodden—Nor oft would they Tourneys ride,
(By short green turf was it covered) and but seldom with banners bright
As on Abenberg's field did they ride there, as fitting for gallant knight.
'Twas long since they might disport them in such pastimes of warlike skill,
For sorrow lay heavy on them, and mirth it beseemed them ill.

But little the guest should rue that, for knights both old and young,
They welcomed him with all honour, and swift to his bridle sprung.
And pages of noble breeding laid their hands on his bridle rein,
And others would hold his stirrup as the knight to dismount was fain.
And the knights they prayed him enter, and they led him where he might rest,
And with ready hands and skilful of his armour they freed the guest,
And they looked on the beardless hero, and they saw his face so fair,
And they spake, of a truth Good Fortune and blessing should be his share.

Then he bade them to bring him water, and the rust-stains he washed away
From face and hands, and they saw him as the light of a second day,
So he sat in all eyes lovely—Then a mantle rich they brought
Of silk of Araby fashioned, and flaw therein was there naught;
And he laid it around his shoulder, that hero so fair and bright,
But the clasp did he leave unfastened, and with one voice they praised the knight.

'Repanse de Schoie, our lady and queen, did this mantle bear,'
Quoth the chamberlain, 'She hath lent it while fit robes they for thee prepare.
And I feared not this boon to ask her since it seemeth sure to me

That a gallant man and faithful, Sir Knight, thou shalt prove to be!'
'God reward thee who lookest on me with such true and trusting heart,
Methinks, an thou seest rightly, Good Fortune shall be my part,
Yet I wot well such gifts come only from the power of God on high.'
Then gladly they pledged the hero, and in honour and loyalty
They who sorrowed with him were joyful; far more had they there, I ween,
Than at Pelrapär, when his right hand their shelter from grief had been!
Then sadly he thought, as his harness the squires on one side would bear,
That in knightly joust and Tourney he here might find little share.
Then one to the host would call him, and fast came his words and free,
And boldly he spake to the stranger, yea, e'en as in wrath might be.
With his life had he nigh paid forfeit to Parzival's youthful pride,
For he laid his hand to his sword-hilt—When he found it not by his side
Then he clenched his fist so tightly that the clasp rung the blood-drops red
From beneath his nails, and crimson to the sleeve of his robe they spread.

'Nay, nay,' quoth the knights, 'be not wrathful, for fain would he make us smile,
He hath licence to jest, and with jesting our sadness would he beguile.
Show thy courtesy here towards him, nor be wroth for a foolish word,
That the Fisher hath come to the castle, naught else shalt thou here have heard.
Now do thou to our lord betake thee, here art thou an honoured guest,
And the load of thy heavy anger be banished from off thy breast.'

To the palace hall they gat them, where a hundred crowns hung low
With many a taper laden; round the walls shone the tapers' glow.
And beneath stood a hundred couches, with a hundred cushions fair,
And each of these goodly couches four knights should between them share.
And betwixt each twain of the couches an open space was found,
And before each there lay a carpet of cunning work fashioned round.
Thereto had he wealth in plenty, King Frimutel's son and heir:

And one thing had they not forgotten, nor their gold did they think to spare,
For within the hall were builded three hearths of marble rare,
With skill and wisdom fashioned, and each hearth stood four-square,
And the wood was Lignum aloe, and so great a fire, I ween,
Ne'er hath burnt on the hearth at Wildberg—Such things have aye costly been.

And the host had bid them lay him on a costly folding bed
'Fore the central hearth; and gladness from before his face had fled,
And his life was but a dying—Parzival the hero fair
In the hall found kindly welcome from him who had sent him there.
Then his host bade him stand no longer, but be seated his couch anear,
'Yea, here by my side, didst thou seat thee yet further from me, I fear
'Twere treating thee as a stranger'—In this wise to his gallant guest
Spake the host thus rich in sorrow, whose heart was by grief opprest.

And the host he craved thro' his sickness great fires, and warm robes would wear
Both wide and long, and with sable were they lined and garnished fair.
And the poorest skin was costly, and black was its hue and grey;
And a cap of the self-same fashioned he wore on his head that day,
'Twas within and without of sable, with bands of Arabian gold
Wrought around, and a flashing ruby in the centre might all behold.

Now many brave knights they sat there, and grief passed their face before,
For a squire sprang swift thro' the doorway, and a lance in his hand he bore,
(And thus did he wake their weeping) from the point did the blood run fast
Adown to the hand of the holder till 'twas lost in his sleeve at last.
And then thro' the lofty palace was weeping and wailing sore,
The folk of thirty kingdoms could scarce have bemoaned them more.
And thus to each of the four walls with the lance in his hand he drew,
Till he reached once again the doorway, and passed him the portal thro'.
And stilled was the lamentation, and the grief that this folk must know

When the squire bare the lance before them, and thus bade them to think on woe.

(An here ye be not outwearied I gladly would tell the tale,
How the feast in this Burg was ordered, for in courtesy naught did fail.)

At the end of the hall a doorway of steel did they open fair,
And two noble children entered—Now hearken what guise they bare,
An a knight for love would serve them, with love they his task might pay,
Two fair and gracious maidens as e'er man might woo were they.
And each wore on her hair loose flowing, a chaplet of blossoms bound
With silken band, beneath it their tresses sought the ground.
And the hand of each maiden carried a candlestick all of gold,
And every golden socket did a burning taper hold.
Nor would I forget the raiment these gentle maidens ware,
For one was Tenabroc's countess, ruddy-brown was her robe so fair,
And the self-same garb wore the maiden who beside the countess paced,
And with girdles rich and costly were they girt round each slender waist.
And behind them there came a Duchess and her fellow; of ivory white
Two stools they bare, and glowing their lips e'en as fire is bright.
Then they bowed, the four, and bending, the stools 'fore the host they laid,
Nor was aught to their service lacking, but fitly their part they played.
Then they stood all four together, and their faces were fair to see,
And the vesture of each fair maiden was like to the other three.

Now see how they followed swiftly, fair maidens twice told four,
And this was I ween their office, four tapers tall they bore;
Nor the others deemed too heavy the weight of a precious stone,
And by day the sun shone thro' it, and as Jacinth its name is known.
'Twas long and broad, and for lightness had they fashioned it fair and meet
To serve at will for a table where a wealthy host might eat.
And straight to the host they stepped them, and they bowed their fair heads low,
And four laid the costly table on the ivory white as snow,
The stools they had placed aforetime—and courteous they turned aside,
And there by their four companions stood the eight in their maiden pride.

And green were the robes of these maidens, green as grass in the month of May,
Of Samite in Assagog woven, and long and wide were they.
At the waist were they girt with a girdle, narrow, and long, and fair,
And each of these gentle maidens ware a wreath on her shining hair.

Now Iwan, the Count of Nonel, and Jernis, the lord of Reil,
To the Grail were their daughters summoned from many a distant mile.
And they came, these two princesses, in raiment wondrous fair,
And two keen-edged knives, a marvel, on cloths did those maidens bear.
Of silver white and shining were they wrought with such cunning skill,
And so sharp, that methinks their edges e'en steel might they cut at will.
And maidens four went before them, for this should their office be
To bear lights before the silver; four children from falsehood free.
Six maidens in all they entered and took thro' the hall their way,
Now hearken, and I will tell ye the service they did that day.

They bowed, and the twain who carried the silver they laid it low
On the Jacinth, and courteous turning to the first twelve in order go.
And now, have I counted rightly, here shall eighteen maidens stand;
And lo! see six more come hither in vesture from distant lands,
Half their robes were of silk, gold inwoven, half of silk of Nineveh bright,
For both they and the six before them, parti-coloured their robes of light.

And last of those maids a maiden, o'er the others was she the queen,
So fair her face that they thought them 'twas the morning's dawn, I ween!
And they saw her clad in raiment of Pfellel of Araby,
And she bare aloft on a cushion of verdant Achmardi
Root and blossom of Paradise garden, that thing which men call 'The Grail,'
The crown of all earthly wishes, fair fulness that ne'er shall fail!
Repanse de Schoie did they call her, in whose hands the Grail might lie,
By the Grail Itself elected was she to this office high.
And they who would here do service, those maids must be pure of heart,
And true in life, nor falsehood shall have in their dealings part.

And lights both rare and costly before the Grail they bore

Six glasses tall, transparent—and wondrous balsam's store
Burnt within with a strange sweet perfume; with measured steps they came,
And the queen bowed low with the maidens who bare the balsam's flame.
Then this maiden free from falsehood, the Grail on the Jacinth laid,
And Parzival looked upon her, and thought of the royal maid
Elect to such high office, whose mantle he needs must wear.
Then the seven courteous turned them to the eighteen maidens fair,
And the noblest they placed in the centre, and twelve on either side
They stood, but the crownèd maiden no beauty with hers had vied!

And as many knights as were seated around that palace hall,
So to each four was there a server, with golden beaker tall,
And a page so fair to look on who bare a napkin white—
Riches enow, I trow me, had ye seen in the hall that night!
And they bare there a hundred tables, at each table four knights would eat,
And swiftly they spread them over with coverings fair and meet.

The host himself took water, and heavy at heart was he,
And Parzival, too, he washed him, for so should the custom be.
A silken towel, bright coloured, a count's son would proffer fair,
Swift to the guest he gat him, and knelt low before him there.
And wherever there stood a table there four squires were ready dight
To serve the four who sat there, and their service they knew aright,
For twain would carve, low kneeling, and twain to the knights would bear
Of food and drink as needful, and thus for their wants would care.

Now hearken ye greater riches—on wheelèd cars were rolled
To every knight in order, fair vessels of wroughten gold,
And four knights set them on the tables, and with each ye a steward might see
To aid them, and claim the vessels when the feast at an end should be.

Now hearken another marvel—to a hundred squires they spake,
And they bade them in fair white napkins the bread from the Grail to take.
And straightway they went, and to each knight at each table the bread they bare;
As I heard so I tell unto ye, and the truth ye, each one, shall swear,
'Twas the Grail Itself that fed them, and before the Grail did stand
What of food or drink desiring, each one might stretch forth his hand.

(Would I here betray another then in sooth ye shall lie with me)
Food warm or cold, or dishes that known or unknown shall be,
Food wild or tame—Such riches ye never on earth shall find,
So many have said, yet I think me that folly doth rule their mind—
For the Grail was the crown of blessing, the fulness of earth's delight,
And Its joys I right well may liken to the glories of Heaven's height!

Then they brought in small golden vessels that which every man should need
Of sauces, or salt, or pepper—would one sparely or fully feed,
Yet each found enough—and courteous they bare to each noble guest;
And red wine and sweet drinks luscious, each one as he liked him best
Might speak the word, and proffer the cup, and behold! 'twas filled
By the power of the Grail—Thus the hunger of that gallant host was stilled,
And the Grail Itself sustained them, and Parzival wondering saw
The riches and mighty marvels, yet to question his host forbore.

And he thought, 'Gurnemanz he bade me, in truth, without thought of guile,
To withhold my lips from question—If here I abide awhile
Methinks it will then befall me as aforetime in Graharz land,
They will tell me, without my question, how here with this folk it stands.'
Then e'en as he sat thus musing came a squire who a sword did bear,
And its sheath was a thousand marks' worth, and its hilt was a ruby rare,
And the blade, it might well work wonders—Then the host gave it to the knight,
And he spake, 'I full oft have borne it in many a deadly fight
Ere God's Hand thus sorely smote me; now with this shalt thou be repaid
If aught hath in care been lacking—Henceforth shalt thou bear this blade
Whatever chance befall thee, and when thou its power hast tried
Thou wilt know thou art fully armèd, whatever strife betide.'

Ah! woe to the guest that asked not, I am sorrowful for his sake,
When his hand clasped the sword 'twas a token that his silence he well might break.
For the host too my heart is heavy, thus tortured by nameless woe,
And a question therefrom had freed him, yet to question his guest was slow.

But now the feast was ended, who the vessels hither bore

Again to their task they turn them, and they bear them forth once more.
The cars again they circle; each maid to her task was fain
From last to first; the noblest she turned to the Grail again,
To host and guest all-courteous the queen and her maidens bend,
What they brought they once more would bear forth thro' the door at the high hall's end.

And Parzival he gazed after, and lo! thro' the open door
Within an outer chamber, on a folding couch he saw
The fairest of old men ancient whom ever his eyes had seen,
Grey was he as mists of morning—Nor o'er rash is the tale, I ween,
Who he was shalt thou know hereafter, when a fitting time shall be,
The host, his Burg, and his kingdom, yea, all will I name to ye,
And all shall be clear and in order, no halting my tale shall know;
Methinks that I then shall show ye the bowstring without the bow.

'Tis a symbol good, the bowstring, for swift as ye deem the bow,
Yet the shaft that the bowstring speedeth findeth swifter its aim, I trow!
And not without thought I said it, for the string, it seemeth me,
Is like to the simple story wherewith men well-pleased shall be;
For it goeth straight to its ending, while he who aside shall stray,
Tho' his goal at last he reacheth findeth all too long his way.
When unbent the bow thou sawest, then straight was, I ween, the string,
From the straight line thou erst must draw it, ere the shaft to its goal may wing.
But he who his story aimeth at the ear of a fool shall find
His shaft go astray, for no dwelling it findeth within his mind.
Too wide is the road, I think me, and that which he chance to hear
Ere yet he may know the meaning flies out at the other ear.
Far rather at home I 'ld bide me than in such ears my story tell,
A beast, or a stock, I think me, as a hearer would serve as well.

But further I fain would tell ye of this people so full of woe
To whom he had come, our hero, glad song might they seldom know,
Or sound of dance or of Tourney; so heavy were they at heart
That never a thought of gladness might find in their life a part,
And oft shall the folk be fewer yet of joy shall have fuller share,
But here every nook was crowded, nor space in the court to spare.

The host to his guest spake kindly, 'Methinks they thy couch have spread,
Art thou weary? then list my counsel, and get thee, my guest, to bed.'

(Now here might I raise my war-cry at the parting betwixt the twain,
For I wot well that bitter sorrow each must from the venture gain.)

To the side of his host he stepped him, Parzival the fair of face,
And the Fisher a fair night wished him—Then the knights stepped each from his place,
And a part drew near towards him, and they led the stranger guest
Straightway to a sleeping chamber, and goodly should be his rest.
'Twas richly decked for his honour, and the couch it was spread so fair
That my poverty sorely grieves me since the earth doth such riches bear.

And that bed knew, I ween, no lacking, and a rich silk above it lay,
Bright-coloured its hue, and glowing as tho' fire-light did on it play;
Then Parzival prayed the heroes to get them again to rest,
For he saw there but one couch only, and they passed hence at his behest.

But he lacked not for other service—His fair face and tapers light
Gave challenge unto each other—What day e'er might shine so bright?
And before his couch was another, thereon would he take his seat
While pages drew them nearer, and proffered him service meet.
And they bared his white feet comely, and they laid his robes aside,
And of noble birth were these children, and fair in their youthful pride.
Then there passed thro' the open doorway four maidens fair and bright,
They would know if they well had served him, and if soft lay the stranger knight.
And so the venture telleth, a squire a taper bare
Before each gentle maiden—Parzival, that hero fair,
Sprang swift to his couch; then the maidens with gentle voice they spake,
'Sir Knight, we fain would pray thee for our sake awhile to wake'—
Yet as children sport with each other had he hidden him from their sight
Ere yet they might hear his greeting, yet their eyes had found swift delight,
And their heart's desire was quickened at the sight of his red lips' glow
That for youth were as yet unhidden, for no hair did upon them grow.

Now hear what they bare, these maidens, three in their hands so white
Brought syrups sweet, and red wine, and the fourth, that maiden bright,
Bare fruit that e'erwhile had ripened in the garden of Paradise
On a cloth fair and white, and she knelt low before him that maiden wise,
And he bade her sit, but she answered, 'Nay, Sir Knight, so is it best
For else were I sure unworthy to serve such a gallant guest.'
Then he drank and would eat a little, and he spake to them soft and sweet,
And he laid him adown, and the maidens craved leave of him as was meet.
Then down on the costly carpet the squires set the tapers bright
When they saw that he slept, and swiftly they gat from the gallant knight.

Yet Parzival lay not lonely, for until the dawn of day
Heart-sorrow would lie beside him, nor passed with the dawn away.
And every coming anguish its heralds before would speed,
E'en so that the fair youth's vision out-weighed e'en his mother's need
When she dreamed ere the death of her husband. As a carpet unrolled his dream,
The centre of fair jousts woven, while the edge was with swords agleam.
And in slumber his foemen pressed him, and would swiftly upon him ride;
So fearful his dream that, wakened, thirty times had he rather died.
Thus fear and unrest awoke him, and the sweat streamed from every limb;
The daylight shone fair thro' the windows, yet no voice had called on him.
Then he spake, 'Where are now the pages, who stood before me of late?
Who shall hand unto me my garments?' Then awhile would he patient wait
Till slumber again o'ercame him; none spake, none aloud would cry,
Vanished the folk—When he wakened the noon-tide sun was high.

Then he sprang up, and lo! before him on the carpet his harness lay,
And two swords, his host's gift, and the other from Prince Ither he bare away.
Then he spake to himself, 'Now wherefore was this done? I these arms will take,

In sleep I such anguish suffered, methinks that I surely wake
To-day to some task of knighthood—If mine host doth some foeman fear
Then his will will I do right gladly, and faithful her prayer will hear
Who of true heart this mantle lent me—If my service she think to take
Then I were for such service joyful; yet not for her sweet love's sake,
For my wife hath a face as lovely as ever this castle's queen,
Nay more, an the truth be spoken she is fairer far I ween!'

Then he did e'en as seemed him fitting, and he armed himself for fight
From foot to head, and beside him he girded those swords of might.
Then forth went the gallant hero, and his steed to the palace stair
Was bound, shield and spear stood by it, and he joyed as he found them there.

Then ere Parzival, the hero, his charger would mount again,
He sought thro' many a chamber, and he called on the folk amain,
But none might he see or hearken, and it vexed the knight full sore,
And wrathful he grew—Yet seeking, the hero he came once more
To where he at eve dismounted when first he the castle found,
And the earth and grass were trampled, and the dew brushed from off the ground.

Then, shouting, he turned, the young knight, once more to his charger good,
And with bitter words he mounted—Wide open the gateway stood,
And the track led across the threshold; nor longer he thought to stay
But he turned his rein, and swiftly to the drawbridge he made his way,
But a hidden hand drew the rope taut, and the forepart it rose on high
And well-nigh had his charger fallen, then he turned him right speedily
For fain would he ask the meaning, but the squire cried aloud in scorn,
'Goose that thou art, ride onward, to the sun's hate hast thou been born!
Thy mouth hadst thou thought to open, of these wonders hadst asked thine host,
Great fame had been thine—But I tell thee now hast thou this fair chance lost!'

Then the guest cried aloud for his meaning, but answer he ne'er might win,

For the squire made as if he slumbered, and the portal he barred within.
Too early for peace his parting, and the hour it hath brought him woe,
And he payeth in joy the tribute, nor longer may gladness know;
And doubled the throw of sorrow since here he had found the Grail,
With his eyes, not his hand, had he cast it, and dice to the throw should fail.
If by grief he be now awakened such was never his wont of yore,
For naught had he known but gladness, nor sorrow of heart he bore.

On the track that he saw before him would Parzival ride apace,
And he thought, 'They who go before me to-day will a foeman face
And fight for their master's honour; an they knew it, their ring of might
Methinks would be little weakened if I in their ranks should fight!
I would waver not, but would aid them whate'er be their need to-day,
Thus my bread would I earn, and this fair sword, the gift of my host, repay,
Undeserved as yet do I bear it—Sure they hold me for coward knight!'
Then he turned him, the free from falsehood, where the hoof-tracks still met his sight,
(And sorely I rue his parting—Now the venture doth grow apace,)
They had parted who rode before him, and their track he might scarcely trace,
What aforetime was broad waxed narrow till he lost it nor found it more
And tidings he heard, the hero, that wrought to him sorrow sore.

For the young knight, rich in courage, heard a woman's voice make moan.
(On the grass lay the dew of morning.) On a linden there sat alone
A maiden, whose truth wrought her sorrow, for between her arms so white
Embalmed did she lifeless hold him who living had been her knight.
Were there one who saw her sorrow and mourned not for her bitter woe
Then false of heart must I hold him, one who true love might never know!
Then he turned his steed towards her, tho' as yet unknown was she,
(Tho' the child of his mother's sister)—As the wind that fleeteth free
Is all earthly faith to her true love—Then Parzival greeting spake,

'Lady, methinks that sorrow I must bear for thy sorrow's sake,
An thou needst in aught my service, would it free thee from further ill,
Then look thou on me as thy servant, thy grief were I fain to still!'

Then sadly her thanks she bade him, and asked him, 'Whence camest thou here?
He were ill-advised who his journey should take thro' this woodland drear.
To them who know not its pathways great evil might here betide.
Yea, oft have I seen and hearkened how men in this wood have died,
For death was in strife their portion—Turn hence then, thou gallant knight,
An thou lovest life—Yet tell me in what shelter didst pass the night?'
'But a mile from here stands a castle, there I thro' the night abode,
And naught have I seen like its riches, from thence in short space I rode.'
Then the maiden she looked upon him, and she spake, 'Now, methinks, 'twere ill
With falsehood to thus betray them who trust thee with right goodwill.
From thy shield art thou here a stranger, and canst naught but woods have found,
An here thou hast ta'en thy journey from planted and builded ground,
For thirty miles round have they never, for a dwelling, hewn wood or stone,
Save but for one Burg, in this region that Burg it doth stand alone.
'Tis rich in all earthly riches, yet he who that castle fair
Would seek, he may never find it, tho' many that quest shall dare.
Unawares must they chance upon it, for I wot in no other wise
Shall that Burg and all that it holdeth be looked on by mortal eyes.
Sir Knight, *thou* hast never seen it; Monsalväsch I ween its name,
Terre de Salväsch the kingdom where its lord the crown may claim,
And Titurel once bequeathed it to his son King Frimutel,
So they called him, the dauntless hero; much fame to his portion fell,
In a joust was he slain at Love's bidding, and four children fair he left,
And three, they have store of riches, yet are they of joy bereft.
And poor is the fourth, for penance hath he chosen this lot I trow,
Trevrezent is his name—Anfortas, his brother, hath grief enow,
He can neither stand, nor be seated, nor walk, but must aye recline,
At Monsalväsch he hath his dwelling, the head of that noble line.'

Then she spake, 'If indeed thou camest to that folk who so sore doth mourn
Then perchance is their king releasèd from the burden he long hath borne?'
Out spake the Waleis, 'I saw truly great marvels, and many a maid
Of beauty rare'—she knew him by his voice ere the words were said.

And she quoth, 'Now indeed I know thee, for in sooth art thou Parzival!
Didst thou see the mournful monarch? Didst thou see the wondrous Grail?
Ah! tell me the joyful tidings, may his woe at last be stilled?
Well is thee that the blessèd journey thou hast ta'en, now shall earth be filled,
As far as the winds of heaven may blow, with thy fair renown;
Naught on earth but shall do thee service, fulfilment each wish shall crown!'

Then Parzival spake in wonder, 'Say, Lady, whence knowest thou me?'
And she answered, 'I am that maiden who erewhile made her plaint to thee,
I am she who thy name first told thee, near of kin to that gracious queen
Thy mother, of all earth's blossoms the fairest flower, I ween,
Tho' a flower that the dew ne'er nourished! May God reward thee well
Who didst truly mourn my hero who in knightly combat fell.
See, here in my arms I hold him, now think thou upon the woe
God hath laid for his sake upon me who too short a life must know;
Rich was he in all manly virtues, his death it has wrought me pain,
And day by day as it dawneth reneweth my plaint again!

'Alas! is it thou, Siguné? Say, where are thy lips so red
That gave me to wit so truly who I was? From thy youthful head
Have thy locks so brown and waving been shorn since I saw thee last;
Then wert thou still fair to look on, tho' sorrow might hold thee fast,
Now pale art thou waxed and feeble, such friendship, methinks with woe
Had vexed me too much, hear my counsel, and bury this dead knight low!'

Great tears bedewed her garments, for ne'er to that maiden fair
Had any given such counsel as Lunete to her lady bare.
(This rede did she give to her lady, 'Let him live who thy lord hath slain,
Thou shalt in his love hereafter amends for thy sorrow gain.')
Not such was the will of Siguné, as maidens of wavering mind,

(On their names I had best keep silence) here the tale of true love ye'll find.
Then she spake, 'If joy e'er befall me that shall be when I know relief
Is his, who so long hath suffered, when is lightened his load of grief.
If thro' *thee* he hath found this succour then in truth shall all praise be thine;
Methinketh e'en now at thy girdle do I see his sword to shine—
If its magic spell thou knowest then to strife mayest thou fearless fare,
For its edge is keen—Its maker a noble name doth bear,
Trebuchet's hand hath wrought it; by Karnant there flows a spring,
And '*Lac*' from the name of that streamlet methinks is he named, the king.
The sword will withstand the first blow, at the next it will break in twain,
An thou to these waters bring it from their flow 'twill be whole again.
Yet where at its source the streamlet flows forth from its rocky bed,
Shalt thou seek those healing waters ere the sun stand high overhead.
Lac is the name of that fountain—If unsplintered shall be the blade
Then press thou its halves together, from the waters shall it be made,
Not whole alone, but stronger the blade and the edge shall grow,
Nor their brightness and fair adorning be dimmed by the water's flow.
Yet a spell thou first must master, ere thou draw that sword of might,
Thou hast left it behind, I fear me! Hast thou learnt its words aright,
Then in truth all earthly blessings shall blossom and bear for thee —
Believe me, dear my cousin, what of marvels thou there couldst see,
To thine hand shall they all do service; the crown of blessings fair
Uplifted o'er all earth's noblest henceforward thine head shall bear.
And thine is desire's fulfilment, and none with thy wealth and might
May measure himself, if the question hath won at thy lips its right!'

Then he quoth, 'Nay, I asked no question!' 'Alas I' cried the mournful maid,
'That ever mine eyes have seen thee, who to question wast sore afraid!

Such marvels they there have shown thee, yet no word might they win from thee,
When thou sawest the Grail, and those maidens who serve It, from falsehood free,
Fair Garschiloie, and yet fairer Repanse de Schoie the queen.
Thou hast seen the knives of silver, thou the bleeding spear hast seen—
Alas! wherefore hast thou sought me? Dishonoured, accurst art thou
Who bearest wolf's fang empoisoned! And deep in thine heart I trow
Is it rooted, the plant of falsehood, and afresh doth it ever spring!
Thou shouldst have had pity on him, Anfortas, their host and king,
And have asked of his bitter sorrow, on whom God hath a wonder sped,
Now thou livest, and yet I tell thee to bliss art thou henceforth dead!'

Then he spake, 'Nay, gentle cousin, show kindness to me I pray,
If in aught I have sinned, repentance my sin sure shall put away!'
'Little good may repentance do thee,' quoth the maiden, 'for well I know
That thy knightly fame and honour at Monsalväsch were laid alow.
And never a further answer or word shalt thou win from me.'
Then Parzival turned his bridle and left her right mournfully.

That his lips were so slow to question when he sat by the mournful king,
To the heart of the gallant hero must sorrow and rueing bring;
And thus thro' his heavy trouble, and the heat of the summer's day,
Great sweat-drops stood on his forehead as he rode on his lonely way.
For the sake of the air he loosened his helmet and visor band,
And his face shone fair thro' the iron-rust as he carried them in his hand.

Then he saw a fresh track, and before him short space did two horses fare,
A war-horse was one, well harnessed, but unshod was, I ween, the mare,
And it bare on its back a woman—Behind her he took his way,
And he looked on her steed, to hunger o'er-long had it been a prey;
Thro' its skin might its ribs be counted, a halter of hemp its rein,
Its colour was white as an ermine, to the hoofs hung the untrimmed mane;
The eyeballs were sunk in the sockets, the hollows were deep and wide,

And I ween that this lady's palfrey by famine had oft been tried.
'Twas lean and dry as touchwood, 'twas a marvel it yet could go,
For little should she who rode it of the care of a charger know.

Narrow and poor the trappings that lay on that charger's back,
The saddle and bells were shattered, and much did the harness lack;
And the lady was sad, not joyful, and her girth was a hempen cord,
Yet, I ween, was her birth too noble in such guise to ride abroad.
By twigs and thorny branches tattered her shift and torn,
And the rags had she knit together where'er it had been out-worn,
But beneath her skin gleamed spotless, white as the swan's white wing;
And naught but rags was her clothing—where they might some shelter bring
There her skin was fair to look on, but elsewhere 'twas by sunburn dyed.
Yet her lips were red, tho' sorrow and want she must long abide,
And so glowing and bright their colour a fire had ye kindled there,
And where-e'er one would ride beside her on that side had ye found her bare.
Yet of base degree to hold her were to do her a wrong, I ween,
Tho' little had she upon her, yet guiltless she aye had been—
(Of your courtesy shall ye heed me, she forgot not her womanhood)
Of her poverty have I told ye, yet wherefore? If ye deem good
Then this will I say, that ragged and bare I this dame would take
O'er many a well-clad maiden, were it fitting my choice to make.

As Parzival bade her greeting, she saw him, and red she grew,
Of all men was he the fairest, small marvel his face she knew.
Then she quoth, 'Once before have I seen thee, great grief have I won thro' thee:
God grant to thee greater honour than thou hast deserved from me!
Far other hath been my raiment when thou sawest me last, I wot,
Hadst thou ne'er in that hour come near me then honour were still my lot!'

Then he spake, 'Now bethink thee, Lady, who thus should thy hatred claim,
For never my hand, I think me, hath brought to a woman shame,
(So had I *myself* dishonoured) since ever I bare a shield,
Or thought upon deeds of knighthood, or hath striven in battle-field;
Yet else am I sad for thy sorrow!' Then forth brake the tear-drops bright,
And ran fast adown her bosom, and over her breasts so white,

So fair, and so softly moulded, that never might turner's skill,
Tho' swiftly he wrought and rounded, his task in such wise fulfil.
And so lovely was she in her sorrow his heart was to pity fain,
And with hands and arms a cover from his glance did she strive to gain.

Then Parzival spake, 'Now, Lady, of true service from mocking free,
In God's Name take thou here my surcoat, a covering 'twill be for thee.'
'Nay, Sir Knight, I may never take it, e'en tho' bliss I thereby should gain,
Ride swift on thy way, I pray thee, an thou wouldst not we both were slain;
Tho' my death it would little grieve me, if I fear me, 'tis for thy sake!'
'Say, Lady, who thus would wrong us? Who thinketh our life to take?
'Twas God's hand that gave it to us—Nay, were they an armèd host
Who here for our life were thirsting, I would face them nor fear the cost!'

Then she spake, ''Tis a dauntless hero, so gallant in strife is he
That heavy would be their labour if *six* should his foemen be;
(I would thou wert not beside me) I aforetime his wife had been,
Yet so poor am I now and wretched, for his slave were I all too mean,
Thus his wrath doth he wreak upon me.' To that lady he spake again,
'Say, who rideth here with thy husband? For if I to fly were fain,
As here thou dost give me counsel, thyself sure wouldst deem it ill,
Ere of flight I have learnt the lesson I would die with a right good will!'

Then out spake the Duchess sadly, 'Alone with my lord I fare,
But yet that may little serve thee, nor shall victory be here thy share.'
And in rags was all her vesture, and naught but the hem untorn,
Yet the crown of woman's honour in her poverty had she worn,
And her ways were ways of goodness, and falsehood afar had fled—
Then he bound afresh his visor and the helmet upon his head
As one who to battle rideth—Then his charger aloft would rear,
It was 'ware of the steed beside it, and its neigh rang out loud and clear;
And he who a space before them on the woodland way would ride,
He hearkened the sound, and would see him who rode there by his lady's side.

Then he turned his bridle wrathful by the side of the narrow way,
And with lance in rest for jousting Duke Orilus rode that day,
And manly, I ween, his bearing, from Gaheviess came his spear,
And weapon alike and harness of one colour were blazoned clear.

His helmet, Trebuchet wrought it; the shield in distant Spain
Was welded fair for the hero, King Kailet in that land doth reign,
And strong were the rim and the centre—In Alexandria's city fair
Was the costly pfellel woven that for surcoat and coat he ware.
The covering of his charger at Tenabroc was it made
Of rings of steel close welded—And thus he his pride displayed,
For over the iron cover lay a pfellel so fair to see,
And all men who saw bare witness that costly its worth must be—
And gorget, and greaves, and headgear, tho' rich, yet their weight was light,
And many a plate of iron it guarded this gallant knight;
In Beàlzenan was it fashioned, chief city of fair Anjou.
(But she who rode bare behind him far other her garb to view,
For in sooth might she find none better) from Soissons his breastplate came,
But he won his gallant charger from the far-off lake Brimbane,
In the mountains of Monsalväsch—Lähelein, his brother bold,
In a joust o'erthrew the rider, and the steed as his prize would hold.

And Parzival too was ready—his charger in onward flight
'Gainst Orilus of Lalande bare swiftly the gallant knight;
And he saw on his shield a dragon, yea, e'en as it were alive,
And another upon the helmet fast bounden did upward strive.
And many small golden dragons on surcoat and robe he bare,
Enriched with many a jewel, and with red eyes of ruby fair.
From afar would they make their onslaught, these dauntless heroes twain,
No need to renounce their friendship, nor thro' kinship from strife refrain,
Aloft flew the spears in splinters—Methinks I might vaunt me well
If I such a joust had witnessed as here in this wood befell!

Thus they rode at swiftest gallop not one joust alone, I ween,
And Jeschuté at heart bare witness fairer jousting she ne'er had seen;
So she stood, and her hands she wrung them, this lady of joy bereft,
Nor harm did she wish to either, that one should be lifeless left.
In sweat were they bathed, the chargers, and the knights they strove for fame,
And sparks sprang bright from the sword-blades, and forth from the helm flashed flame,
And the blows fell fierce and mighty, and far flashed the light of strife,

None were better than they in battle, and they met here for death or life,
And tho' willing and swift the chargers that the heroes would here bestride,
They forgot not their spurs, and their sword-blades bright-glancing they deftly plied.
And Parzival won him honour, for here hath he rightly shown
How before a hundred dragons one man well might hold his own.

And ill did it fare with one dragon, and sore were its wounds that day,
'Twas the crest that aloft in glory on Orilus' helmet lay,
And so clear that the light shone thro' them were the costly jewels bright
That fell when the helm was smitten by Parzival's sword of might;
'Twas on horse, not afoot, that they fought thus—The love of her angry lord
Was won back again for Jeschuté by the play of the glittering sword.
Then they dashed again on each other so close that they smote away,
With their knees, the rings of iron—So valiant in strife were they!
I will tell ye why one was wrathful; that his lady of royal race
Ere this had been shamed; her guardian, from him might she look for grace;
Yet he deemed that with wandering fancy her heart from her lord had strayed,
And that she, in the love of another, her honour had lowly laid.
And he would for such wrong have vengeance, and his judgment on her was done
In such wise, save were *death* her portion no woman such woe had won,
And yet she in naught had wronged him—If his favour he would withhold,
What man e'er might think to hinder? For ever from days of old
The man hath power o'er the woman, the husband shall rule the wife.
Yet Parzival the hero, he thought him to win with strife
For Jeschuté her husband's favour—Methinks one should pray such grace
In courteous wise, but flattery it here found but little place.
And both they were right, I think me—He who ruleth the ways of life,
Or straight they may be or crooked, 'twas His so to rule their strife
That never to one nor the other the joust death for guerdon brought,
Harm enow had they done to each other the while they so fiercely fought.

Now hotter it waxed, the conflict, each hero would fain defend

His knightly fame 'gainst the other; Duke Orilus of Lalande,
He fought with the skill and cunning his hand had learnt of yore,
For I ween none like him had battled—he had courage and strength in war,
And therefore had he been victor on many a foughten field,
Tho' other were here the ending—His foe would he force to yield;
And he threw his arms around him, the hero so proud and bold,
But Parzival, little daunted, on his foeman made good his hold,
And he drew him from off his saddle; as a sheaf from the field ye reap
So beneath his arm he swung him, and light from his horse did leap.
O'er a fallen tree he held him, for here was he overthrown
Who never of need or peril such fortune before had known.
'Now do penance for this thine anger that hath wrought to thy lady woe,
An thy favour be yet withholden, then death shalt thou surely know!'
'Nay, nay, not so swift,' quoth his foeman, Duke Orilus of Lalande,
'Tho' o'erthrown, I am not so vanquished that I may not thy will withstand!'

Then Parzival, strong and valiant, his foeman he gripped amain,
And forth thro' the visor gushing streamed the blood in a crimson rain,
And the prince, I ween, was vanquished, he could win from him what he would,
To die was he all unwilling, and he spake to the hero good,
'Alas! thou bold knight dauntless, who evil on me hath sped,
Say how have I earned this peril, to lie here before thee, dead?'

Then Parzival quoth, 'Right gladly, Sir Knight, will I let thee live,
If favour and love to thy lady thou swearest again to give!'
'That I will not! Her sin against me I trow all too great shall be.
Rich in honour she was; she hath injured herself, and she plungeth me,
Her lord, in yet deeper sorrow. In all else thy will I'll heed,
An thou thinkest my life to leave me—'Twas God gave it me indeed,
Now thine hand is become His servant, to give it to me anew,
And I to thy valour owe it'—In this wise spake the hero true:

'For my life will I give fair ransom, for kingdoms twain, I trow,
My brother with might hath won him, of riches he hath enow.
Thou shalt ask as it best may please thee: if from death thou wilt set me free,
He loveth me, and will loose me whatever the cost may be.
And my Dukedom again as thy vassal will I take from thy valiant hand,
Thy fame it shall gain new lustre, since I might not thy power withstand.

Now release me, thou hero dauntless, from forgiveness of her, my wife;
Whatever shall be for thine honour, by that will I buy my life,
But with her, my dishonoured Duchess, at peace will I never be,
Nay, not for all pain or sorrow that shall otherwise fall to me!'

Quoth Parzival, 'Folk or kingdoms, or riches or jewels rare,
All these they shall nothing profit—Thy pledge thou to me shalt swear
In naught to delay thy journey, but to haste thee to Brittany
Where dwelleth a gentle maiden—One hath smitten her sore for me,
And I will on that man have vengeance, an his safety she shall not pray—
Thy pledge and my loyal service bear thou to that maid straightway,
Or here, without fail, I slay thee—To King Arthur and to his queen,
To both shalt thou bear my greeting; well paid hath my service been,
If they for that blow ill-smitten the maiden do well entreat.
But first will I see that thou givest to this lady thine homage meet,
And that without guile—Dost withstand me, and thinkest my will to dare,
On a bier, and no more on a charger, from hence shalt thou lifeless fare!
Now mark thou my words, for their doing a pledge shalt thou straightway give,
And thy surety swear unto me, if longer thou fain wouldst live!'
To King Parzival spake his foeman, Duke Orilus, 'Helpeth naught
'Gainst this thy will, I will do it, for fain I my life had bought!'

In the fear for the life of her husband Jeschuté, that lady fair,
Mourned sore for his woe, yet the foemen to part might she little dare.
Then Parzival bade him rise up, and speak to his lady bright
The words of peace and of pardon; and thus quoth the vanquished knight,
'Lady, since this my shaming in strife hath been for thy sake,
So be it, the kiss of forgiveness from my lips shalt thou herewith take.
Thro' thee have I lost much honour—What boots it? I pardon sware!'
Then swift from her steed on the meadow sprang the lady with white limbs bare,
Tho' the blood that ran from his nostrils had dyed his mouth with red,
Yet she kissed him e'en as he bade her, so was Parzival's bidding sped.

Then the three rode on together till a hermit's cell they saw
In the rocky wall, and our hero his bridle was fain to draw;

For he saw there a shrine so holy, and a spear with fair colours
blent
Stood beside the shrine; 'twas the dwelling of the hermit
Trevrezent.

There Parzival dealt with honour—On the relic an oath he sware,
Himself laid the oath upon him, and he spake and they hearkened
fair;
'If I have worth or valour, as 'seemeth a gallant knight—
If I have it or not let those witness who have looked on my shield
in fight;
Yea, let them approve my knighthood, for knighthood's power
may claim,
As the shield-bearer oft shall tell us, high guerdon of praise and
fame,
And the name of knight is honoured—My body to shame for aye
Will I give, and my fame and honour henceforth shall be put
away;
(With these words I my bliss would pledge here in the Hand that
shall highest be,
And that Hand is God's Hand, I think me)—All loss, bitter
mockery,
In this life and the next be my portion from His power, if this lady
fair
E'er did thee wrong when it chanced her that the clasp from her
robe *I* tare—
(Of a token of gold I robbed her)—A *fool* and no man was I,
Not yet had I waxed to wisdom—And sore did she weep thereby,
And anguish and grief she suffered; yea, guiltless was she that
day—
And forfeit my bliss and mine honour if the words be not truth I
say!
Now see, dost thou hold her guiltless thou shalt give her her ring
again,
From the clasp I in such wise parted that my folly must bear the
blame!'

Then the Duke took the ring, and the blood-stains he wiped from
his lips away,
And he kissed her, his heart's best treasure—And a covering she
won straightway;
The ring he placed on her finger, with his surcoat her shame
would hide,
Tho' hewn by the hand of hero, of rich silk was it fashioned wide.
But seldom in coat emblazoned mine eyes have a woman seen,
And this one was marred in combat. No war-cry was hers, I ween,
That should summon the knights to Tourney, and never a spear
she brake
Whatever her garb—In Tourney far better the part they'ld take,
Lambekein, methinks, and the good squire, if together they
thought to fight—

But now was the lady pardoned, and her sorrow had taken flight.

Quoth Orilus, 'Now, thou hero, the oath thou didst freely swear,
Great joy and small grief hath brought me; tho' shaming I needs must bear,
Yet gladness therefrom I win me—In all honour I will repay
This lady true for her sorrow when I put her in shame away.
And since all alone I left her she was guiltless did aught betide;
Yet so did she speak of thy beauty, methought there was more beside.
But now may God reward thee, thou hast shown her from falsehood free,
I have done her a wrong—Thro' the young wood have I ridden in search of thee
Afar from Briziljan's forest.' Then Parzival took the spear,
Wild Taurian, Dodine's brother, erewhile had he left it here.
Now say where the heroes rested, or how they would pass the night—
Helmet and shield had suffered, they were shattered and hewn in fight.
Then Parzival to the lady, and her husband, a farewell bade;
The Duke to his hearth would bid him, 'twas in vain howsoe'er he prayed.

So here, as the venture telleth, they parted, those heroes twain,
And the Prince Orilus he sought him his pavilion and folk again.
And glad were his faithful people with one mind when at last they saw
Their lord and his gracious lady dwell in peace and in love once more.
Nor longer was there delaying, the Duke he aside would lay
His arms, and the rust and blood-stains from his face did he wash away;
By her hand he led the Duchess where atonement he fain would make,
Weeping she lay beside him for joy, not for sorrow's sake.
For such is the way of women, know ye not the saying well?
'Tearful eyes make sweet lips,' of such lore methinks I yet more might tell!
For Love knoweth joy as sorrow, and he who the twain would weigh
In a balance shall find them equal an he testeth the scales alway!

At peace were they now, full surely, forthwith to the bath they went,
Twelve fair maidens they waited on her, with them had she shared her tent,
They had tended her since, all guiltless, the wrath of her love she bare;
(At night might she lie well covered, tho' by day she ill-clad must fare)

And joyful they bathed their lady—But now are ye fain to hear
How Orilus won him tidings that King Arthur would now draw near.

For thus spake a knight to his master, 'On a grassy plain I saw
In fair and knightly order a thousand tents, yea, more,
For Arthur the noble monarch, the King of the Breton's land
With a wondrous fair host of maidens his court holdeth nigh at hand;
Methinks scarce a mile are they distant, nor shout of knights shall fail,
On either side Plimizöl's waters their camp lies adown the vale.'

Then the Duke in haste and gladness forth from his bath he stept —
Would ye know how she fared, Jeschuté? No longer the lady wept,
But she went, the fair and gentle, from her bath to her couch straightway,
And far fairer, I ween, her garments than she ware for many a day.
And closely they clung together, the prince and the princess wise,
And Love came to the aid of gladness, and joy here hath won the prize.
Then the maidens they clad their lady, but the knights their lord's armour brought,
And much had ye praised the vesture of Jeschuté, 'twas fairly wrought
And birds caught in snares they brought them, on their couch did they sit the twain,
And joyful they ate; many kisses from her lord did Jeschuté gain!

Then they brought to the lovely lady a palfrey, so strong and fair,
'Twas bridled, and richly saddled, and a lady right well might bear,
And they lifted her to the saddle, with her brave lord she hence would ride;
But his charger was armed, as for battle the knight would his steed bestride,
And the sword he that morn had wielded hung the saddle-bow before.
Then from foot to head well armèd he came forth to his steed once more,
And there, where his lady waited, to the saddle he sprung, the knight,
He would ride forth without delaying, with Jeschuté his lady bright.
But his folk should fare back to Lalande, save one knight who should show the way
To the camp and the court of King Arthur, so he counselled his folk that day.

Soon came they anear King Arthur, and his tents they right well espied,

For the space of a mile they stretched them adown by the water's side.
The knight who had led him hither he bade to his folk repair,
No comrade he'ld have save Jeschuté, his lady so true and fair.
And Arthur, the brave and humble, he sat where at eve he'ld eat,
On a plain with his vassals round him, in order due and meet.
Duke Orilus rode to their circle, and none might his blazon know,
So hewn were both shield and helmet—'twas Parzival dealt such blow!

From his horse sprang the gallant hero, Jeschuté she held his rein;
Swift sprang the squires to aid them, and thronged close around the twain,
And they spake, 'We will care for the horses,'—Orilus, on the grass he laid
His shield so marred and splintered, and he asked of the gracious maid
For whose sake he had ridden thither, and they showed him the lady's seat,
Kunnewaaré she was of Lalande, and her mien for a maid was meet.

Then, armed, he drew near unto them—King and queen bade him welcome fair,
He thanked them, and to his sister his pledge was he fain to swear,
But the maiden, right well she knew him by the golden dragon's shine,
And she spake, 'Thou art sure my brother, Orilus, or Lähelein,
And pledge will I take from neither, for both of ye aye were fain
To render to me such service as I from your hands would gain.
I were dead to all truth and honour if I dealt with thee as a foe,
My courtesy sure were shamèd by my own hand, and laid alow.'

Then the prince knelt before the maiden and he spake, 'Thou the truth hath said,
I am Orilus thy brother; the Red Knight this oath hath laid
On me that my pledge I yield thee, for so must I buy my life,
Wilt thou take it, then have I done that which I sware after bitter strife.'
Then his pledge, who had borne the dragon, in her white hand the maid must take,
And she set him free, and he rose up, and thus to his sister spake:

'Now to sorrow shall faith constrain me, alas! who hath smitten thee?
The blows perforce must wound me—He who lusted thereto might see,
If this were the hour for vengeance, that grief I with thee must share;
And the bravest of men mourneth with me that ever a woman bare,

He calleth himself the Red Knight—O king! he doth bid me greet
Both thee and the queen thy lady, he doth offer ye service meet,
As he fain would serve this my sister—His service ye will repay,
If ye kindly entreat this maiden that her shaming be put away.
And I, too, had fared far better at the hand of this dauntless knight,
Had he known the maid for my sister, and her blows on my heart must light.'

Now Kay, he hath earned fresh hatred from all who would there abide,
Both knights and gentle ladies, by Plimizöl's flowing tide,
From Iofreit the son of Idöl, from Gawain, and the vanquished king
Klamidé, of whose sore peril I of yore unto ye would sing.
And from many another hero whose names I right well had told,
But o'er-long would it be my story—So they thronged round the hero bold,
And, courteous, he took their service—his wife would they nearer bring,
She sat as yet on her palfrey, and they welcomed her, queen and king.

Then the women they kissed each other, and thus spake the king so true,
'Thy father, King Lac of Karnant, for a gallant man I knew,
For his sake I mourned thy sorrow when first men the tale did bear,
Methinks that thy lord should have spared thee for the sake of thy face so fair!
For the prize was thine at Kanedig thro' the light of thy beauty's ray,
And the hawk didst thou win for thy fairness, on thine hand did it ride away.
If Orilus wrong hath done me, yet I wished unto thee no ill,
And never I liked his judgment; and so doth it please me still
To see thee restored to favour, and clad in these garments fair,
As fitting thy state, O Lady! since woe thou o'er-long didst bear.'
And she quoth, 'Now may God reward thee, O Sire! for these words so true,
That thy fame may wax the higher, and may blossom and bloom anew!'

Then Jeschuté and her husband, the twain, she took by the hand,
And forth from the circle led them, the maiden of fair Lalande.
And near to the royal pavilion, where a stream from the meadow sprung,
Stood her tent on the plain, and above it a wingèd dragon hung;
Half an apple it held in its clutches, and four ropes did it draw on high,
E'en as if the tent it lifted, and aloft to the clouds would fly.

And Orilus thereby knew it, for the self-same arms he bare,
And beneath it would they disarm him—Then his sister so true and fair,
She gave him due care and honour, and the vassals, each one they spake,
How the Red Knight's valour dauntless would Fame for its comrade take.

As thus aloud men praised him, in Kingron's ear spake Kay,
And he bade him do Orilus service—(Well he might, whom he thus did pray,
For oft had he done such service for Klamidé in Brandigan.)
And for this Kay would give his office to the hand of another man,
His ill-star had bid him smite her, the prince's sister fair,
So hard with his staff, 'twas fitting from their service he should forbear.
Nor pardon she found for his trespass, this maiden of royal race;
But viands he sent, and Kingron, he set them before their face.

Kunnewaaré, the wise and gentle, with her slender hands and white,
Would cut the food for her brother, at his side sat his lady bright.
And Jeschuté of Karnant bare her with courteous and comely mien,
And Arthur the King forgat not, for fain he the twain had seen,
And he came where they sat together, and ate with right friendly will,
And he spake, 'Be good service lacking, then for sure it shall please me ill,
For ne'er hath a host received ye, I trow, with a will so good,
And a heart so free from falsehood!' And he spake in kindly mood,
'My Lady Kunnewaaré, see thou well to this gallant knight,
And the blessing of God be on ye, and keep ye till morning light!'
Then Arthur to rest betook him, and a couch for the twain they spread,
And till daylight in peace they slumbered, and sorrow afar had fled.

BOOK VI
ARTHUR

ARGUMENT

Book VI. tells how King Arthur sought for the Red Knight; and how he took an oath of his heroes to refrain from fighting. Of the blood-stained snow, and the love-trance of Parzival; and how, unknowing, he overthrew Segramor, and took vengeance on Kay. How Gawain led Parzival to the court of King Arthur; and how he was made a knight of the Round Table. Of the coming of Kondrie, and Kingrimursel, and the shaming of Parzival and Gawain. Of Parzival's wrath and despair, and how he rode forth to seek the Grail. How the knights went forth to the venture of Château Merveil; and how Gawain rode to Askalon; and of the scattering of this goodly company.

BOOK VI

ARTHUR

Now perchance it were well I should tell ye, how, as this his folk did pray,
From Karidöl and his kingdom, King Arthur had ridden away.
And now the venture telleth, on his own and on stranger ground
For eight days long had they ridden, nor yet had the Red Knight found.
For in truth 'twas for him they were seeking, to honour his hand were fain,
From sorrow had he released them, who had erst Prince Ither slain;
And Klamidé the king, and Kingron, in a welcome hour had sent
To the court of the Breton Monarch: for on this was King Arthur bent,
He would make him one of his circle, a knight of the Table Round,
No labour too great he counted, so the hero at last he found!

Thus o'er mountain and vale they sought him—All who knightly shield might bear,
King Arthur now called around him, and in this wise he bade them swear:
What deeds so e'er of knighthood they should see, by this their oath,
They should on no conflict venture, but faithful still keep their troth,
As they sware unto him, their monarch, and fight but as he thereto
Should give them leave—He spake thus, 'Now, 'tis well! Since we needs must go
Thro' many a stranger country, where many a stranger spear,

And many a gallant hero are waiting us, I fear,
If ye, like hounds untrainèd whose leash shall have slipped the hand
Of him who was late their master, shall roam free o'er all the land,
Much evil might there befall ye, and such chance should but please me ill,
And by this your oath, I think me, such rashness I best may still.
Be ye sure and need ariseth, your king ne'er will say you Nay,
Till then, as I here command ye, ride peaceful upon your way.'

Now the oath, ye shall well have heard it—Now hear ye how Parzival,
The Waleis, rode near unto them: thro' the night did the snow-flakes fall,
Light they fell, yet lay thickly on him, yet if well I the tale may know,
And the singer aright hath sung it, it was never the time of snow;
For whate'er men have sung or spoken of King Arthur, at Whitsuntide,
Or when May-blossoms deck the meadow, these marvels did aye betide.
For sweetly the springtide bloometh, and many a garb, I ween,
Shall it bear this song of my singing, tho' snow-clad it now be seen.

The falconers from Karidöl, as the shadows of evening fell,
Rode, hawking, by Plimizöl's waters, when an evil chance befell,
For the best of their hawks flew from them, nor stooped to the lure again,
But all night in the dusky shadows of the woodland it did remain.

With Parzival it sheltered; to the twain was the woodland way
A road unknown, sharp the frost stung, in the far east uprose the day,
And, lo! all around the hero, the snow-flakes lay thick and white:
Thro' the forest paths untrodden, in ever waxing light,
Rode our hero by hedge or thicket, by rock and by fallen tree,
Till clear grew the shadowy woodland, and its depths he well might see,
And a mighty tree of the forest had fallen where he would ride,
(The falcon yet followed after) 'mid its clustering boughs he spied
A flock of wild-geese from the Northland, their hissing he first had heard,
Swift swooped the falcon upon them and struck to the earth a bird:
And scarce might it fly the clutches of its foe, and fresh shelter take
'Neath the shade of the fallen branches; in its flight from the wounds there brake
Three blood-drops, all glowing crimson, and fell on the spotless snow,

As Parzival's eyes beheld them, swift sorrow his heart must know!

Now hear ye his love so loyal—As he looked on these blood-drops bright,
That stained with a stain of crimson the snow-flakes that lay so white,
He thought, 'Say what hand hath painted these colours that here I see?
Kondwiramur, I think well, these tints sure shall liken thee!
And white snow and blood-drops crimson, do ever thy likeness share,
For this favour I praise God's working, and the world he hath wrought so fair!
For in this wise I read the vision,—in this snow that so spotless lies,
'Gainst the blood-drops, that ruddy-gleaming, glow crimson beneath mine eyes,
I find ever thy face so gracious, my lady, Kondwiramur,
Red as blood-drops and white as the snowdrift, it rejoiceth me evermore!'
Then her sweet face arose before him, in that night she first sought his side,
When on each cheek a tear-drop glistened, and a third to her chin did glide.
And so true was his love and steadfast, little recked he of aught around,
But wrapped round in love and longing, saw naught but the blood-stained ground.
Frau Minne with force constrained him, as here on his wife he thought,
And by magic of colours mystic, a spell on his senses wrought.

So held he him still, as sleeping—Would ye know who found him there?
The squire of fair Kunnewaaré would forth unto Lalande fare,
And as on his way he journeyed, by the woodland green he saw
A helmet all battle-dinted, and a shield which yet traces bore
Of many a bitter conflict that was foughten for lady fair;
And a knight there abode in armour, and his lance he aloft did bear
As one who here patient waited the joust that he fain would ride.
The squire swiftly turned his bridle and back to the camp he hied.
Yet in sooth had he seen the stranger, and his lady's champion known,
He had ne'er been so swift to decry him, nor had wished he were overthrown,
Nor e'en as he were an outlaw, set the heroes upon his track:
The squire he of queen unfaithful, small wonder he knighthood lacked!

And in this wise he called upon them, 'Fie! Fie! on ye, coward knights!
Hold ye not Gawain for a marvel? Have ye not in a hundred fights
Won honour and fame as heroes, who fight for a hero king?
Know now that ye stand dishonoured, and broken your goodly ring!'
Ah! then there arose a clamour, and none but was fain to know
Of the deed of knightly prowess, that should shame their honour so.
When they heard how but one knight dared them, that but one knight a foe did wait,
Then sorely they mourned the promise that they sware to their king of late.
Then Knight Segramor sprang swiftly from amid the angry throng,
He ran, for in sooth he walked not, and ever his heart did long
To be in the midst of conflict, where conflict might chance to be,
An they failèd with cords to bind him, in the thick of the fight was he!
And nowhere the Rhine's swift waters may flow so strong and wide,
Tho' the stream should run swift between them, an men fought on the further side,
He stayed not to test the waters, if the current be hot or cold,
But straightway the stream he breasted, as fitted a swimmer bold!

Swift-foot to the tent of the monarch, the eager youth he sped,
For the day was but yet in its dawning, and the king he lay yet abed.
Then straight thro' the lists he hied him, and he gat him thro' the door,
And the covering all of sable, with hasty hand he tore
From the twain who lay warm beneath it, and slumbered a slumber deep,
Yet his haste moved them but to laughter, tho' he waked them from out their sleep!
And loudly he cried on his cousin—'Queen, Lady, Guinevere,
Since the world knoweth well our kinship, thou must do me this service here,
Speak thou for me to thine husband, and pray thou of him this grace,
Since a knightly venture nears us, my lot *first* the foe to face!'

Yet Arthur spake, 'Now bethink thee of the oath thou didst swear to me,
In all things my will to follow, nor rashly to venture thee;
For if thou a joust now ridest, hereafter shall many a knight
Crave leave at mine hand to ride forth, and seek for fame in fight,
And 'twere ill thus our force to weaken, for know thou that near at hand,
Anfortas of Monsalväsch with a mighty host doth stand.

This wood of his he guardeth, and since we but little know
Where he and his force shall hold them, such chance well might work us woe!'

Yet Guinevere wrought so wisely Segramor was well-nigh fain
To die of joy, from King Arthur, his lady this grace did gain.
And on fame and honour only was the gallant youth intent,
Nor for gold had he sold the venture on which his heart was bent.

Now the hero young and beardless, well armed his steed bestrode,
And over the fresh young greensward his charger at full speed rode;
And the bushes were bent beneath him, and the golden bells rang clear
On trapping alike and armour; and I deem well an need were here
To seek for the magic pheasant mid thicket and thorny brake,
He who fain this knight had followed, the bells for his guide might take!
Thus rashly rode the hero, to him whom Frau Minne's spell
Fast fettered in magic fetters, and no blow at the first there fell,
For the peace by his word was broken—There held fast by threefold might,
And the power of red blood-drops threefold stood ever the stranger knight.

(Yea, well I myself have known this, how Frau Minne with power may hold,
And holding, the senses scatter, and with passion of grief untold
Shall fill the heart to o'erflowing—'Twas a woman who wrought this ill,
And vanquished, she doth condemn me, and refuseth me comfort still.
Thus draweth she guilt upon her, for the sin shall be hers, I ween,
And afar must I fly from the presence, that of old time my joy hath been.)

Thus Segramor quoth unto him, 'Now it seemeth but ill to me
That thus near our army lieth, and our presence rejoiceth thee!
And thou holdest his fame too lightly, whom with pride we may hail our king,
And 'tis meet thou for this do penance,—or the death-chime for me shall ring!
Thus armed, all too near thou ridest; yet first would I courteous pray
That thou yield thee at this my bidding, or my wrong will I here repay,
And my blow shall be swift, and thy falling shall scatter these snow-flakes white!
And I call on thee here to yield thee, ere I put thee to shame, Sir Knight!'

Yet Parzival still kept silence—for Frau Minne, so fair and young,
In a sorer conflict held him—Then his steed Segramor swung
Aside, as for jousting ready, round wheeled him the war-horse good
On whose back the gallant hero yet sate in mystic mood,
And ever he gazed on the blood-drops; as his charger turned him round
Awhile from his eyes they vanished, and fame in their stead he found!
For swift as the blood-drops crimson thus passed from his dazzled sight,
He hearkened the voice of the foeman, and braced him anew for fight.

Then as Segramor rode against him, Parzival sought afresh the spear
That he found by the woodland chapel, with blazon of colours clear;
For tough was the shaft, and he gripped it, and he held the point full low,
As his foeman dashed fair against him, his shield rang with the ringing blow.
Then he spurred him anew to the onslaught, and the joust he so well repaid,
That the knight in his golden armour was low in the snowdrift laid!
Yet still was the spear unsplintered, tho' it bare him from off his horse;
And Parzival still kept silence, and he wheeled him upon his course,
And his eyes sought once more the blood-drops, and e'en as they met his sight
Frau Minne with fetters bound him, and held him in cords of might,
And he spake never word, nor question, but gazed ever upon the ground,
And, dreaming, he lost the knowledge which he for a space had found!

But affrighted, the gallant charger had fled back into its stall,
And its rider arose, little comfort might he find, though he soft might fall!
Outstretched had he lain in the snowdrift, in such wise e'en as men shall go
To rest, yet but ill he sleepeth, who sleepeth on couch of snow!
And such bed had sorrow brought me! for he to whom ill betides
Hath but mocking for his bedfellow, but the lucky doth God's hand guide.

So near was King Arthur's army, that right well might Parzival

Be seen of all men, and the wonders, and the conflict that then befell.
The victor by Love was vanquished, by Love that in days of old
Did the king of all kings the wisest, King Solomon, captive hold!
Short space, then, ere back to the army once more Knight Segramor came,
An with praise or with blame they should greet him, he counted it still the same.
And sharp words he flung among them, with mocking tongue and bold,
Tho' vanquished, yet not dishonoured, must they ever the hero hold!

And he quoth, 'Have ye never heard this, that strife bringeth loss as gain?
And never a joust, I wot me, but the victor doth one remain,
While one aye shall be the vanquished: The best ship in storm may sink,
And I wot that ye ne'er have heard me to speak, for I ne'er did think,
An he knew of my shield the blazon, he had faced me not as a foe!
Much evil, in sooth, hath he wrought me, and yet doth he wait below
All those who would ride against him, for he seemeth for conflict fain,
An a knight should in joust o'erthrow him, such chance might he count for gain.'

Then straightway unto King Arthur Sir Kay did the tidings bring,
How his knight, Segramor, had fallen, and his victor, without their ring,
A young knight, for jousting ready, yet waited with ill intent—
'Nay, I think an this stranger warrior of so many unpunished went,
A burden both sore and shameful on our honour such lack would lay;
Now, my king, an thou hold me worthy, do thou grant me this grace, I pray,
I would ride hence to ask his meaning, who thus in the presence fair
Of our Queen Guinevere and her maidens his lance-point aloft doth bear;
But if thou shouldst this boon refuse me, then know, not another hour
I abide here as this thy servant; for I hold that the knightly power
And the fair fame of thy Round Table are stainèd if we delay
To arm ourselves 'gainst the stranger who dareth our strength to-day!
Now, I prithee, give leave to fight him—For tho' blind and deaf were we,

Yet 'tis time that we should defend us'—'As thou willest, so let it be!'

Then swift did the seneschal arm him, and I ween in fierce anger's fire
A woodland he fain had wasted 'gainst the foe, who with strong desire
And love was thus sorely burdened; for Frau Minne a magic spell
Had wrought with the snow-flakes spotless, and the blood-drops that crimson fell.
And his knighthood he sorely shamèd, who thought here to work him harm,
Since he faileth true Love to honour, who denieth of Love the charm.

Frau Minne, say, why dost thou make glad the souls that mourn
With bliss that too swiftly fleeting, but leaveth them more forlorn?
And how canst thou, Frau Minne, true worth and knightly fame,
And manly strength and courage, thus vanquish and put to shame?
For the least is to thee as the greatest, and the earth shall no hero boast,
Who thinketh to scorn thine empire, but he learneth unto his cost
That thou canst, an thou wilt, o'erthrow him; yea, all men thy power obey,
For thy sceptre we own as mighty, and wide as the world its sway.
Yet this one thing it doth thee honour, tho' thou rulest all else but ill,
Joy maketh her dwelling with thee, and for this would I praise thee still!

Frau Minne, alas! of old time full false were thy ways, I ween,
Nor hast thou thy dealings mended, nor to-day hast thou truer been,
Thou hast many a maiden shamèd, who love forbidden sought;
Thro' thy dealings, upon the vassal, his lord hath sorrow brought;
And the friend shall false and faithless to the friend of his bosom prove,
And the servant betray his master; such deeds do but shame thee, Love!
And I would that it were far from thee, the body to yield to lust,
In such wise that the soul ashamèd is stricken with sorrow's thrust,
And that with force compelling, the young thou makest old,
Though their years but few be counted, this must we for treason hold!

Such speech, I ween, beseems not the man who in serving thee
Hath comfort found! If succour thine hand ever brought to me,
I had been less slow to praise thee, but sorrow and loss alone

Hast thou counted to me as guerdon, and such glamour thine art hath thrown
O'er mine eyes, that, methinks, henceforward I trust thee never more,
Though small profit it brought unto thee, the bitter grief I bore!
And yet too high above me art thou, that whate'er my wrong,
I should e'en as a fool upbraid thee with bitter words and strong:
For thy spear too sharply pierces, and scarce may we bear the weight,
Thou layest at will upon us—Methinks he who sang of late,
'Neath a tree, of thy mystic dealings, and thy wondrous ways of old,
Had better done had he told us how we thy grace might hold!
(Heinrich of Veldeck was he, and he taught us, I ween, right well
Of the winning of Love, of its guarding, alas! he failed to tell.)
For oft one thro' folly loses the prize that he late did win;
Yea, to me hath such fate befallen, yet Frau Minne, *thine* was the sin!
Since all wisdom shall be thy portion, since against thee nor spear, nor shield,
Nor charger, nor guarded fortress their vaunted power can wield,
I know not what shall withstand thee, nor on earth, nor on the sea!
He who feareth to face thy conflict, say whither shall he flee?
'Twas thy mystic power, Frau Minne, that dealt thus with Parzival,
And reft him awhile of knowledge, and wrought with him as a fool.
For fair was the queen and gracious who reigned in far Pelrapär,
And she thought on her lord and husband, and she made thee her message bear.
And for this cause Kardeiss her brother, hast thou for thy payment slair,
And since thou such tribute askest, 'tis well that I ne'er have ta'en
From thine hand aught of good, since in such wise thou dost for thy debtors care—
This I spake for the sake of all men—List ye now how Sir Kay did fare:

Now he rode forth in knightly armour to the strife that he sore did crave,
And Gamuret's son, right willing, to his wish fulfilment gave.
And wherever fair maids compelling, their voices uplift in prayer,
And the grace they shall ask be granted, let them pray here for his welfare,
Since it was thro' a woman's beauty, that the spell of a woman wrought
Love's magic, of senses robbed him—Then his charger to halt Kay brought;
And he spake to the gallant Waleis, 'Sir Knight, since thou thus our king

Hast shamed, thou shalt hear my counsel, for wisdom perchance
'twill bring;
Thou shalt hang thee a hempen halter around thy neck
straightway,
For so may I lightly lead thee, and take thou with me thy way.
Nor think thou, thou canst escape me, but with me unto my lord
Shalt thou go, as befits a captive, else worse may be thy reward!'

By love constrained, the Waleis nor word nor answer spoke,
Kay gripped his spear-shaft tightly and he smote with a mighty
stroke
On the hero's head, till the helmet rang loudly beneath his hand;
And he quoth, 'Now will I awake thee! Dost think here to take thy
stand,
And standing sleep unsheeted? Nay, other shalt thou fare,
Low on the snow I'll lay thee! The ass that is wont to bear
The sack from the mill would rue it, did one smite him in such
wise,
As here I think now to smite thee, and thy sloth and thy sleep
chastise!'

Frau Minne, now bethink thee, for sore this shameth thee,
For an one should wrong a peasant, in this wise his speech will
be,
'My lord will sure repay thee!' Vengeance from thee he'ld seek
Methinks, this gallant Waleis, an thou wouldst let him speak!
Now let him from out thy circle, and loose him from thy ban,
This stranger guest shalt prove him, a true and valiant man!

Swift rode Sir Kay unto him, and he turned his bridle round,
And no more his longing glances their joy and their sorrow
found,
The white snow and blood-drops crimson, that mystic likeness
bare
To the queen of his love and his longing, the Lady of Pelrapär;
He knew all that passed around him—His charger Sir Kay addrest
To jousting, he spurred him onward, and his spear he laid in rest.

In the joust, that which Kay had aimed at he smote, for his spear
did pierce
The Waleis' shield, yet swift payment was his, for in onslaught
fierce
The seneschal of King Arthur fell prone on the fallen tree,
Where the geese erewhile had hid them, and hurt full sore was
he,
And dead lay his gallant charger—''Twixt a stone and the saddle-
bow,
Right arm, and left leg had he broken—so mighty his overthrow
That all that had decked his charger, girths, saddle, bells of gold,
By the force of the fall were shattered, thus the stranger his
payment told,

And with one blow, for twain repaid him—the one that erst for his sake,
A maiden had borne and the other, which he from Kay's hand must take.

Thus he who knew naught of falsehood was guided of truth to know
Her message in blood-drops threefold, on the white of the drifted snow.
'Twas tear-drops, not blood, that he saw there, and well might his senses fail,
And the thoughts of his heart wax heavy, as he mused on the wondrous Grail,
And sorely the semblance grieved him that spake of his wife and queen.
Yet tho' o'er the twain he sorrowed, the greater woe, I ween,
Was the woe that Frau Minne wrought him, for there liveth not heart so strong,
But longing and love united break its power, ere the time be long.
Count we here those twain as ventures? Nay, 'twere better methinks to hold,
That they were naught but pain and sorrow, that vanquished the hero bold.

Now ye unto whom I tell this, I rede ye to mourn Kay's woe,
For full oft as his manhood bade him, he many a strife did know.
And in many a land they speak thus, that Kay, Arthur's seneschal,
Was a firebrand, hell-born, yet I wot well far other the tale I'ld tell.
From reproach would I gladly free him, tho' few but should say me nay,
Yet a gallant man and a worthy, I swear was this knight, Sir Kay.
And my mouth to this truth beareth witness, and more would I tell to thee;
Unto Arthur's Court came strangers in many a company,
And their manners and ways were diverse, nor all there might honour claim,
But Kay an he saw false dealing, he counted such ways as shame,
And his face he turned from the sinner, yet he who dealt courteously,
And true man with true men would hold him, Kay served him right heartily.

And one who fall well discernèd the manner of men was Kay,
Thus he did to his lord good service, for his harsh words drave far away
The men who would falsely vaunt them good knights and true to be,
Ill was he to them as a hailstorm, sharp as sting of an angry bee.
Small wonder that these deny him his honour and knightly fame,
True servant and wise they found him, and for this cause upon his name

Their hatred doth still heap slander—Prince Herman, Thuringia's lord,
Thou with vassals that crowd around thee, and strangers who seek thy board,
Good service might Kay have done thee, since so free art thou aye of hand,
That true men and men dishonoured, side by side in thine hall they stand;
And therefore Knight Walter singeth, 'Now greeting to all I bring,
Men evil and good!' And I trow well, where a singer such song may sing,
There the false are too highly honoured—Nay, far other Sir Kay had taught,
(Yea, and Heinrich of Rispach also)—Now hearken ye in what sort
On Plimizöl's plain men bare them; from the field Sir Kay was borne
To the tent of his king, and around him, o'er his ill-fate his friends did mourn;
And maiden and knight they stood there; to the tent where his comrade lay
Came Gawain, and he quoth in sadness, 'Alas! for the woeful day
That so ill a joust was ridden that hath robbed me of a friend!'
Then out spake Kay in his anger, 'Now make of thy moan an end,
If comfort thou here wouldst bring me, do not as the women do,
Since thou art my monarch's nephew! I would do to thee service true,
As of free heart I ever did it, in the day that God gave me power,
Nor long for my aid hadst thou prayed me! There cometh, perchance, an hour
When I, as of old, may serve thee: now cease thou thy moan I pray,
For tho' mine be the pain, yet my monarch shall ne'er find another Kay,
And I wot that for mine avenger art thou all too nobly born;
An yet hadst *thou* lost a finger I had counted myself forsworn
An I risked not mine head to pay it! Let that be as it may,
Believe me or not, as shall please thee, yet sooth are the words I say!'

'No joust shalt thou ride at my urging, for roughly he greets his foe,
Who holdeth without his station, and rideth nor swift nor slow.
And I think me, of maidens' tresses, tho' frail be such cord and fair,
Enough from such strife to bind thee, the chain of a single hair!
And the man who shall show such meekness, he well doth his *mother* love,
Since his *sire* would fain in the conflict his knightly mettle prove.
But follow thou aye thy mother, Sir Gawain, list well her rede.
Turn thou pale at the glancing sword-blade, and shrink from the manly deed!'

And thus on the gallant hero the bitter words he spake
Fell sharply, he looked not for them, nor on Kay might he vengeance take,
Full seldom a knight may do so, since shame on his lips setteth seal,
But they who thus speak discourteous, such shame shall they never feel.

Then Gawain he quoth in answer, 'Where men knightly sword might bear,
And have foughten, and I fought with them, then no man beheld me there,
And saw that my cheek waxed paler at sight of wound or blow.
I was ever thy friend—'twas needless that thou shouldst reproach me so!'
Then he strode from the tent, and he bade them bring hither his charger good,
Nor spur on his heel he buckled, unarmed he his steed bestrode.

So came he unto the Waleis (whose sense was of love held fast),
And his shield to all eyes bare witness of three spears thro' its circle passed,
For three jousts of late had he ridden, and he rode them with heroes twain,
Of Orilus too was he smitten—Then gently uprode Gawain,
And he spurred not his steed to gallop, nor conflict nor strife he sought,
For he rode but in love and in kindness, to seek him who here had fought.
Fair spake Gawain the stranger, to greeting deaf was he,
Frau Minne yet held him captive, how other might it be?
True son of Herzeleide, to this lot was he born,
To lose himself for love's sake; such passion as had torn
The hearts of these his parents, afresh in his heart awoke,
And but little his ear might hearken what the mouth of Gawain spoke.

Quoth King Lot's son unto the Waleis,' Sir Knight, here thou doest ill
In that thou withholdest greeting—tho' patient I wait thy will
Far otherwise can I bear me! Know thou that to friend and king,
Yea, to all whom I count my fellows, thy deed doth dishonour bring,
And our shame ever waxeth greater; yet prayed I for thee this grace,
The king of free heart forgives thee, if now thou shalt seek his face.
So hearken, I pray, my counsel, and do thou as I shall say,
And ride thou with me to King Arthur, nor too long shalt thou find the way.'

Nor threatening nor prayer might move him, this fair son of Gamuret:
Then the pride of King Arthur's knighthood his memory backward set,
And he thought of Frau Minne's dealings, and the time when the knife's sharp blade
He drave thro' his hand unwitting, thro' the love of a gracious maid.
And that time when from death's cold clutches, a queen's hand had set him free,
When of Lähelein was he vanquished, and captive in joust was he,
And a queen in the day of his danger must pledge her fair life for his,
And her name shall of men be praisèd, Queen Ingus of Bachtarliess.
Thought Gawain, 'It may be Frau Minne dealeth so with this goodly man,
As she dealt with me of old time, so claspeth him in the ban
Of her magic spells fair-woven, that his spirit within the snare
She holdeth fast entangled'—Then his eyes on the snow-flakes fair
He cast, and he knew the token, and swift from the spell-bound sight
With cloth of fair silk and sendal, he covered the blood-drops bright.

The blood-stained snow was hidden, nor longer its spell was seen,
And his sight and his sense unclouded she gave him, his wife and queen;
Yet his heart did she hold in her keeping, and its dwelling was Pelrapär,
And he cried aloud in his sorrow thro' the silent summer air;
'Alas! who of thee hath robbed me, who erewhile wast my queen and wife,
For thy love, thy crown, and thy kingdom my right hand hath won in strife.
Say, say, am I he who saved thee from Klamidé the warrior king?
Yea, sorrow and bitter sighing, and grief that the heart doth wring
Are the guerdons I won in thy service, and now from mine eyes be-dazed
Art thou reft, and thy place I know not, tho' but now on thy face I gazed.'

Then he quoth, 'Now, where shall my spear be, since I wot well I brought it here?'
Quoth Gawain, 'A joust hast thou ridden, and splintered shall be thy spear.'
'With whom should I joust?' quoth the Waleis, 'thou bearest nor sword nor shield,
And little had been mine honour, an thou to my hand didst yield!

Yet bear I awhile thy mocking, nor will I thy friendship pray,
Tho' many a joust have I ridden, yet my saddle I kept alway.
An thou be not for jousting minded, and I find not in thee a foe,
Yet the world lieth wide before me, and hence on my way I go;
For labour and strife am I seeking and fain would I win me praise,
Be anguish or joy my portion; nor unfruitful shall be my days.'

Quoth Gawain, 'What I spake aforetime I spake of true heart and free,
Nor my thoughts were the thoughts of evil, for well would I deal with thee;
And the boon that I crave will I win me, my monarch with many a knight
Lieth here at hand with his army, and with many a lady bright,
An it please thee, Sir Knight, to betake thee to our goodly company,
From all strife shall this right hand guard thee, and gladly I'll ride with thee.'
'I thank thee, Sir Knight, fair thou speakest, yet say ere with thee I ride,
Who the monarch may be whom thou servest? and who rideth here at my side?'

'A man do I hail as master, thro' whose fame much fame I won,
Nor here shall my mouth keep silence on the things he for me hath done.
For dear hath he ever held me, and as true knight did me entreat:
(His sister King Lot hath wedded, and the twain I as parents greet.)
And the good gifts God gave unto me, to his service I yield them all,
For my hand and my heart he ruleth, whom men do King Arthur call.
Nor mine own name need here be hidden, nor a secret shall long remain,
For the folk and the lands that know me, they call on me as Gawain:
And fain would I do thee service, alike with my hand and name,
If thou turnest here at my bidding, nor bringest upon me shame!'

Then he quoth, 'Is it thou, O Gawain? too little I yet have done
That thou shouldst as a friend entreat me; yet hast thou this honour won
That all men thou gently treatest—and thy friendship I here will take,
Yet not for mine own deserving, but repayment I fain would make.
Now say where thine army lieth, since so many tents I see
That stand fair by the brink of the river? If King Arthur in truth shall be
So near, then must I bemoan me, that in honour I may not dare

To enter his royal presence, or look on his queen so fair.
Since 'tis meet that I first avenge me of a foul and discourteous blow,
For which, since the day I left them, I sorrow and shame must know.
For a maiden as she beheld me, laughed sweetly, the seneschal
For my sake smote the maid so sorely, 'twas a wood that upon her fell.'

'Rough vengeance thou here hast taken! (Gawain to the Waleis spake)
Since thou in a joust hast felled him, and right arm and left leg he brake.
Ride here, see his charger lifeless, that lieth the stone below;
On the snowdrift behold the splinters of the spear that hath dealt the blow!
'Tis the spear thou but now wast seeking!' Then the truth knew Sir Parzival,
And straightway he spake unto Gawain, 'Now, if this be the seneschal,
And the man who so sorely shamed me, if thou swear me that this was he,
Thou mayst ride where thou wilt, and gladly will I ride in thy company!'
'Nay, never a lie do I tell thee,' quoth Gawain, 'thou hast overthrown
Segramor, who ere now in battle was ever as victor known,
He fell ere yet Kay had met thee: great deeds hast thou done to-day,
Since o'er two of our bravest heroes the prize thou hast borne away.'

So rode they, the one with the other, the Waleis and Knight Gawain,
And the folk, both afoot and on horseback, with honour would greet the twain,
Gawain and his guest the Red Knight, this did they of courtesy,
And the twain to his fair pavilion they gat them right speedily.
And the lady, fair Kunnewaaré, whose tent by Gawain's did stand,
Rejoiced, and she joyful greeted the hero, whose strong right hand
Had failed not to wreak stern vengeance for the ill that Kay wrought that day;
Then her brother and fair Jeschuté she led by the hand straightway,
And Parzival looked upon them as the three to his tent drew near,
And his face, thro' the rust of his armour, it shone ever fair and clear,
As roses dew-dipped had flown there: his harness aside he laid,
And he stood before Kunnewaaré, and thus spake the gentle maid:

'To God shalt thou first be welcome, as welcome thou art to me,
Since thy manhood thou well hast proven, and the faith that I had in thee!
Ere the day that my heart beheld thee, nor laughter nor smiles I knew,
And Kay, who in that hour smote me, with stern hand my gladness slew.
But now hast thou well avenged me! With a kiss I thy deed would pay,
If I of thy kiss were worthy!' 'Nay, so had I thought to-day
To crave of thy lips my payment,' quoth Parzival, 'if thou still
Wilt give me such gracious greeting, right gladly I'll do thy will!'

Then she kissed him, and down they sate them, and the princess a maiden sent
And bade her to bring rich raiment; so sped she unto the tent;
And the garments they lay there ready, of rich silk of Nineveh,
For her prisoner, King Klamidé, had she fashioned them cunningly.
Then the maiden who bare the garments, full sorely must she bewail
That the mantle was yet unfinished, since the silken cord did fail.
Then the lady, Kunnewaaré, from her side drew a silken band
From the folds of her robe, in the mantle she wove it with skilful hand.

Then courteous her leave he prayed him, the rust would he wash away,
And fair shone his face, and youthful, and his lips they were red that day.
And robed was the gallant hero, and so bright and so fair was he,
That all men who there beheld him, they sware he for sure must be
The flower and the crown of manhood, a knight without shame or fear;
And they looked upon him, and they praised him and his colour waxed bright and clear,
And right well did his garb become him; an emerald green and rare,
The gift of fair Kunnewaaré, as clasp at his neck he bare;
And a girdle beside she gave him, all wrought in a cunning row
With mystic beasts, bejewelled, that burnt with a fiery glow,
And its clasp was a red-fire ruby—How think ye the beardless youth
Was seen when thus richly girded? Fair was he in very sooth,
For so the story runneth—the folk bare him right goodwill,
Men and women who looked upon him, they counted him worthy still.

Forthwith, as the Mass was ended, came Arthur the noble king,
And the knights of his Table with him, a goodly following.

No man there whose lips spake falsehood. Yea, all heard the word that day,
'With Gawain the Red Knight dwelleth!' the king thither took his way.

Then the knight who so sore was beaten came swiftly, Sir Antanor,
For, fain to behold the Waleis, his feet sped the king before,
And he asked, 'Art thou he who avenged me, and the lady of fair Lalande?
Now vanished shall be Kay's honour, for it falleth unto thine hand,
And an end hast thou made of his threatening, and the days of his strife are o'er,
For his arm it is weak, and his vengeance I fear for it never more!'

And so fair was the knight and radiant, that all men beheld his face
As an angel from heaven, that wingless, abideth on earth a space.
And well did King Arthur greet him, and his knights were no whit behind,
And all they who looked upon him, naught but love in their hearts might find,
And their lips to their heart made answer, and all spake to his praises, 'Yea,'
And no man gainsaid the other, so lovely his mien that day!

Then Arthur spake fair unto him, 'Thou hast wrought me both joy and pain,
Yet ne'er from the hand of a hero such honour I thought to gain
As the honour that thou hast brought me! yet no service I did to thee,
An I did, then thy fame had repaid it, tho' no other thy deeds should be
Than the deed thou hast done in the winning for Jeschuté her husband's grace!
Nor Kay's guilt had been unavengèd, if ere this I had seen thy face
Myself had, unasked, chastised him.' Then Arthur in this wise spake,
'Since so far they had come, and their journey had they taken but for his sake,
They all with one voice did pray him, to swear to them brotherhood,
And be one of the gallant Table, a comrade both true and good.'
And their prayer it seemed good unto him, and joyful at heart was he,
And he sware them the oath that they asked for, and their knight would he gladly be.

Now hear ye, and speak the verdict, if on this day the Table Round
Its right, and its due observance had here, as aforetime found;

Since for many a day King Arthur in this wise had ruled his court,
No knight should break bread before him, if there came of fair venture naught.
But enough should have chanced this morning, and to Table they well might go,
Though from Nantes might they never bear it, yet they here would its semblance show.
Wide enow was the flowery meadow, nor hindered them tree or tent,
As they did here their monarch's bidding—for this was his heart's intent,
Fair honour to give the Red Knight, and his valour, as meet, reward—
Then a silk in Acraton woven, they laid on the grassy sward,
'Twas brought from far lands of paynim, and 'twas shapen both wide and round;
For ever this courteous custom mid these gallant knights was found,
No high seat had they of honour, but all men were equal there;
And thus had King Arthur willed it, both the knights and their ladies fair
At the Table Round were welcome, yea, an they might honour claim,
Knight, lady, or gentle maiden, at his court all should fare the same!

And there, with her maiden following, came fair Guinevere the queen,
And many a noble princess amid her train was seen,
And none but was fair to look on, and the ring it was spread so wide
That within, without strife or crowding, each maid sat her knight beside.
And Arthur, who ne'er knew falsehood, led the Waleis by the hand,
And Kunnewaaré she walked beside him, the lady of fair Lalande,
From sorrow the knight had freed her—Then, with kind and friendly eyes,
Looked Arthur upon the hero, and he spake to him in this wise:

'My queen will I bid to kiss thee, who art fair both of form and face,
For ne'er, in this court, of lady I ween wouldst thou crave this grace,
Since from Pelrapär thou hast ridden, and wert thou on kissing bent
From lips of all lips the fairest, hast thou there thy full heart's content!
Yet this one grace will I pray thee, if ever there dawn the day
That I find 'neath thy roof abiding, this kiss I may then repay!'

'In sooth, will I do thy bidding,' quoth the Waleis, 'both there and here!'
Then unto the gallant hero stepped the Lady Guinevere,
And fair on the lips she kissed him, and she quoth, 'Here I pardon thee
The ill thou aforetime didst me, and the sorrow thou gavest me.
Thou didst leave me sorely grieving, when from hence thou didst ride away.
By thy hand and thy dart my kinsman Prince Ither was slain that day!'

And all tear-bedewed were the eyelids of the Lady Guinevere,
For Prince Ither's death wrought sorrow unto many a woman dear.
Now must King Klamidé seat him, on the bank by Plimizöl,
And beside him sate Iofreit, who was son unto King Idöl;
And 'twixt Klamidé and Gawain must the Waleis have his place—
And they know who tell the venture, none sate here of royal grace,
None who woman's breast had suckled, whose fame stood so high and fair,
For courage and youthful beauty did the Waleis, as jewels, wear.
And they owned, who there looked upon him, that many a maiden bright
Saw herself in a darker mirror than the lips of this fair young knight.
And on cheek and on chin his colour might well as fetters be
For those who should need such fetters, whose fancy flitteth free.
Here might there be naught of changing—(of women my rede I trow
For some they are ever wavering, and ever new friendships know!)
But his look ever constant held them, till I wot well that thro' their eyes
His entry he gained triumphant, and made of their hearts his prize!

Thus maiden and man beheld him, and his honour all men did praise,
Till he found here the goal of sighing, and the end of his joyous days.
For hither came one I must tell of, and faithful was she in truth
Tho' discourteous her ways, and for sorrow, I ween, had she little ruth!
And the folk for her message sorrowed—Now hear how the maid must ride,
Her mule it was tall as a war-horse, and branded on either side;
And its nostrils were slit as is custom in the far land of Hungary,
Yet her harness and bridle were costly, with rich work broidered cunningly.

Soft and slow paced her mule, yet the maiden was not as a maid, I trow.
What sought she? She came as 'twas fated, and sorrow must Arthur know.
And of wisdom forsooth this maiden might boast her a wondrous store,
No tongue but she spake, French, Latin, and Paynim: in all such lore
As men read in the highest heavens, Dialectics, Geometry,
In all was she courteous trainèd, and her name it was called Kondrie.
'The sorceress' did men name her, nor her speech halted on its way,
Too ready her tongue, since rejoicing she smote into grief that day.

This maiden, so rich in wisdom, bare little of maiden grace,
No lover e'er praised her beauty, no tongue spake her fair of face.
A tempest she, joy destroying, yet of bridal cloth from Ghent
Did she wear a mantle, bluer than azure the soft tints blent.
As a cap was it fairly fashioned, such as maidens in France shall wear,
And beneath it, around her body, a silken robe she bare.
And a hat of the English peacock, with silk of orient lined,
And new was the hat, and the fastening, and it hung low the maid behind.
And like to a bridge her message, that sorrow o'er joy had crossed,
And shame enough did she bring them, till laughter in tears was lost.

In a thick plait above her headgear had she flung her tresses back,
And adown on the mule were they hanging, so long, and so coarse, and black,
Nor softer to touch than the bristles, which swine on their backs shall show.
And her nose as a dog's was shapen, and from out her mouth did grow
Two tusks as had 'seemed a wild boar, a hand's-breadth long were they;
And above her eyes the eyebrows as thick as plaits they lay.
And I speak but the truth, as I needs must, tho' my words lack in courtesy
Since I speak of a maid, yet, for such cause, none other reproacheth me.

And ears as a bear had Kondrie, and never the eye might trace
A shy glance of love, or of longing, I ween in that wondrous face.
And a scourge did she bear, and the handle was a ruby, of silk the cord;

And the hands of this winsome maiden like a lion's were sharply clawed,
And the skin as an ape's was dusky, and the nails they were not too light,
And I ween, for her maiden favours, but seldom would heroes fight!

So rode she unto the circle, and her coming did sorrow bring,
And fair joy did she put in peril—Then turned she unto the king,
(And Kunnewaaré sat beside him, his table-mate was she,
And fair Guinevere, his consort, a queen bare her company.)
Thus in royal state King Arthur as monarch sat that day—
To the Breton king rode Kondrie, and in French did she speak alway;
And tho' I in another language than hers shall the venture tell,
Yet I rede ye to wit that the telling it pleaseth me none too well!

'Thou son of high Pendragon, thyself, and thy Breton host,
By thy deed hast thou shamed—From all lands the noblest that they might boast
Once sat here a gallant circle, but poisoned is now their fame,
And thy Table Round dishonoured by traitor, and brought to shame.
King Arthur, o'er all thy fellows, thy praises of old stood high,
But it sinketh now, thy glory, and thy fame, that did swiftly fly,
Henceforward goeth halting; thine honour doth seek the ground
Since it showeth stain of falsehood—The fame of thy Table Round
It suffered for the friendship ye with Parzival did swear,
Tho' I wot well the outward token of a spotless knight he bear.
"The Red Knight" ye here do call him, the name of one who lay
Dead before Nantes, yet I tell thee unlike in their life are they!
For no mouth hath read of a hero whose fame knew nor fault nor flaw,
As his!' From the king she turned her, and did rein by the Waleis draw,

And she quoth, 'Now sore shalt thou rue it, since I, for thy sake deny
My greeting unto King Arthur, and the knights of his company.
May thy fair face be dishonoured, and thy manhood I look on here.
Of forgiveness and joy were I merchant, in sooth shouldst thou buy them dear!
And I deem thou art but a monster, and myself shall far fairer be!
Speak, Sir Parzival, as I bid thee, and this riddle read thou to me,
When thou sawest the fisher sit there, joyless, of comfort reft,
Why didst thou not loose his sighing? Why was he in bondage left?'

'For he showed thee of his sorrow—Oh! thou false and faithless guest,
For hadst thou had pity on him, his anguish had gotten rest.

I would that thy mouth might perish, yea, the tongue thy mouth within,
For e'en as the heart the tongue is, in thine *heart* is the root of sin.
To Hell shalt thou be predestined, by the Ruler of Heaven high,
And this be on earth thy portion, that true men thy face shall fly.
And ban hast thou won for blessing, and for bliss shalt thou find but bale,
For too late dost thou strive for honour, and thy striving shall naught avail.
And so feeble shall wax thy manhood, and thy fame it shall be so weak,
That never shall soul's physician the promise of healing speak.
An one to the oath should drive me, on thine head were I fain to swear,
That never a darker treason was wrought by a man so fair.
Thou hook in fair feathers hidden, bright serpent with poisoned fang,
Who ne'er of the sword was worthy, which thine host at thy side did hang!
The goal of thy sins, this thy silence, of Hell's horde art thou now the sport,
And dishonour upon thy body, Sir Parzival, hast thou wrought.
Saw'st thou not how they bare before thee the Grail, and the bleeding spear,
And sharp silver? Thy joy's destruction, and thy shelter from grief were here!'

'Yea, hadst thou but asked at Monsalväsch; afar, in a heathen land,
Rich o'er all earthly riches, doth the town of Tabronit stand;
Yet the riches thy speech had won thee had been greater far, I ween—
And with gallant strife of knighthood the hand of that country's queen
Feirefis Angevin hath won him: no fear doth his manhood stain;
One father, I ween, hath borne ye, yet unlike shall ye be, ye twain.
And thy brother is strange to look on, for both white and black his face,
And at Zassamank he reigneth o'er the folk of his mother's race.'

'And my thoughts to thy sire are turning; his country was fair Anjou,
And he left thee far other heirdom (for his heart never falsehood knew,)
Than the heritage thou hast won thee, and the crown of an evil fame!
And could I but think thy mother had wrought here a deed of shame
I had said that *his* child thou wert not! Yet her faith it but wrought her woe,

And of her naught but good be spoken! And thy father, as all men know,
In his manhood was true and steadfast, and in many a distant land
He won for him meed of honour, and his praise o'er all men did stand.
For great heart and little falsehood as a roof did defend his breast,
A dam 'gainst the flood of evil, and a home for his love to rest.
And in manly strength and courage was his honour for aye held fast,
But *thy* truth it is turned to falsehood, and thine honour to earth is cast!
Alas! for the day I heard it, alas! for the mournful tale,
That the child of fair Herzeleide in knighthood and faith should fail.'
She herself was the prey of sorrow, and her hands did she wring amain,
While the teardrops they chased each other down her cheeks like a shower of rain.
And her eyes they gave faithful witness to the grief that her bosom filled,
For of true heart she spake, the maiden, nor e'en then was the sorrow stilled.

Then unto the king she turned her, and she spake 'Is there here a knight
Who yearneth for love's rewarding, and for honour and fame would fight?
For I know of four queens, and maidens four hundred, and all are fair,
In Château Merveil is their dwelling; and like to the empty air
Shall be all knightly ventures to the venture that Burg within,
Yet he who shall face its peril, from true love shall his guerdon win.
And tho' far be that Burg and distant, and weary and rough the way,
Its walls must I seek if haply I reach them ere close of day.'
And sad was the maid, not joyful, nor courteous she bade farewell,
But weeping she gazed around her, and she cried as the teardrops fell,
'Ah! woe unto thee, Monsalväsch, thou dwelling and goal of grief,
Since no man hath pity on thee, or bringeth thy woe relief!'

Thus had the sorceress Kondrie, that maiden fierce and proud,
Wrought evil upon the Waleis, and his fame to the earth had bowed.
Naught they helped him, his bold heart's counsel, his manhood and knightly fame,
And high o'er all other virtues, the virtue of knightly shame.

(For falsehood he ne'er had hearkened,) and true shame doth rewarding bring,
And it crowneth the soul with honour as the circlet doth crown a king.
And he who true shame doth cherish his work shall for ever stand —
Then she lifted her voice o'er the maidens, the maiden of fair Lalande,
And she wept for the words of Kondrie, and the sorrow of Parzival,
For the fairest of men did she deem him; and swiftly the teardrops fell
From the eyes of many a woman, for the sake of that hero bold,
And they sorrowed at heart, and their weeping must many a knight behold!

Now sorrow had Kondrie brought them; and e'en as her way she went
Another must ride towards them on a warlike errand bent;
A knight of a haughty bearing, and his harness was fair to see,
From his foot to the goodly helmet, and royal its cost must be,
And richly plumed was the helmet; and, e'en as the man, the steed
Was clad in such glittering armour as serveth for knightly need.
And he found them, both man and maiden, heavy and sad at heart,
As he rode nigh unto the circle; hear ye how he bare his part—
Tho' his mien it was high and haughty, yet his heart it was full of woe,
Of the twain shall ye learn the reason; thro' his manhood he pride must know,
Yet grief to his heart taught mourning—Thus rode he unto the ring,
Were it well he should come within it? Then squires to his aid did spring,
And the gallant knight they greeted, yet were he and his shield unknown,
Nor he doffed from his head the helmet, and sorrow was his alone;
And his hand bare a sword unsheathèd, and he asked for those heroes twain,
'Where are they whom I fain would speak with, King Arthur and Knight Gawain?'

Then straight thro' the ring he passed him, and a costly coat he bare,
And 'twas wrought of silk all shining, in Orient woven fair;
And before the host he halted as he sate there within the ring,
And he spake aloud, 'God's favour be on thee, thou gracious king,
And upon these knights and ladies—To all whom mine eyes here see,

I offer, in greeting, service, yet be *one* from my greeting free;
For ne'er will I do him service, nay, rather I choose his hate,
If ill-will he beareth to me, mine ill-will with his may mate!'

'And 'twere well that I name him to ye. Alas! alas! woe is me!
My heart he so sore hath wounded, mine anguish o'er-great shall be!
And here doth he sit, Sir Gawain, whom all men were wont to praise,
High standeth his fame, yet dishonour it ruleth, methinks, his ways;
Since avarice to this betrayed him, in greeting my lord he slew,
The kiss once by Judas given, it taught him such guile anew.
Many thousand hearts hath he wounded—'Twas murder base, abhorred,
And he, upon whom he wrought it, erewhile was my dearest lord.
An Sir Gawain would here deny it, true answer our strife shall yield,
Forty days from to-day shall he meet me, and face me on battlefield,
Before Askalon's king and ruler, in the city of Schamfanzon;
Thus I bid him in honour face me, and for conflict his armour don.'

'And this grace shall he not refuse me, but thither his shield shall bear;
And yet further shall he bethink him, by the helmet he weareth fair,
And the life that a knight beseemeth, who two treasures in pledge doth hold,
True shame, and a faith unwavering, and their fame shall be new, as old.
But from shame may Gawain ne'er free him, if a knight of the Table Round,
Whose heroes stand here before me, he thinketh he may be found.
For its honour and fame are vanished, if false knight sit its board beside—
Methinks ye have heard mine errand, and ye know I came not to chide,
For here would I not blame, but battle, and death shall my guerdon be,
An it be not a life of honour, that Good Fortune shall hold for me!'

Then sad was the king and silent, yet answer at last he gave,
'Know, Sir Knight, that Gawain is my nephew, and myself would the conflict brave
Ere his bones should lie dishonoured—If Good Fortune by Gawain stand

In strife shalt thou well acknowledge, 'neath the might of his strong right hand
That his body in faith he keepeth, and falsehood afar doth hold.
If another hath done thee evil methinks art thou over-bold,
His shame dost thou speak too loudly, who never hath done thee ill—
If he winneth, perchance, thine homage, and thou ownest him guiltless still,
Yet hast thou in short space spoken such words of a blameless knight
As have shamèd for aye thine honour, if this folk read the thing aright!'

Then upsprang the proud Knight Beaucorps, brother to Gawain he,
And he spake in his wrath, 'Wouldst thou fight him? Then myself his pledge will be,
For thou speakest false of Gawain; and know that thy words of shame
Have kindled anew within me fierce wrath's devouring flame.
An thou speakest not Gawain guiltless of all dishonour, I
Stand here to fight his battle, and to be his surety.
Think not by thy words of scorning to lower his lofty fame,
Unstainèd is Gawain's honour, and thy words are but words of shame!'

Then he turned him to his brother, and he spake of true heart and free,
'Bethink thee now, my brother, of all thou hast done for me,
Thou hast helped me unto the winning of fame, for thy toil's reward
Bid me here to be hostage for thee, and bid me thine honour guard.
If Good Fortune be here my portion, and I win here my meed of fame,
Then *thine* be the crown of honour, and thy foeman hath naught but shame.'
By his knighthood and love as a brother he besought him right earnestly;
Quoth Gawain, 'Now in sooth, my brother, too wise shall I surely be
To hearken to thee, and to grant thee what thou askest of right good-will;
What meaneth this strife, I wot not, and of fighting have had my fill,
Of good-will would I ne'er deny thee what boon thou from me shouldst crave,
Yet shame must I bear for ever if this conflict I fail to brave!'

Yet Beaucorps he prayed him straitly—then out spake the stranger knight,

'A man whom I ne'er have heard of now lusteth with me to fight!
I spake not of *him*, and no evil, methinks, hath he done to me.
Strong, gallant, and fair to look on, and faithful and rich is he,
And well might he be my hostage, yet against *him* no wrath I bear—
My lord and my kinsman was he for whose death I this strife declare,
And brothers twain were our fathers, as comrades and kinsmen true;
And were he a crownèd monarch against whom my sword I drew,
By my birth might I give him battle, and vengeance of right demand,
Of a royal race, and a princely, was I born in a distant land.
And Askalon is my country, I am Landgrave of Schamfanzon,
Kingrimursel do they call me; if Gawain's fame be not outrun
No otherwise may he free him, but conflict with me must dare.
Yet safe-conduct throughout my kingdom, from all save my hand, I swear,
In peace may he ride, and safety, to the field where I vengeance claim;
God keep in His grace those I leave here, save one, and ye know *his* name!'

So passed he, the gallant hero, from the plain of Plimizöl,
And e'en as his name was namèd, all men knew Kingrimursel,
For the fame of this knight so valiant was known thro' the far lands wide,
And it seemèd them well that to Gawain might ill thro' this strife betide
When they thought of the strength and the manhood of this knight who rode swift away.
And many must sorely vex them that no honour he won that day;
Yet full often a message cometh, I myself shall such venture know,
Of such wise, that the guest who bears it, of his host must ungreeted go!

From Kondrie they heard the tidings of Parzival's name and kin,
How a queen, she had been his mother, and his sire was an Angevin.
And they spake—''Twas at fair Kanvoleis, and the story we know full well,
He served her with deeds of knighthood, and many a joust befell,
And there by his dauntless manhood he won him that lady bright;
And the noble Queen Anflisé, she taught him, that gallant knight,
Such courtesy as befitted a hero of lineage high;
And no Breton but shall rejoice him, that his son now draweth nigh,
For of him, e'en as of his father, may this tale of a truth be told
That honour is his yoke-fellow, as she was of his sire of old.'

Thus joy alike and sorrow came to Arthur's host that day,

And mingled, the life of the heroes, since the twain they must have their way.
Upstood they all as one man, and all with one voice they wept,
And the bravest knights among them within the circle stept,
And they looked on Gawain and the Waleis where each by the other stood,
And they wove them fair words of comfort to pleasure the heroes good.

But Klamidé the king bethought him that the loss which should be his share
Was greater than that of another, and too sharp was his pain to bear,
And to Parzival he quoth thus, 'If the Grail thee for lord must own,
Yet still would I mourn my sorrow, and of true heart my woe make known.
For the kingdom of Tribalibot, and Kaucasus' golden strand,
Whatsoe'er shall be writ of riches in Christian or paynim land,
Yea, even the Grail and its glory, they had failèd the hurt to cure
Which at Pelrapär was my portion, or the grief that I here endure!
Ah me! Of all men most wretched am I since thy valiant hand
Of joy and of blessing robbed me!—See the princess of fair Lalande,
Know thou that this noble lady she keepeth such faith with thee,
That no service else she craveth, and none other knight will she;
Yet well might she crown his service who served her for love alone!
And that I am so long her captive, methinks may she well bemoan.
If my joy thou to life wouldst quicken, then give me thine aid, I pray,
And teach her herself to honour in such wise that her love repay
In a measure the ill thou didst me, and that which thro' thee I lost,
When the goal of my joy fled from me and my pathway by thee was crossed,
But for thee, I, methinks, had reached it, and if thou art foeman true
Thou wilt help me with this fair maiden, and my gladness shall wax anew!'

'Right gladly will I,' quoth the Waleis, 'if so be she will grant my prayer,
For fain would I bring thee comfort, since *mine* is that maiden fair
For whose sake thou sore didst sorrow, my wife and my queen is she,
Kondwiramur, the fairest of all women on earth that be!'
Then the heathen Queen of Ianfus, King Arthur, and Guinevere,
Kunnewaaré of Lalande, and Jeschuté of Karnant, who these words must hear,
Came near with sweet words of comfort—what would ye they should do more?

Kunnewaaré they gave to Klamidé, who yearned for her love so sore,
And he gave her, as her rewarding, himself, his body fair,
And a queenly crown and golden henceforth on her head she bare!

Quoth the heathen unto the Waleis, 'Kondrie a man hath named,
Whom thou as in truth thy brother, rejoicing, might well have claimed;
For far and wide he ruleth in the power of a double crown,
And alike by land and water men in fear to his hand bow down.
And Assagog is one kingdom, Zassamank shall the other be,
Two mighty lands and powerful from fear and from weakness free.
And naught shall be like his riches save those the Baruch doth own,
Or those of far Tribalibot, he is worshipped as God alone!
A marvel his skin to look on, and like unto none his face,
For 'tis black, and 'tis white, as his parents, who sprang of a diverse race.
Thro' one of his lands I journeyed as hither I took my way,
And full fain had he been my wanderings in a far-off land to stay.
Yet but little his will prevailèd, tho' I am his near of kin,
The cousin unto his mother, and *he* is a mighty king!
Yet hear thou more of his prowess; his saddle no man may keep
Who rideth a joust against him, and fame doth he richly reap.
And no gentler knight or truer e'er lay on a mother's breast,
And falsehood it fleeth from him, and truth in his heart doth rest.
Yea, true and fair in his dealings is Feirefis Angevin,
And women he serveth duly, tho' he pain thro' his service win!'

'Tho' all men to me were strangers, yet hither I came to know
What ventures of gallant knighthood a Christian land might show;
And of all Heaven's gifts the highest, I ween, shall thy portion be,
And Christendom winneth honour thro' the praise it doth give to thee.
And thine is a noble bearing, and fair is thy form and face,
And in thee beauty mates with manhood, and strength doth thy youth embrace!'
(Both rich and wise was the heathen, and of wisdom she token gave,
In the French tongue her speech was holden.) Then out spake the hero brave,
And he quoth, 'God reward thee, Lady, who thinkest to comfort me,
Yet sorrow it fast doth bind me, and the cause would I tell to thee,
For the shame that has here befallen think not I shall lightly bear,
And here many sin against me, who give to my plaint no ear,
The while I must list their mocking!—No joy shall my portion be
Or long or short be my wanderings, till the Grail once again I see!
For my soul's unrest constrains me, and it driveth me on my way,

Nor so long as my life endureth shall my feet from their wanderings stay!'

'If a courteous and knightly bearing but bringeth rewarding still
In shame, and in this world's mocking, then methinks I was counselled ill!
For 'twas Gurnemanz who bade me of questions rash beware,
And from words and ways unfitting a courteous knight forbear.
Here standeth full many a hero, I pray ye give counsel true,
By your courtesy and knighthood, that your grace I may win anew.
Here hath judgment been passed upon me with bitter words and strong—
Who withholdeth from me his favour, I deem not he doth me wrong;
If perchance, in the days hereafter, fame and honour my lot shall be
Then according to those my dealings, I pray ye to deal with me;
But now must I haste far from ye—An oath have ye sworn me here
While I stood in the strength of mine honour; of that oath do I hold ye clear
Till the day I have won me payment for my fresh joy waxed wan and pale;
And my heart shall be home of sorrow, nor tears to mine eyes shall fail,
For the day that at far Monsalväsch my labour I left undone,
And myself from all joy I severed, and woe for my guerdon won.
Ah God! they were fair, those maidens! and ne'er was there wonder tale
That men told, but as naught its marvels to those of the wondrous Grail!
Yet torment so sore, and sighing, are the lot of Its king, alas!
Small good hath my coming done thee, thou hapless Anfortas!'

Nor longer the knight might linger, but part they must alway,
So turned he unto King Arthur, and leave he fain would pray
Of him, his knights, and ladies, with their favour would he depart,
And none, I ween, but sorrowed that he rode hence sad at heart.

Hand in hand King Arthur sware him, if henceforth his land should bear
Such woe as Klamidé brought him, then the shame he with him would share,
And he spake that full sore it grieved him that crowns and kingdoms twain,
With the riches that were their portion, Lähelein from the knight had ta'en.
And service both true and faithful many sware unto him that day,
Ere yet from the court of King Arthur, sorrow-driven, he passed away.

Then the fair maid Kunnewaaré, she took the hero bold,
And hence by the hand she led him, and in this wise the tale is told,
Sir Gawain he turned and kissed him, and he spake out in manly wise
To the hero strong and gallant: 'Now thou ridest in warlike guise,
And thy feet shall be swift to battle—God guide thee upon thy way,
And give me such strength to serve thee as my heart shall be fain alway.'

But Parzival cried, 'Woe is me! Who is He, this mighty God?
Had He power, then methinks our portion had ne'er been this shame abhorred!
Small power shall be His! I served Him from the day I first knew His grace,
Henceforth I renounce His service; doth He hate me, His hate I'll face!
And, friend, in thine hour of peril, as thy shield may a *wife's* love stand,
Dost thou know her for pure and holy, then the thought of her guide thine hand,
And her love from all evil guard thee,—as I wish, may it be to thee,
For little I wot of the future, if thy face I again may see!'

And their parting it brought them sorrow, for comrades in ill were they.
With the maiden Kunnewaaré, to her tent must he take his way.
And she bade them bring his harness; with her hands so soft and white,
She bound the armour on him who had served her as faithful knight.
And she spake, ''Tis my right to do this, since it is thro' thy deed alone
That Brandigan's gallant monarch now claimeth me as his own.
For otherwise thy valour but bringeth me grief and pain,
Art thou not against sorrow armèd, then thy loss shall outweigh my gain!'

For battle decked was his charger, and his sorrow must wake to life,
And fair was the knight to look on; and the harness he bare for strife
Knew never a flaw, but was costly, and as sunshine 'twas white and fair,
And radiant with gold and jewels the corslet and coat he ware,
But the helmet alone was lacking—ere he bound it upon his head,
In the self-same hour he kissed her, Kunnewaaré, the gracious maid.

And this of the twain was told me, that the parting was sore to see
'Twixt those two who loved each other in all honour and loyalty.

So hence let him ride, our hero, and what ventures a man may tell
He shall measure them not with the ventures that to Gamuret's son befell.
Yet hear ye awhile of his doings, where he journeyed and whence would ride—
He who loveth not deeds of knighthood, if counsel he take of pride
For awhile will forget his doings—On thee, Kondwiramur,
On thy fair face and lovely body, thy lover thought evermore.
What ventures he dared in thy service as knightly the Grail he sought!
Nor tarried he in the seeking but onward his way he fought,
The child of fair Herzeleide, and knew not that he was heir
To the glories that he rode seeking, to the Grail and Its palace fair!

Then forth went full many a vassal on a toilsome and weary way,
To gaze on the wondrous castle where in magic fetters lay
Four hundred gracious maidens, and four queens, right fair to see.
Château Merveil was the castle; and no hate shall they earn from me,
I grudge them naught they may win there! No woman rewardeth me,
For she to whom I do service, from payment hath set me free!

Then out spake the Greek, Sir Klias, 'Yea, there was I overthrown!'
(And thus in the ears of all men did he frankly the truth make known)
'For the Turkowit he thrust me from my charger unto my shame;
And four queens who there lie captive the knight unto me did name;
And old are the twain, and the others as yet they shall children be,
And the first maid is called Itonjè, and the second shall be Kondrie,
And the third she is named Arnivè, and Sangivè the fourth is hight!'
Then fain to behold the wonders of that castle was many a knight,
Yet their journey brought little profit, for sorrow o'ertook them there.
Yet I mourn not o'ermuch for their sorrow; for he who would labour bear,
And strife, for the sake of a woman, for guerdon shall gladness know,
Tho' grief shall be mixed with his gladness, and his joy shall be crossed with woe.

And I know not the which shall be stronger, or if sorrow shall joy outweigh,
But so runneth the world for ever, where Frau Minne she holdeth sway!
Now Gawain he must make him ready, and he girded his armour on,
For the strife that afar should wait him, in the kingdom of Askalon.
And sad was many a Breton, and ladies and maidens fair
Of a true heart did they bemoan them that Gawain must to conflict fare.
And orphaned and reft of glory henceforth was the Table Round.
Then Sir Gawain he well bethought him, since victor he would be found,
And he bade the merchants bring him good shields both hard and light,
And little he recked their colour so they served his need in fight.
On laden mules they brought them, and methinks that they sold them dear;
And three did he take as his portion—and the hero he chose him here
Seven chargers well fit for battle, and he chose him as friends so good
Twelve spears of sharp steel of Angram, and the hilts were of hollow wood.
They were reeds grown in heathen marshlands, Oraste Gentesein their name.
Then Gawain he prayed leave, and rode forth, dauntless, to seek him fame,
And with royal hand, for his journey, King Arthur he gave the knight
Red gold, and rich store of silver, and jewels gleaming bright,
And heavy the weight of his treasure—Then the hero rode swift away,
And I ween 'twas towards sore peril that his pathway must lead that day.

Then she sailed to her distant kingdom, the young Queen Ekuba,
I speak of the heathen princess; and they scattered to lands afar
The folk who awhile abode there, on the fair plain of Plimizöl;
And King Arthur and all his courtiers they gat them to Karidöl.
Yet first they prayed leave, Klamidé and Kunnewaaré of fair Lalande,
And Duke Orilus and his lady, Jeschuté of Karnant.
Yet till the third day with Klamidé in the plain did the twain abide,
And the marriage-feast was holden ere yet from the place they ride.
Yet small was the pomp; in his kingdom, I ween, should it greater be.
And free was his hand and knightly, and he dealt right courteously,

For many a knight at his bidding henceforth must his man remain,
And many a wandering minstrel did he gather within his train,
And he led them into his kingdom, and in honour, rich gifts, and land
He gave unto them, nor churlish would any refuse his hand.

Now Duke Orilus and Jeschuté, to Brandigan the twain would fare
For the love that unto Klamidé and Kunnewaaré they bare.
For they thought them that fitting honour to their sister they scarce had done
Till as queen they had seen her crownèd, and set on the royal throne.
Now I know well if wise the woman, and true of heart she be,
Who seeth this story written, of a sooth will she own to me
That better I speak of women than I spake of *one* erewhile;
For true was fair Belakané, and free from all thought of guile,
For dead was her love, yet lifeless he still o'er her heart did reign.
And a dream filled fair Herzeleide with torment of fear and pain.
And Queen Guinevere bewailed her full sorely for Ither's death,
(And little I grudge her mourning, for no truer knight e'er drew breath).
And I wot when King Lac's fair daughter rode forth such a shameful ride
Then sorely I mourned the sorrow that, guiltless, she must abide.
Sore smitten was Kunnewaaré, and torn was her golden hair;
Now the twain they are well avengèd, and glory for shame they bear!

And he who doth tell this story, he weaveth his ventures fair,
And he knoweth right well to rhyme them, in lines that break and pair.
And fain were I more to tell ye, an she give to my words good heed
Who treadeth with feet far smaller than the feet that shall spur my steed!

BOOK VII
OBILOT

ARGUMENT

The poet will now for a while recount the adventures of Gawain; whom many have held to be as valiant a knight as Parzival.

Book VII. tells how Gawain fell in with the army of King Meljanz of Lys, who would fain avenge himself on Duke Lippaut, whose daughter had scorned his love. How Gawain came to the beleaguered city of Beaurosch; how Obie scorned him; and how Obilot besought him to be her knight. How the heroes fought before the walls of Beaurosch, and of the valiant deeds of Gawain and the Red Knight. How Gawain took Meljanz of Lys captive; how Obilot made peace betwixt Obie and Meljanz, and how Gawain rode forth from Beaurosch.

BOOK VII

OBILOT

Awhile shall this venture follow the knight, who to fly was fain
From shame, nor with guile had dealings, that hero bold, Gawain.
For many a one hath held him for as brave, yea, for braver knight
Than Parzival, who the hero of this wonder-tale is hight.
Yet he who his friend would ever with his words to the heavens upraise
Is slow to speak well of another, or to yield him his meed of praise;
But him shall the people follow whose praises with truth are wrought,
Else whatever he speak, or hath spoken, shall ne'er under roof be brought.
Who shall shelter the word of wisdom if wise men their aid withhold?
But a song that is woven of falsehood is best left in the outer cold,
Homeless, upon the snowdrift, that the mouth may wax chill and sore
That hath spread for truth the story—such rewarding hath God in store
As all true folk must wish him whose guerdon in toil is told—
Who is swift to such deeds, I wot me, but blame for reward shall hold,
And if good men and true shall praise him, then folly doth rule their mind;
He will flee such who true shame knoweth, and in knighthood his rule would find.

And true of heart was Sir Gawain, for courage as sentinel
Had guarded his fame, nor shadow of cowardice across it fell.
But his heart in the field of battle was strong as a mighty tower,
Steadfast in sharpest conflict, yet foremost in danger's hour.
And friend and foe bare witness to the fame of his battle-cry;
Fain was Kingrimursel to rob him of his glory thus waxen high—
Now far from the court of King Arthur for many a weary day,
I know not their tale to tell ye, did the valiant Gawain stray;
So rode he, the gallant hero, from out of a woodland shade,
And his folk they were close behind him as he wended adown the glade,
And there on a hill before him he was 'ware of a goodly sight
That would teach him fear, yet fresh courage it brought to the gallant knight.

For the hero he saw full clearly how a host on their way would fare
With pomp of warlike pageant, and banners borne high in air.
Then he thought, 'I too far have journeyed this host in the wood to wait'—
And he bade them prepare the charger that was Orilus' gift of late,
And red were its ears, and Gringuljet, I think me, they called its name,
Without a prayer he won it—The steed from Monsalväsch came,
Lähelein, in a joust he took it, when lifeless its rider fell
By the Lake of Brimbane—Hereafter Trevrezent would the story tell.

Thought Gawain, 'He who cowardly flieth ere the foe on his track shall be
Flieth all too soon for his honour—this host would I nearer see
Whatever may then befall me; they have seen me ere this I trow,
And, for aught that may chance unto me, wit shall counsel me well enow.'
Then down he sprang from his charger as one who his goal hath found.
Countless I ween the army that in troops was toward him bound,
And he saw many robes fair fashioned, and shields with their blazon bright,
But he knew them not, nor the banners that danced on the breezes light.

'Strange shall I be to this army,' quoth Gawain, 'strange are they to me,
If they count this to me for evil then a joust shall they surely see,
And a spear will I break with these heroes ere yet on my way I ride!'
Gringuljet too was ready when his master would strife abide,
In many an hour of peril he the hero to joust had borne,

As Gawain had well bethought him when the steed he would ride
that morn.

There Gawain saw many a helmet, costly and decked full fair,
And new spears white, unsplintered, in sheaves to their goal they
bare;
To the pages hands were given those blazoned with colours clear,
And the badge might ye read on the pennons that floated from
every spear.

And the son of King Lot, Sir Gawain, he saw there a crowded
throng,
There were mules with harness laden; heavy wagons with horses
strong,
And they hasted them, fain for shelter; and behind them a
wondrous store
Of goods, borne by travelling merchants as was ever the way of
yore.
And women were there in plenty, and of knightly girdle bright
The twelfth might some wear, the payment and pledge of love
holden light.
Not *queens* were they hight, I think me, *Vivandierès* was their
name—
And young and old behind them a rabble onward came,
And they ran till their limbs were weary; and a rope had fit
guerdon been
For many who swelled this army, and dishonoured true folk I
ween!

So they rode, and they ran, that army, and Gawain stood beside
the way,
So it chanced they who saw the hero deemed him part of their
host that day.
And never this side of the water, or in lands that beyond it lie,
So gallant a host had journeyed, great their strength and their
courage high.

And close on their track there followed, spurring his steed amain,
A squire of noble bearing, with a led horse beside his rein;
And a fair new shield he carried, and ever his spurs he plied,
Nor thought to spare his charger, but swift to the strife would
ride,
And his raiment was fairly fashioned—Then Gawain his pathway
crossed,
And, greeting, he asked him tidings, who was lord of this goodly
host?

Quoth the squire, 'Sir Knight thou mockest, were I lacking in
courtesy,
And have chastisement earned, then I pray thee that my penance
shall other be

That shall wound not so sore mine honour—For God's sake lay thine hate aside,
Methinks thou right well shalt know them, these knights that before us ride,
Why askest thou me? Of a surety to each other shall ye be known
As well, nay, a thousand times better, than I unto thee had shown!'

Then many an oath he sware him, he knew not the race or name
Of the folk who went there before him, 'My journey hath won but shame,
Since in truth must I make confession that never before to-day
Mine eyes have beheld these heroes, tho' mine aid men right oft would pray!
Then the squire he quoth unto Gawain, 'Sir Knight, *mine* the wrong hath been,
Thy question I should have answered, here my wisdom hath failed I ween!
Now pass judgment on me, I pray thee, of thy friendly heart and true,
Hereafter I'll gladly tell thee, first must I my folly rue.'
'Then, lad, by thy words of repentance, sure token of courtesy,
The name of this gallant army I prithee to tell to me!'

'Sir Knight, he who rides before us, and no man his way doth bar,
Is King Poidikonjonz; and beside him Duke Astor he rides to war,
Of Lanveronz is he ruler—and there rideth beside the twain
One whose roughness and ways discourteous Love's payment have sought in vain.
He beareth the brand unknightly, Meljakanz that prince is hight,
He wooeth nor wife nor maiden, but their love will he take with might,
And, methinks, men for that should slay him—Poidikonjonz' son is he,
And here will he fight with his army, and he fighteth right valiantly,
And dauntless his heart; but such manhood it profiteth naught, I trow—
An ye threaten, perchance, her sucklings, she fighteth, the mother sow!
And never a voice shall praise him whose strength lacketh knighthood fair,
And methinks to the truth of my speaking many men will their witness bear.'

'Now hearken to greater marvels, and mark thou the words I say,
One with a mighty army doth follow upon our way
Whom folly doth drive to battle—The young King Meljanz of Lys,
Scorned love wrought in him fierce anger, and pride vexed him needlessly,'

And courteous he spake to Sir Gawain. 'What I saw, I Sir Knight will say:
The sire of the young King Meljanz, as he on his death-bed lay,
He bade them draw near unto him, the princes from out his land,
For his gallant life lay forfeit, a pledge in stern Death's cold hand,
And to Death he needs must yield him—In grief o'er his coming end
To the faith of the princes round him his son would the king commend,
And he chose out one from among them, the chief of his vassals true,
And his faith was proved and steadfast, and from false ways afar he flew.
And he gave the lad to his keeping, and he quoth, 'Now, with hand and heart,
True service henceforward show him, bid him aye act a kingly part
To vassal alike and stranger; bid him list to the poor man's prayer,
And freely give of his substance.' Thus he left him unto his care.'

'And Prince Lippaut did as his monarch, dying, of him did pray,
Nor failed in aught, but true service he did to his lord alway.
And he took the lad to his castle, and the prince had two children fair,
He loved them well, and I think me, e'en to-day they his love shall share.
One maiden in naught was lacking, save in age, that a knight might crave
Her love for his love's rewarding; Obie was the name they gave
To this maid; Obilot, her sister; and the elder maid, I ween,
Hath wrought ill, for she, and none other, the cause of this strife hath been.'

'It so fell that one day the young king for his service reward would pray,
'Twas an ill thought, she quoth, and she asked him why his wits he had cast away?
And she spake unto him, 'I think me, e'en if thou so old shouldst be,
That 'neath shield thou the hours hadst counted that in worthy strife might flee;
With helmet on head hadst mingled in knightly venture bold,
Till the tale of thy days, if reckoned, full five years more had told;
If there thou hadst won thee honour, and hither hadst come again,
And bowed thyself to my bidding, if a *yea* I to speak were fain
To that which thou now desirest, all too soon should I grant thy prayer—
Thou art dear, I will ne'er deny it, as Galoes to Annora fair;
For death did she seek, and I think me that her seeking was not in vain,

When she lost him, her well belovèd, and her knight in a joust
was slain.'

'Now sore doth it grieve me, Lady, that love worketh so in thee,
That thine anger with words of scorning thus venteth itself on me.
For true service,' quoth he, 'winneth favour, an love thus be well
approved;
O'er-weening thy pride thus to taunt me that madness my speech
had moved!
Small wisdom in this thou showest, 'twere better thou hadst
bethought,
How thy father is but my vassal, and save of my grace hath
naught!'

'For that which he holds can he serve thee,' she spake, 'higher is
my aim,
For fief will I hold of no man, none shall me as vassal claim!
And so high do I prize my freedom that no crown it shall be too
high,
That an earthly head e'er weareth!' Then he spake out wrathfully,
'Methinks thou hast been well tutored, that thy pride shall have
waxed so great,
An thy father such counsel gave thee, then penance on wrong
shall wait—
'Tis meet that for this I arm me, some wounded shall be, some
slain,
An they call it or war, or Tourney, many spears shall they break in
twain!'

'Thus in anger he left the maiden, and all did his wrath bemoan,
Yea, full sore it grieved the lady—Her father must well atone,
Tho' he sware as his lord reproached him, guiltless of wrong was
he,
(Or straight were his ways or crooked, his peers should his judges
be,
All the princes in court assembled)—that he to this strait was
brought
Thro' no sin of his own—And eager the prince from his lord
besought
His favour and love as of old time, but in vain he for peace might
pray,
For anger it ruled the monarch, and his gladness was reft away.'

'Tho' hasty the prince they counselled a prisoner to make his lord,
His host had he been, and such treason of a true knight were aye
abhorred.
Farewell, the king ne'er bade him, but he rode forth in wrath and
pride,
And his pages, the sons of princes, aloud in their sorrow cried.
Long time with the king they dwelt there, and goodwill they to
Lippaut bare,

For in truth did he aye entreat them, nor failed them in knighthood fair.
'Tis my master alone who is wrathful, tho' he, too, Lippaut's care might claim,
A Frenchman, the lord of Beauvais, Lisavander they call his name.
And the one alike and the other, ere a knight's shield they thought to bear,
Must renounce the prince's service, and war against Lippaut swear;
And some shall be prince's children, and some not so highly born,
Whom the king to the ranks of knighthood hath lifted, I ween, this morn.'

'And one who in strife is skilful and bold doth the vanguard lead,
Poidikonjonz of Gros, and with him hath he many an armed steed.
And Meljanz is son to his brother; and haughty of heart the twain,
The young as the old, I think me discourtesy here doth reign!'

'Thus these two kings, moved by anger, will forth unto Beaurosch ride,
Where with toil he would win the favour that the maid to his love denied.
And there with thrust and onslaught shall be broken many a spear;
Yet so well is Beaurosch guarded that, tho' twenty hosts were here,
Each one than our army greater, it ne'er to our force would yield!
The rear-guard knoweth naught of my journey, from the others I stole this shield,
Lest perchance my lord should find here a joust, and with onslaught fierce
And clash of the meeting chargers the spear thro' his shield might pierce.'

Then the squire he looked behind him, and his lord on his track did ride,
Three steeds and twelve spears unsplintered sped onward his rein beside.
And I ween that his haste betrayed him, he would fain in the foremost flight
The first joust for his own have challenged, so read I the tale aright.

Then the squire he spake unto Gawain, 'Thy leave I, Sir Knight, would pray,'
And he turned him again to his master—What should Gawain do alway
Save see how this venture ended? Yet awhile he doubted sore,
And he thought, 'If I look on conflict, and fight not as aye of yore,
Then methinks shall my fame be tarnished; and yet if I here delay,
E'en tho' it may be for battle, then in sooth is it reft away,

My meed of worldly honour—To fight not, methinks, were best,
First must I fulfil my challenge.' But afresh doubt vexed his breast,
For he deemed that his warlike errand but little might brook
delay,
Yet how could he take his journey thro' this army that barred his
way?
And he quoth, 'Now God give me counsel, and strengthen my
manhood's might,'
And on to the town of Beaurosch rode Gawain as gallant knight.

So before him lay Burg and city; fairer dwelling no man might
know;
Already it shone before him with its turrets in goodly row,
The crown of all other castles—Before it the army lay
On the plain 'neath the walls of the city; thro' the lines must he
take his way,
And right well he marked, Sir Gawain, many tents in a goodly
ring,
And strange banners waved beside them, which strange folk to
the fight would bring;
And doubt in his heart found dwelling, by eagerness cleft in twain
—
Then straight thro' the host encamped there rode the gallant
knight Gawain.

One tent-rope it touched the other, tho' the camp it was long and
wide,
And he saw how they lay, and he noted the task which each one
there plied.
Quoth they, '*Soit bien venu*' then '*Gramercy*' the knight for an
answer gave—
And troops from Semblidag lay there, hired soldiers both strong
and brave;
And closely they camped beside them, the archers from Kahetei
—
And strangers are oft unfriendly; As King Lot's son he passed
them by
No man of them all bade him tarry, so he rode o'er the grassy
plain,
And toward the beleaguered city Sir Gawain he turned his rein.

Then he thought,'Must I e'en as a smuggler, in hiding-place
bestow
My goods, then the town is safer, methinks, than the plain below,
Nor on gain shall my thoughts be turnèd, for this be my care
alone,
An Fate will so far befriend me, to guard that which is mine own!'
To the city gate he rode thus, and he found that which worked
him woe,
None too costly the Burgers deemed it, but their portals against
the foe

Had they walled up; well armed the watch-towers, and he saw on each rampart high
Archers, with cross-bow bended that their bolts 'gainst the foe might fly.
For defence and defiance ready on the battlements they stood.
Up the hillside toward the castle he turned him, that hero good.

Tho' little he knew the pathway to the Burg came the gallant knight,
And straightway his eyes beheld them, full many a lady bright,
For the prince's wife had come there, from the hall abroad to gaze,
And daughters twain stood by her, bright as the sunlight's rays.

Then they spake in such wise as Gawain right well their words might hear—
'Now, who is this,' quoth the mother, 'who doth to our aid draw near?
Where goes he with pack-horse laden?' Spake the elder daughter fair,
'Nay, mother, 'tis but a merchant!' 'Yet he many a shield doth bear.'
'Such shall oft be the wont of merchants!' Then the younger sister spake,
'Thou sayest the thing that is not, and shame to thyself shouldst take,
For surely he is no merchant! My knight shall he be straightway,
If his service here craveth guerdon, such debt I were fain to pay!'

Now the squires they saw how a linden and olive-trees stood fair
Beneath the walls, and they thought them how a welcome shade were there.
What would ye more? Then King Lot's son he straight to the ground did spring
Where the shade was best, and his servants, they swift to their lord would bring
A cushion fair and a mattress, and the proud knight he sat thereon;
From on high gazed a crowd of ladies—Then, as he his rest had won,
They lift adown from the pack-steeds the chests, and the harness bright,
And beneath the trees they laid them who rode here with the gallant knight.

Spake the elder duchess, 'Daughter, what merchant think thou would fare
In such royal guise? Thou wrongest his rank who now sitteth there!'
Then out quoth the younger sister, 'Discourteous she aye shall be,
With pride and scorn did she treat him, our king, Meljanz of Lys,

When her love he besought—unseemly such words and ways I trow!'
Then spake Obie, for anger moved her, 'I see naught in that man below!
There sitteth, methinks, a merchant, and he driveth a goodly trade;
He would that they well were guarded, the chests that his steeds do lade,
And like to a brooding dragon, O foolish sister mine,
O'er his treasure-chest he watcheth, this gallant *knight* of thine!'

And each word that they spake, the maidens, fell clear on Gawain's ear—
Leave we their speech, of the city and its peril ye now must hear.

A water that ships had sailed on 'neath a bridge of stone flowed past,
And the land here was clear of foemen, nor its flood held their armies fast.
A marshal came swiftly riding 'fore the bridge on the plain so wide,
And a goodly camp had he marked out ere his lord to the field should ride.
And he came e'en as they were ready, and with him came many more—
I will tell ye their names who, for truth's sake, and the love they to Lippaut bore,
Here rode to his aid—His brother, men called him Duke Marangliess,
And two swift knights came with him from the land of Brevigariez;
King Schirniel, the gallant monarch who ware crown in Lirivoin,
And with him there rode his brother, the monarch of Avendroin.

Now when the Burgers saw well that help drew anigh their wall
They deemed that an evil counsel which aforetime seemed good to all—
Then out spake their lord, Duke Lippaut, 'Alas! for the woeful hour
That Beaurosch must seal its portals against the foeman's power!
Yet if I against my master in open field had fought,
Then mine honour, methinks, were smitten, and my courtesy brought to naught.
His grace would beseem me better, and gladden me more, I ween,
Than the hatred which now he showeth, of such hate have I guiltless been.
A joust that his hand had smitten but little would grace *my* shield.
Or if *his* of the sword bare token that I 'gainst my king would wield.
Methinketh, tho' wise the woman, she were shamed an she praised such deed—

Yea, say that my king were captive in my tower, I my lord had freed,
And myself had become his prisoner—what had pleased him best to do
Of evil, I'ld gladly bear it, as befitted a vassal true,
And I thank my God of a true heart that I here, a free man, stand,
Tho' spurred by love and anger my king doth invade my land!'
Then he quoth again to the Burgers, 'Now may wisdom with ye be found
To counsel me in the perils that compass my path around.'

Then many a wise man answered, 'Thou hast wrought in no wise amiss,
Might innocence win its guerdon, then thou never hadst come to this.'
Then all with one voice they counselled that the gates be opened wide,
And that he should bid their bravest forthwith unto jousting ride.
And they quoth, 'So to fight were better than thus our ramparts high
To defend 'gainst our king, and the armies twofold that around us lie,
For the most part they are but children who ride with their king to-day,
And 'twere easy to take a hostage, so wrath oft is turned away.
And the king he shall be so minded, that if here knightly deeds be done,
He shall free us perchance from our peril, and the ending of wrath be won.
Far better in field to seek them than forth from our walls be brought
As their captives—Nay, e'en to their tent-ropes, methinks, we with ease had fought
Were it not for the King Poidikonjonz, 'neath his banner the bravest fight;
And there is our greatest peril, the captive Breton knights,
Duke Astor it is who leads them, and foremost in strife are they;
And the king's son is there, Meljakanz; higher his fame to-day
Had Gurnemanz been his teacher! Yet never he feareth fight;
But help have we found against them,'—Now their rede have ye heard aright.

Then the prince he did as they counselled, the portals he open brake,
And the Burgers who ne'er lacked courage their way to the field would take.
Here one jousted, and there another; and the armies they made their way
With high courage towards the city, right good was their vesper-play.

On both sides the troops were countless; manifold was their
battle-cry,
And Scotch and Welsh might ye hearken, for in sooth here I tell
no lie.
And stern were their deeds of knighthood as fitting so stern a
fight,
And bravely those heroes battled, till weary each gallant knight.

And they were little more than children who with the king's army
came,
And they took them as pledge in a corn-field, who thought there
to win them fame,
And he who had ne'er won token of love from a lady fair,
Might never more costly raiment on his youthful body bear;
Of Meljanz the venture telleth that in harness bright he rode,
On high flamed his youthful courage—A charger the king
bestrode
That Meljakanz won when in jousting his foe from his steed he
swung,
'Twas Kay, and so high he smote him that aloft from a bough he
hung;
There Meljakanz won the charger that Meljanz would ride that
day,
And foremost of all the heroes he strove in the knightly fray.
And Obie beheld his jousting, and watched him with eager eye,
As she stood there among her maidens, and gazed from the
palace high.

So quoth she unto her sister, 'See, sister mine, thy knight
And *mine*, unlike do they bear them, for thine hath no will to
fight,
He thinketh for sure this city and castle we needs must lose.
An here we would seek defenders, other champion we needs
must choose!'
And the younger must bear her mocking—then she spake, 'Yet I
trust my knight,
He hath time yet to show his courage, and thy mockery put to
flight.
For here shall he do me service, and his gladness shall be my
care,
An thou holdest him for a merchant, with me shall he trade full
fair!'

As with words they strove, the maidens, he hearkened, the Knight
Gawain,
Yet he made as tho' he heard not as he sat on the grassy plain.
And if knightly soul should hearken, nor feel in the hearing
shame,
'Twould but be that death had freed him from burden of praise or
blame.

Now still lay the mighty army that Poidikonjonz had led,

Save one gallant youth with his vassals, who swift to the combat sped,
And Lanveronz was his dukedom—Here came Poidikonjonz the king,
And the old man wise one and other again to the camp would bring,
For the vesper-play was ended—In sooth had they fought right well,
And for love of many a maiden full many a deed befell.

Then out spake the King Poidikonjonz to Lanveronz' gallant knight,
''Twere fitting to wait for thy leader, an thou lusted for fame to fight.
Dost think thou hast borne thee bravely? See the brave Knight Lahduman,
And here is my son Meljakanz,—Came these two in the van,
And I myself, then, I think me, that a fair fight thou sure shouldst see
Wert thou learnèd enow in combat to know what a fight should be!
I come not again from this city till of strife we have had our fill,
Or man and woman yield them as prisoners to my will!'

Quoth Duke Astor, 'The king, thy nephew, O sire fought before the gate
With his army of Lys—Should thine army here slumber o'er-long and late
The while these others battled? Say when didst thou teach such lore?
Must I slumber while others battle then I'll slumber as ne'er of yore!
Yet believe me, had I not been there then the Burgers had won them fame,
And a fair prize their hand had taken—I have guarded thee here from shame;
In God's Name be no longer wrathful! Such valour thy folk have shown,
They won more than they lost,—I think me fair Obie the same will own!'

Yet Poidikonjonz was wrathful with his nephew, Meljanz the king,
Tho' of many a joust the token the young knight from the field must bring,
And youthful fame ne'er mourneth such pledge of strife, I ween—
Now hear ye again of the maiden who the cause of this strife had been.

Hate enow did she bear to Gawain who was guiltless of ill intent,
And shame would she bring upon him—A servant the maiden sent
Below, to Gawain as he sat there, 'Now ask thou, without delay,

If his steeds be for sale—In his coffers, perchance, he doth bear alway
Goodly raiment that we may purchase; say thou if it so shall be,
Then we ladies above in the castle will buy of him readily.'

So the serving man went, and his greeting was wrath, for Sir Gawain's eye
Taught fear to his heart, and in terror the lad from his face would fly,
And he asked not, nor gave the message his lady had bid him bear.
Nor Gawain held his peace, 'Thou rascal, from hence shalt thou swiftly fare,
For many a blow will I give thee if again thou dost dare draw near!'
Then the lad hied him back to his lady; what she did shall ye straightway hear:

For she bade one speak to the Burg-grave, Scherules they called his name,
Saying, 'This shall he do at my bidding for the sake of his manly fame;
'Neath the olive-trees by the Burg-moat stand seven steeds, I trow,
In them shall he find his guerdon, and riches beside enow.
A merchant will here deal falsely—I pray he prevent such deed.
I trust in his hand; none shall blame him, if the goods he doth hold for meed.'

The squire went below as she bade him, and his lady's plaint he bare;
'From knavery must we guard us,' quoth Scherules, 'I forth will fare.'
So he rode where Gawain was seated whose courage might never fail,
And he found there all weakness lacking, high heart that for naught would quail,
And a face so fair to look on—Scherules he saw him well,
And his arms and hands so skilful that a knightly tale might tell.
And he spake, 'Thou art here a stranger, Sir Knight, sure good wit we need
Since here thou hast found no lodging; as sin shalt thou count such deed.
I will now myself be marshal, folk and goods, all I call mine own
That freely shall do thee service; nor host to his guest hath shown
Such favour as I would show thee.' 'Thy favour,' quoth Knight Gawain,
'As yet shall be undeservèd, yet to follow thee am I fain.'

Then Scherules, of honour worthy, he spake of a true heart free,
'Since the office hath fallen to me, thy guardian 'gainst loss I'll be,

If the outer host would rob thee, thou shalt call to thine aid mine hand,'
Then, smiling, he spake to the servants whom he saw round their master stand,
'Now load ye again your harness that never a piece shall fail,
For hence must we ride, and shelter shall ye find in the lower vale.'

With the Burg-grave he rode, Sir Gawain, nor Obie her wrong would own,
But she sent a minstrel maiden whom her father right well had known,
And she bade her bear the tidings, a false coiner had passed that way,
'And goodly and rich is his lading; by his knighthood my father pray,
Since many a hireling serves him for steed, and garb, and gold,
That he here let them take their payment, 'twere enow, were they sevenfold.'

To the prince did she tell, the minstrel, all that his daughter said—
Now to win so rich a booty that his hirelings may be well paid,
The need right well he knoweth who hath ridden forth to war,
And Lippaut, the prince so faithful, by his soldiers was pressed full sore—
Then he thought, 'I must win this treasure or by love or by force to-day.'
And swiftly he rode; but Scherules, he met him upon his way,
'Now whither dost ride so swiftly?' 'A knave would I here pursue,
A false coiner is he, I think me, if the tale I have heard be true!
Now guiltless in sooth was Gawain, 'twas but thro' his steeds and gold
That suspicion on him had lighted—Then loud laughed the Burg-grave bold,
And he quoth, 'Nay, sire, they misled thee, they lied who thus told the tale
Were it wife, or man, or maiden—Nor knighthood my guest shall fail,
Far otherwise shalt thou judge him, no die he methinks shall hold;
Ne'er bare he the purse of the changer, if the tale shall aright be told.
Look thou on his mien, and hearken his word, in my house is he,
An knighthood aright thou readest then thou knighthood in him shalt see,
And ne'er was he bold in falsehood—Whoever hath done him wrong,
An my child it were, or my father; whose wrath waxeth fierce and strong,
An my kinsman it be, or my brother, then the rudder of strife shall turn

'Gainst myself, for I will defend him from the wrong that he ne'er did earn,
If I with thy will may do so. The knight's garb would I gladly change
For the hermit's robe of sackcloth, and afar thro' the wide world range
In a land where none may know me, than here thou shouldst reap thee shame!
Methinks it would better fit thee to welcome such guests as came,
Who have heard the tale of thy sorrow, than to rob them of goods and gold;
'Twould better beseem my master as treason such deed to hold!'

The prince spake, 'I fain would see him.' 'Methinks 'twill not harm my guest.'
So he rode where he looked on Gawain, and two eyes and a heart confessed
(The eyes and the heart of Lippaut) that the stranger was fair to see,
And knighthood and manly virtue the mate to his mien should be.

Whosoe'er, by true love constrainèd, hath felt of true love the pain,
Then his heart, as right well ye know it, doth forfeit to Love remain,
And so doth she change and rule it that no mouth can the wonder speak,
Be it heart of man or of maiden on which she her will would wreak,
And the wise doth she bend to folly. Now the twain they were lovers true,
King Meljanz and maiden Obie—His anger ye needs must rue,
Since in wrath he had ridden from her; of sorrow such load she bare
That her spirit was moved to anger unfitting a maiden fair.
And, guiltless, must Gawain suffer, and others must feel her pain;
She had womanly ways forsaken when she gave to her wrath the rein.
Whene'er she beheld the hero as a thorn was he to her sight,
For her heart was fain that Meljanz be held for the bravest knight,
And she thought, 'Doth he bring me sorrow, then sorrow I'll gladly bear,
O'er all the world do I love him, my hero, so young and fair,
And my heart for his love aye yearneth.' Oft anger from love doth grow,
Nor blame ye o'er-much the maiden if her love she by wrath would show.

Now list how he spake, her father, as he looked on the Knight Gawain
And bade him a kindly welcome—In this wise he spake again,
'Sir Knight, it may be that thy coming the dawn of our bliss hath been;
Thro' many a land have I journeyed, but no face have I ever seen
So fair to mine eyes as thy face. In this our day of grief
Thy coming shall bring us comfort, thro' thee may we find relief.'
Then he prayed him take part in the conflict—'If harness shall lack to thee
All thou needest will I prepare thee, so here thou wilt fight for me.'

Then out quoth the gallant Gawain, 'That would I of right goodwill,
I am strong, and well armed for battle, yet from strife must I hold me still,
Nor fight till the hour appointed; or else would I gladly fare
As thou farest, the fate of battle with thee were I fain to share.
But now must I needs forego it, for 'tis fitting I first should fight
With the foeman to whom I pledged me on mine honour as faithful knight.
By the favour I claim from all true knights my fame must I there defend
Or die on the field—To this conflict, Sir Knight, I my way would wend!'

Then a grief were his words to Lippaut, and he quoth, 'By thy knightly fame,
And thy courtesy, do thou hear me, for free shall I be from blame.
Two daughters have I, and I love them, and dear to my heart are they,
In the joy God in them hath given would I live to my dying day.
Yea, well is me for my children, tho' sorrow thro' them I win,
And the one of my two fair daughters methinks hath her share therein,
And unlike, tho' alike, we share it—for thro' Love doth my lord and king
Work sorrow to her, and thro' Hatred his forces 'gainst me would bring.
And thus do I read the riddle, my lord worketh ill to me,
Since a *son* I lack, but I wot well that my *daughters* shall dearer be.
What, then, if for them I suffer? Then my woe do I count for weal —
Who hath never an heir save his daughter, tho' the sword ne'er her grip may feel,
Yet other defence may she bring him, she may win him a son and heir;
And such is my hope!'—Quoth Gawain, 'God grant thee this favour fair!'

Then Lippaut he sorely pressed him, 'In God's name give thy pleading o'er,'
Spake the son of King Lot, 'I pray thee, of thy courtesy ask no more,
Nor let me betray mine honour—Yet this will I do, Sir Knight,
I will think the thing o'er, and my answer shalt thou have ere it draw to night.'

Then he thanked him, the prince, and he rode forth; in the courtyard he found alway
His child with the Burg-grave's daughter; with rings did the maidens play.
'Now, daughter mine, whence camest thou?' thus to Obilot he spake,
'Father, I came from the castle, to the strange knight my way I'ld take,
I would pray him as knight to serve me, methinks he will hear my prayer,
And do for my sake such service as winneth rewarding fair!'
'Nay, I fear me, my little daughter, for he saith me nor yea, nor nay,
But plead thou as I have pleaded.' To the guest did she run straightway.

So came she to Gawain's chamber, he greeted her courteously,
At her fairy feet he sat him, and thanked her that, maidenly,
She spake for him to her sister; and he quoth, 'Now if ever a knight
Had fought for so small a maiden, I were ready for thee to fight!'

Then the little maiden tender spake out so frank and free,
'Sir Knight, as God is witness, the first man thou aye shalt be
With whom I have held free converse; if in this my maiden shame
And my courtesy I wrong not, then joy as reward I claim!
For ever my mistress taught me how speech is the crown of thought,
And I pray thee, Sir Knight, to help us—Thro' sorrow thine aid I sought;
An thou wilt, all our need I'll tell thee, nor do thou be wroth with me,
For I do as befits a maiden, and my prayer to *myself* shall be.
For altho' our name be diverse, yet methinks that *thou* art *I*,
Take thou my name, and maiden and knight art thou verily.
This grace from us both do I pray here, and if I from hence must go
Ashamed, and my prayer unanswered, then, Sir Knight, I would have thee know
That thy knightly fame must answer to thy knightly courtesy,
Since my maidenhood sought for shelter in vain in thy chivalry.
But if thou indeed wilt hearken, and do me this thing I ask,

With a true heart true love I'll give thee as rewarding for knightly task.'

'And art thou true man and courteous, then surely thou'lt do my will,
For see, wilt thou serve a maiden, I am worthy thy service still.
'Tis true that my father kinsman and cousin for help hath prayed,
But for that shalt thou not refuse us, for my love shalt thou give thine aid!'

Then he quoth, 'Thy lips, sweet maiden, would bid me my word forswear,
Wouldst have me my pledge to forfeit? On my knightly honour fair
I pledged my word—An I fail me, 'twere better methinks to die.
Yet, e'en an I did thee service for thy love, still long years must fly
Ere yet thou shalt be a woman, and my service might well approve.'
Then he thought how Parzival trusted less in God than in woman's love,
And the words he spake bare the message of the maid unto Gawain's heart;
And he vowed to the little lady to bear arms on her father's part,
And, laughing, he spake, 'My sword-blade thy little hand must guide,
If my foeman a fair joust seeketh, then thou must against him ride;
And for me shalt thou strive in conflict, for tho' men think they see *me* fight
Yet *thou* in my stead shalt have battled,—so keep I my pledge aright.'

Then she spake, 'That will I, right gladly, thy shelter and shield I'll be,
Thine heart, and thine heart's best comfort, since from grief thou hast set me free.
Thy friend will I be and comrade, and whatever chance betide,
A roof 'gainst misfortune's stormcloud, safe dwelling wherein to hide.
True peace this my love shall give thee, Good Fortune to thee I'll bring;
That-thy strength may by naught be vanquished, I'll guard thee 'gainst host and king.
Host am I alike and hostess—To combat I'll ride with thee,
An thou keepest my words in remembrance strength and bliss shall thy portion be.'

Then out quoth the gallant Gawain, 'Yea, maiden, the twain I'll share,
Since my life I vow to thy service, thy love and thy comfort fair.'
And the hand of the little maiden the while in his strong clasp lay
—

Then she quoth, 'To fulfil mine office I must hence to the Burg away,
Wouldst thou fare forth without my aiding, and without my token fight?
Nay, for that all too dear I hold thee—My part will I play aright,
And my token I will prepare thee, and if thou my pledge shalt bear
Then I wot well that o'er all others thy glory shall blossom fair.'

Then they went forth, the little maidens, and Gawain, the stranger guest,
They thanked with sweet words and kindly, and thus he his speech addrest,
'When older ye twain shall be waxen, were they spears, every woodland bough,
And the forest bare naught but spear-shafts, then too poor were the crop, I trow!
If your childhood shall thus be powerful, what then of your maidenhood?
For your favour brave knights shall shatter both strong shield and spear-shaft good!'

Then forth sped the little maidens, and their hearts they were glad and gay;
And she spake, the Burg-grave's daughter, 'Lady, I prithee say
What wilt give to thy knight for a token, since naught but our dolls have we?
An mine were but somewhat fairer I would give it right willingly
Nor be wroth with thee for the taking, we should strive not o'er that I ween!'
Then Lippaut the prince o'ertook them half-way on the hillside green,
And he saw Obilot and Claudítté, as up towards the Burg they sped,
And he bade them stand still, and await him, and his daughter towards him fled.

'Father, I never needed thy help as I do to-day,
Now give me I pray thy counsel, for the knight he hath said me yea.'
'Whate'er be thy will, little daughter, an I may, I will give it thee,
For happy the day whose dawning brought thee, a fair gift to me,
Then Good Fortune smiled sweetly on me.' 'I will tell thee, my father dear,
But the thing that so sore doth vex me thou must it in secret hear,
So hearken, and do as I pray thee!' Then he bade them to lift the maid
On his charger, 'But what of my playmate?' Many knights round their leader stayed,
And they strove which of them should take her, for each one well pleased would be,

Then one as his prize he claimed her, for Claudittè was fair to see.
Then riding, he spake, her father, 'Now Obilot tell to me
How dost thou need my counsel? What is it that vexeth thee?'
'I have promised my knight a token, and my wits were I ween astray,
If nothing I find to give him then worthless my life to-day;
Since he vowed unto me his service then in sooth must I blush for shame,
If I give him naught—Never hero truer love from a maid might claim!'

Then he quoth, 'Trust to me, little daughter, and thy token I will prepare,
If service from him thou winnest thou shalt give him his payment fair,
If thy mother she too be willing—God grant he may bring us aid,
That gallant knight and worthy; what trust I on him have laid!
Tho' never a word to the hero had I spoken before to-day,
Yet last night in a dream I saw him, as asleep on my couch I lay.'

Then Lippaut he sought the Duchess, and with him he led the maid,
And he quoth, 'Now lady, help us, for we twain sorely need thine aid;
And my heart would shout for gladness that God gave me this maiden fair,
And parted me from the sorrow that I all guiltless bare.'
Then out spake the Duchess, 'Tell me, what wilt thou of my grace?'
'Lady, since thou wilt hearken, this maid craves a better dress,
And she deems she of right may ask it, since a knight will her token bear,
And he asketh her love, and he offers to do for her service fair.'
Then out spake the maiden's mother, 'Ah, good and gallant knight!
Of the stranger I ween thou speakest, as May-tide his glance of light.'

Then samite of Ethnisé the wise mistress she bade them bear
And rich stuffs as yet unsevered, and silk of Tabronit fair
From far Tribalibot's kingdom—Red the gold on Kaucasus' strand,
And fair is I ween the raiment which the heathen, with cunning hand,
Wrought from silk, with the gold inwoven—And Lippaut, the prince, he bade
That therefrom for his little daughter fitting garments should straight be made.
Nor the best would he grudge to the maiden, and they shaped her a garment fair,
Of silk that with gold was heavy; but one white arm they left yet bare,

And a sleeve that the arm had covered from the vesture they cut away,
This should Gawain win for his token and badge in the coming fray.
So this was the gift that she gave him, a rich silk of Orient bright,
That was brought from the land of the paynim, and had covered her arm so white.
But they sewed it not to the garment, nor wrought it at all with thread,
And Claudittè to Gawain bare it, when home from the Burg she sped.

And free from all care was the hero; and three were his shields so bright,
And on one straightway he bound it, and glad was the gallant knight;
And fairest thanks he gave her, and oft would he praise the road
On which the maid had trodden when she sought him in his abode,
And so gently bade him welcome, and with sweet words and maiden wile
Had made him rich in gladness, and made joy on his path to smile.

Now the daylight had waned, and the night fell,—many valiant knights and good,
A mighty force, lay on each side,—the besiegers were e'en a flood.
Were they less, for the folk of the city their army enow should be.
And now by the light of the moonbeams they would fain to their outworks see;
Nor terror nor cowardice moved them, they were ready ere break of day,
Twelve breast-works wide, and a deep moat before every earth-work lay.
Thus they shielded them well from onslaught, and to every earth-work wide
Were barbicans three, that the army might forth to the conflict ride.

And at four of the gates the Marshal, Kardefablet of Jamore,
With his army bravely battled, as men well at the dawning saw.
And the rich Duke fought full knightly; he was brother to Lippaut's wife,
And stronger in heart than others who yet bear them well in strife,
And for men of war are reckoned—In conflict he grief would bear —
With nightfall his host drew nearer, from far land would he hither fare,
For but seldom from stress of battle or conflict he turned aside,

And four of their gates he guarded right well in his warlike pride.

The force from beyond the river passed o'er it ere morning light,
And entered the walls of Beaurosch, as Lippaut should deem it right.
But they of Jamore had ridden o'er the bridge before the gate,
And every door was guarded, and warlike their foes they wait,
Ere ever the day had dawnèd—Scherules one door would ward,
Which he and the brave Knight Gawain would let not from out their guard.
And there had ye heard lamentation from the lips of many a knight,
And the best they were who mourned thus, they had failed here to see the fight,
For the vesper-play was ended ere yet they a joust might share.
Yet needless their lamentation, for countless they proffered there
To all who had lust for battle, and to joust in the field would ride.
In the streets saw ye many a hoof-track, and there drew in on every side
Full many a tossing banner by the light of the moonbeam's ray.
And many a costly helmet would they wear in the joust that day,
And spears with bright colours blazoned—A Regensburg silk, I ween,
Had been held of little value 'fore Beaurosch on the meadow green.
For many a coat emblazoned had ye looked upon that day,
Whose goal had methinks been higher in the cost that its lord would pay.

And the night, as of old her custom, had yielded her place to day,
Nor by song of the lark might they know it, for they hearkened far other lay,
Whose voice was the voice of warfare with the crash of the splintered spear,
As a cloud that is cleft and riven when the thunderbolt falleth near.
And the King of Lys' young army sought the host of Lirivoin,
And there, with his warriors, battled the monarch of Avendroin;
And many a joust rang loudly, e'en as when one is wont to throw
Chestnuts within the furnace that burst in the fiery glow.
Ah, me! how they strove together that morn on the grassy plain,
How the knights spurred their steeds to jousting, and the Burgers they fought amain.

Now Gawain, and his host the Burg-grave, since it health to their souls might bring,
And yield them a meed of blessing, bade a priest a Mass to sing;
And he sang unto God and the heroes—And the prize of their fame waxed fair,
For this was their pious bidding—Then they would to their post repair,

But their rampart ere this was guarded by many a gallant knight,
The followers they of Scherules, and well would those heroes fight.

And what should I tell ye further? Poidikonjonz was proud I ween,
And he came with such host, if in Schwarzwald each bough had a spearshaft been
I had looked on no greater forest than here on this field ye saw.
And six banners they bare, and early to battle would nearer draw,
With ringing blasts of trumpet e'en as thunder that wakeneth fear,
And drums strove amain with the trumpets, and smote on the listening ear.
If a grass blade were left untrampled by the conflict I knew it not —
E'en now shall the Erfurt vineyards show such tokens of strife, I wot!

Then hither he came, Duke Astor, and he fought with the men of Jamore,
And for sharp joust the spears they whetted, and many a knight they bore
From his saddle down on the meadow, and for combat they aye were fain;
And clear rang the stranger war-cries—And masterless o'er the plain
Sped many a gallant charger, and afoot went the fallen knight,
For I ween he had learnt the lesson how one oft is o'erthrown in fight.

Then he saw, the gallant Gawain, how out on the plain afar
The host of both friend and foeman were mingled in deadly war;
And he spurred him swift towards them; nor 'twas light in his steps to tread,
Tho' little they spared their chargers, those knights who behind him sped,
Scherules and his vassals—Gawain gave them pain, I trow,
Ah, me! for the spears he shivered and the knights that he laid alow.

Had God given him not such valour, this knight of the Table Round,
Then in sooth had one made petition for the fame that he there had found.
'Twas all as one, both armies, 'gainst the twain did he set his hand,
That of Gros as of Lys—Many chargers did he win from each knightly band,
And straightway the hero brought them where his host's banner waved on high,
And he asked who was there who should need them? And many swift reply;

Then he gave them e'en as they answered, and rich were they all,
I trow,
Thro' this brother-in-arms whose friendship they here for a space
should know.

Then there came a knight fast spurring, nor spears did he think to
spare
The Lord of Beauvais and Gawain they rode 'gainst each other
there,
And the young knight, Lisavander, midst the flowers of the field
he lay,
From his saddle behind his charger did Gawain thrust the prince
that day.
For the sake of his squire shall this grieve me, who yestreen so
courteous spake,
And told to Gawain the tidings, and whence all this woe did wake.
He dismounted, and bent o'er his master, and Gawain he knew
his face,
And he gave him the steed he had won there, and the squire
thanked his hand of grace.

Now see ye how Kardefablet himself on the ground doth stand
From a joust that was ridden against him, and aimed by young
Meljanz' hand;
From the ground his warriors lift him, and loud rings the battle-
cry
'Jamore!' and the clashing sword-blades to the challenge make
swift reply.
And closer the fight draws round him, onslaught on onslaught
pressed,
And the blows ring loud and deafening that fall on each knightly
crest.
Then Gawain called his men around him, and swift to his aid he
sped,
And he covered the knight with the banner of his host that flew
high o'erhead,
And many brave knights had been felled there—Tho' witness I
never knew,
Yet in sooth ye may well believe me for the venture it telleth true!

Then the Count of Montane rode 'gainst Gawain, and a goodly
joust they ran,
And behind his horse, on the meadow, lay the brave Knight
Lahduman,
And the hero, proud and gallant, his pledge unto Gawain gave.
And nearest of all to the ramparts fought Duke Astor with heroes
brave,
And many a joust was ridden, and many a spear was crossed;
'Nantes! Nantes!' came the war-cry pealing, the cry of King
Arthur's host,

Firm they stood, and no whit they yielded, the captive Breton knights,
And hirelings from Erec's kingdom and men spake of their deeds of might—
The Duke of Lanveronz led them—So well did they fight that day
That Poidikonjonz well might free them, since his captives they were alway;
At the mountain Cluse from King Arthur, in the days that were long gone by,
As his prisoners did he win them, when they stormed him right valiantly.
And here, as was aye their custom, where'er they might chance to fight,
They shouted 'Nantes' as their war-cry, 'twas the way of these men of might;
And many had waxed grey-bearded, and on every Breton breast
Or high on their helmet gleaming stood a Gampilon for their crest.
For as Ilinot's arms they bare it, who was Arthur's gallant son—
And Gawain he sighed as he saw it (small fame he 'gainst these had won).
And his heart awoke to sorrow for the blazon right well he knew,
And it filled him again with anguish for the death of his kinsman true.
And his eyes ran o'er with tear-drops, and he passed them upon the field,
Nor with them would he fight—Thus to friendship a hero full oft shall yield!

Then he rode on to Meljanz' army, whom the Burgers with might withstood,
And their rightful meed of honour they won from the warriors good;
Tho' perforce 'gainst o'ermastering numbers they had failed to hold the field,
And backward within their trenches awhile to the foe must yield.

And he who the Burgers challenged his harness glowed red as flame,
'The Nameless Knight' they called him for none knew from whence he came;
And I tell it to ye as I heard it, to Meljanz he rode, this knight,
But three days back, and the Burgers must mourn it in coming fight
That he swore his aid to their foeman—Twelve squires unto him he gave,
To serve him as meet in the jousting, and to follow to onslaught brave.
And the spears their hand might proffer those spears he right swiftly brake,

And clear rang his joust o'er the tumult, when he did as his captives take
King Schirniel and his brother; nor he would from his pledge release
The knight whom he here had vanquished, the Duke of Marangliess.
And bravely they fought mid the foremost, and he vanquished them as they stood,
Yet their folk still held them valiant tho' reft of their leaders good.

And there fought the young King Meljanz, and all were they friend or foe,
They owned greater deeds of valour a young knight might seldom show;
By his hand were the strong shields cloven—Ah! the spears that he brake in twain
As the forces together mingling dashed swift o'er the battle-plain.
And his young heart for conflict lusted, and none gave him of strife his fill.
And it vexed him sore, till Gawain would joust with him at his will.

Then Gawain took a spear of Angram, that he won him at Plimizöl,
And twelve were those spears—The war-cry of Meljanz was 'Barbigöl!'
Of his kingdom of Lys 'twas chief city—Gawain aimed his joust so true,
And Oraste Gentesein taught sorrow to the king since it pierced him thro'
That strong shaft of reed; his shield piercing, it brake in his arm of might—
And a fair joust again was ridden, and Gawain smote the King in flight;
And the hinder bow of the saddle it brake, and those heroes twain
They stood on their feet, and valiant, they battled with swords amain.
'Twere more than enough such labour for two churls on the threshing-floor,
And each one bare the sheaf of the other, and each smote the other sore.

And a spear must Meljanz carry that had smitten him thro' the arm,
And thro' conflict fierce the hero in blood and sweat waxed warm.
Then Gawain by force he drave him within a portal wide,
And he bade him his pledge to swear him, nor the young king his will defied;
Were he not so sorely wounded then so swiftly he ne'er were known,
To yield himself to a foeman, but his prowess had longer shown.

Then Lippaut the prince, the land's host, his valour might not restrain
With the monarch of Gros he battled; and alike must they suffer pain,
Both man and steed from the bow-shots, for their skill they were fain to show,
They of Semblidag, and Kahetines, for they fled as they bent the bow.
And the Burgers must well bethink them the foe from their lines to hold,
But foot-soldiers had they, and sheltered by their ramparts they battled bold.
And he who of life was forfeit for the wrath of a maid must pay,
For her folly and scorn on her people brought sorrow enow that day.
But what part therein had Lippaut? I think me his lord of old,
King Schaut, ne'er had thus beset him! Now faint waxed those heroes bold.

But Meljakanz still fought bravely—Do ye think it was whole, his shield?
Not a hand's-breadth wide was the fragment—Then he bare him across the field
Duke Kardefablet, and I think me the Tourney it came to stand
On the meadow fair and flowery, for fast locked was either band.
Then Gawain he rode swiftly to them, and he pressed Meljakanz so sore,
E'en Launcelot, gallant hero, ne'er wrought him such grief afore
When the sword bridge he crossed to battle—Her captivity pleased him ill,
The Queen Guinevere, and he thought him by the sword-blade to free her still.
King Lot's son he rode full gallop—Meljakanz, what could he do
But spur his steed towards him? And many that joust must view.
Who lay there behind his charger? He whom the gallant knight
Of Norroway had smitten to earth with his spear of might.
And many a knight and lady they looked on this joust so fair,
And they spake in praise of Gawain, and his fame would aloud declare.
And the maidens right well might see it as they looked from the hall on high.
Underfoot was Meljakanz trampled; many steeds did o'er him fly,
And tare with their hoofs his surcoat, who fodder might taste no more,
And they covered the prostrate hero with rain of sweat and gore.
'Twas a day of doom for the chargers, but the vultures at will might feast;
And Duke Astor he came to the rescue, and from them of Jamore released
Meljakanz, or else was he captive, and he raised him from off the ground—

And the Tourney was o'er, and the combat methinks had its ending found.

Now who had as knight best ridden, or best for a maiden fought?
Nay, I know not, an I would name them small leisure such task had brought.
For Maid Obilot's sake with the townsfolk a knight valiant deeds had dared;
Without, a Red Knight fought bravely, and the fame 'twixt those two was shared.

When the guest of the outer army had learnt he no thanks might win
From the king he had served, since Meljanz was captive the town within,
He rode where his squires were waiting, and thus to his prisoners spake,
'Sir Knights, ye your word have pledged me; ill-chance doth me here o'ertake,
For King Meljanz of Lys is captive—Now if ye such grace can find
With his captors, that for *your* freedom *his* fetters they will unbind,
Such service I'ld gladly do him!' To the King of Avendroin
He spake, and to Duke Marangliess, and King Schirniel of Lirivoin.
And this oath must they swear unto him, ere they rode the walls within,
To loose Meljanz, or if they failed here, to help him the Grail to win.
But never a word could they tell him of where It was hid, the Grail,
Save 'twas guarded by King Anfortas, but further, their lore must fail.

When thus they spake, quoth the Red Knight, 'Then if it shall still betide
That my wish find not here fulfilment, ye to Pelrapär shall ride,
And unto the fair queen yielding say, "He who in days of yore
Faced Kingron for her and Klamidé, for the Grail now sorroweth sore,
As he yearneth for her, his lady, and after the twain in thought
And deed is he ever striving." To her be this message brought
And ye heroes bear it truly, and as on your way ye ride
God have ye in His safe keeping, for the world and its ways are wide.'

Then they prayed his leave, and they rode hence—And the knight to his squires he spake,
'Here is booty none may gainsay us, of these steeds ye at will may take;
But leave me one for my riding, since sore wounded mine own shall be.'
Spake the Squires, 'Sir Knight, we must thank thee for the grace thou hast shown us free,

For our lifetime hast thou enriched us.' Then he chose in his charger's stead,
With the close-cropped ears, Ingliart, the same that from Gawain fled,
When Meljanz he made his captive, and the twain they must fall in field,
And the Red Knight's hand had caught it, when hewn was many a shield.

Then Farewell the hero bade them—Full fifteen steeds they tell,
To the squires he left, unwounded, in sooth might they thank him well.
And they prayed him to linger with them, and abide with them yet a space,
But far hence lay the goal he was seeking, and the road he was fain to trace.
So he turned him about, the hero, to where ease should be bought full dear
For naught but strife was he seeking—In the days that ye read of here
No knight e'en as he had battled—Then the outer host would ride
To where they might find a lodging, and in peace for a space abide.

And within, Lippaut spake, and asked them how matters had gone that day?
That Meljanz was taken captive, that tale did he know alway.
And all was as he would have it, and comfort the hour would bear —
And Gawain loosed the sleeve full gently from his shield, lest perchance it tear,
For he deemed it o'er good for tearing, and Claudítté she held it fast,
And 'twas slashed in the sides and the centre with the spears that had thro' it passed;
And he bade her to Obilot bear it, and glad was the little maid,
On her bare white arm soft-rounded the tattered sleeve she laid,
And spake, 'Who hath done this for me?' whene'er she her sister saw,
And wrathful her elder sister her maiden mischief bore.

Then, as weariness it bade them, the knights they craved for rest —
Then Scherules took Count Lahduman, and Gawain his gallant guest
And many a knight whom he found there, whom Gawain with valiant hand
Had o'erthrown on the field of battle tho' strife they might well withstand.
And the Burg-grave rich he bade them to sit them in order fair,

And he and his wearied vassals would stand 'fore their monarch there
Till Meljanz his fill had eaten—And they treated him courteously,
But Gawain, o'er-much he deemed it, and he spake out, frank and free,

'Methinks an the king allow thee, Sir Host, thou shouldst take a seat.'
Thus spake Gawain in his wisdom, as his courtesy found it meet.
But the host gave his prayer denial, 'The king's man is that gallant knight
My master, this were his office if the king had but deemed it right
To take, as of old, his service—My lord thro' his courtesy
Will not see the face of his monarch while exiled from grace is he.
An it pleaseth God of friendship to sow here the seed once more,
Then joyful we'll do his bidding with one will, as in days of yore.'

Then spake the youthful Meljanz, 'Yea, courteous knights and true
Were ye, when I dwelt among ye, nor your rede did I ever rue.
An I now had thy counsel followed, this even had seen me glad;
Now give me thine aid Count Scherules, for the trust that I ever had
In thy faith, with this knight my captor, and with him my second sire
Duke Lippaut—for well I think me they will do as thou shalt require—
Yea, pray them to show me favour, for friends had we been to-day
Had not Obie such jest played on me as no maiden I ween should play!'

Then out spake the gallant Gawain, 'Afresh shall be knit a band
That naught but death can sever'—Then they came whom the Red Knight's hand
Without had taken captive, on the height would they seek their king,
And they told him all that befell them; and Gawain must list the thing,
And they told of the arms of the hero, how their strength before his must fail,
And how he their pledge had taken, and had bidden them seek the Grail;
And he thought how the knight of this venture was none other than Parzival,
And his thanks uprose to high Heaven that no evil did there befall,
But that God apart had held them, and they met not in strife that day.
And courteous I ween were those heroes that they tore not the veil away,

But both of them there were nameless, and none knew from whence they came,
Yet I wot well the world around them rang fair with their warlike fame.

To Meljanz he spake, Scherules, 'Now, Sire, wilt thou list to me?
Look thou again on my master, and such rede as is given to thee
By friends on both sides shalt thou hearken, and thine anger shalt thou recall;'
And all deemed it good, the counsel, so they rode to the royal hall,
The inner force of the city, as the Marshal was fain to pray.
Then Gawain took the Count Lahduman, and the captives he made that day,
And he gathered them all around him, and the pledge that to him they gave
When he erst on the field o'erthrew them, must they yield to the Burg-grave brave,
And gladly they did his bidding—To the palace the heroes fare,
And rich garments as fit for a monarch did the wife of the Burg-grave bear;
And a veil did she give unto Meljanz that should serve him for a sling
For the arm that Gawain had wounded, when his spear smote the youthful king.

And Gawain by the mouth of Scherules, Obilot his lady prayed;
Fain would the hero see her, his life in her hand he laid,
And would crave from her lips dismissal—and further the hero spake,
'I leave the king here, her captive, and I pray her such thought to take
That she may in such wise entreat him, that her honour shall wax apace!'
And Meljanz spake, 'Well I know this, Obilot is of maiden grace
And maiden worth the glory; and joyful am I at heart
If her captive I be, for in gladness methinks shall I have my part,'
Then out quoth the gallant Gawain, 'Her prisoner art thou alone,
'Tis *she* who hath captive made thee, and *my* glory is here her own.'

Before them rode Scherules—As was fitting for royal court,
Nor man was there nor maiden but had robed them in such sort
That one, in poor guise and scanty, might scarce have been seen that day—
They who sware their pledge to the Red Knight with Meljanz must take their way.
And there in the hall of the castle they sat in their order four,
Lippaut, his wife, and his daughters, as the guests passed within the door.

Up sprang the host and hastened his lord and king to greet,

And close pressed the crowd around them as friend with foe did meet;
By Gawain's side stood Meljanz. 'Now, an it were here thy will,
Thy friend of old, the Duchess, with kiss would she greet thee still.'
And Meljanz to his host made answer, '*Two* ladies I think to see
From whom I'll take kiss and greeting—but the *third* naught shall win from me.'

And the parents wept; but the maiden, Obilot, was glad and gay,
And they greeted their king with kisses; and two beardless kings that day
They kissed, with the Duke of Marangliess, and the gallant Knight Gawain.
And they brought him his little lady, and the fair child he clasped again,
And e'en as a doll he held her so close to his manly breast,
As joy and delight constrained him, and to Meljanz his speech addrest:
'Thine hand hath surety pledged me, of that shall thou now be free,
In my right arm I hold my lady, *her* captive thou now shalt be.'

Then Meljanz he stept him nearer, and she held fast to Gawain's hand,
And she took the pledge of her monarch mid the knights who did round them stand.
'Sir King, 'twas ill-done I think me, if a *merchant* he be my knight
As my sister hath said, to yield thee as his captive on field of might!'
Thus spake Obilot, the maiden; then to Meljanz she gave command,
He should yield his pledge to her sister, and swear it hand clasped in hand;
'Thou shalt have her for Love, for thy knighthood, as her Love and her Lord art thou
Henceforward, of true heart gladly, and ye twain to my will shall bow!'

God spake by the lips of the maiden, her will it was done straightway,
And Frau Minne with power and wisdom again o'er their hearts held sway,
And knit afresh the meshes, and fettered the twain anew;
From the folds of her flowing mantle her small hand Obie drew,
And she touched the arm of her lover, and weeping, her lips so red
Kissed the wound he had won in jousting, since it was for her sake he bled.
And his arm was bathed in the tear-drops that flowed from her eyes so bright—

How waxed she thus bold 'fore the people? 'Twas Love bade her claim her right;
And fulfilled was the wish of Lippaut, and naught of his bliss should fail,
Since God had willed that his daughter henceforth as his queen he hail!

How the wedding feast was holden, ask them who took their share
Of wedding gifts, or wandering, to Beaurosch had thought to fare.
If they fought, or were fain to rest them, of that I no word may tell,
But they say in the hall of the palace Sir Gawain would bid farewell
To her for whose leave he came there, and sore wept the little maid
And spake, 'Now take me with thee,' but Gawain her wish gainsaid,
And scarce might her mother tear her from the knight—leave he prayed them there,
And Lippaut he proffered service for the good-will he towards him bare.
And his gallant host, Scherules, with his folk he would not delay
To ride awhile with the hero; and he wended a woodland way,
And they gave him guides for his journey, and food lest he ill should fare,
And he bade them farewell, and sorrow Gawain for the parting bare.

BOOK VIII
ANTIKONIE

ARGUMENT

Book VIII. tells how Gawain came to Schamfanzon, and how King Vergulacht committed him to the care of his sister Antikonie. How Gawain wooed the maiden, and of the wrath of her people. Of the adventure of the chess-board, and how Kingrimursel came to the help of Gawain. How Antikonie reproached King Vergulacht, and how the nobles counselled their monarch. Of the oath Gawain sware to the King, and how he rode forth to seek the Grail.

BOOK VIII

ANTIKONIE

Whosoe'er at Beaurosch had battled, methinks that Gawain had won
The highest fame in both armies, save but for one knight alone;
And none knew his red harness glowing, and none knew from whence he came,
But high as a banner waveth, so high did it rise, his fame.
Yet of honour alike and good fortune had Gawain in full his share—
Now hence must he ride, for the moment of strife which he sought drew near,
And far and wide stretched the woodland thro' which he must wend his way—
No conflict he shunned, tho' all guiltless of the sin men on him would lay.
But, alas! his charger failed him, Ingliart, with the close-cropped ear,
In the land of the Moors at Tabronit no better the steeds they rear.
And diverse the wood around him, here a bush and there a field,
And so narrow at whiles, that pathway, it scarcely a space might yield
For tent, or for knight's pavilion. Then fair dwellings met his eye,
'Twas Askalon, and he prayed them if Schamfanzon at hand did lie?
But many a marsh and moorland and many a steep hillside
Must he traverse, ere fair before him in the setting sun he spied
A fortress stand so stately, it gleamed in the sunlight's rays,
And he turned his steed towards it who rode here on unknown ways.

Now list ye awhile the venture, and mourn ye awhile with me
The sorrow that fell on Gawain—And if old ye shall chance to be

Or young, yet of this your friendship I pray you his grief to weep;
Alas! were it best to tell ye, or silence a space to keep?
Nay, better to tell the story, how he whom Good Luck did call
Her friend, was by her forsaken, and how grief to his lot must fall.

So proudly uprose the fortress that never did Carthage seem
So fair to the eyes of Æneas, when Dido, as failed her dream
Of love, turned to death and, seeking, found rest in his cold embrace.
Would ye know what countless turrets those stately halls did grace?
Scarce more had Akraton boasted, that city whose walls so wide,
An man may believe the heathen, with Babylon only vied;
So high rose the circling ramparts, and where to the sea they fell
No storm might they fear, but defiance could they bid to their foes right well.

'Fore the city a plain outstretching lay fair for a mile or more.
As Sir Gawain rode across it, five hundred knights he saw,
Yet one, o'er all the others, gallant and fair to sight;
Gaily they rode towards him all clad in raiment bright,
For so the venture telleth—With their falcons soaring high
Would they chase the crane, or other fair game that should wingèd fly.
A tall steed from Spain's far kingdom, King Vergulacht bestrode,
And his glance was as day in the night-time—Aforetime his race abode
Where Mazadan reigned as monarch, by Fay Morgan's mystic mount,
And amid the roll of his fathers he many a fay might count—
And even as in the spring-tide the May blossom bloometh fair
So rode the king in his beauty, and Gawain he bethought him there,
As he saw him ride so stately, 'twas another Parzival,
Or Gamuret, as he came to Kanvoleis, as this venture erewhile did tell.

Now into a pond so marshy a heron had taken flight
As it fled from before the falcon, and the king, as beseemed a knight,
Sought not for the ford but followed as he saw his falcon's need,
And wet he won in the aiding, and lost was his gallant steed,
And lost too his royal raiment, tho' safe was I ween the bird.
The falconers took his garments, for this, so the tale I've heard,
Was their right, and they needs must have them, and no man might say them nay.
Another horse they brought him, for lost was his own for aye,
And fresh garments they put upon him, since such was the chance of fate
That his falconers won the vesture that had decked their king of late.

Then Sir Gawain, he rode towards them, and knightly and worshipful
The greeting they gave unto him, not such as in Karidöl
Once fell to the lot of Erec, when after his well-fought fight
He had fain drawn near to King Arthur, and with him his lady bright,
Fair Enid, who graced his coming—But the dwarf Maliklisier
With a scourge full hardly smote him, 'neath the eyes of Queen Guinevere.
At Tulmein he took his vengeance, where, within the ring so wide
To win the hawk, the heroes in deeds of valour vied.
'Twas Idêr, the son of Noit, a hero true and bold
Whom he else had slain, whom Erec did there in surety hold.

But leave we all other venture, and hearken awhile to me,
For in sooth never fairer welcome shall it fall to your lot to see.
Yet, alas! for ill it wrought him, Gawain, King Lot's brave son—
An ye will I will cease my story ere the tale to its end be run,
And for pity's sake keep silence—Yet perchance it were best to tell
The ill that thro' others' treason on a gallant spirit fell.
And if I yet further pray ye this story strange to heed
Then in sooth, e'en as I, right truly will ye mourn for its hero's need.

Quoth the king, 'Sir Knight, thus I think me, thou shalt to the castle ride,
Thine *host* will I be right gladly, tho' scarce may I be thy *guide*;
Yet if this on my part shall vex thee the chase will I gladly leave!'
Quoth Gawain, 'As it best may please thee, that do, nor for my sake grieve,
Whate'er thou shalt do shall be well done—No grudge do I bear thee, Sire,
But of right good-will I gladly will do as thou shalt require.'

Quoth the king of Askalon further, 'Schamfanzon thou well mayst see
Sir Knight, there my sister dwelleth, who as yet but a maid shall be;
And she hath in fullest measure such beauty as poets sing—
An thou as a grace shalt hold it, my knights unto her shall bring
Such word she shall well entreat thee in my stead, till I come again.
And whenever I come, I think me, 'twill be sooner than thou art fain
To look on my face, for gladly wilt thou spare me when thou shalt see
My sweet sister, nor e'er bemoan thee, tho' my coming o'er late shall be!'

'Nay, gladly again I'll see thee, and gladly thy sister greet,

Tho' as host never queen has done me such service as host finds meet'
Thus spake the gallant Gawain—Then a knight bare the king's behest
To his sister, that she, as fitting, should so care for the stranger guest
That however long his absence the hours should as minutes fly—
(An ye will, I will cease my story that now runneth but mournfully!)

Nay, further I'll tell the venture,—Steed and pathway the hero bore
Where as one were both Burg and palace, and he held him before the door.
And he who shall e'er have builded a house, he shall better know
To tell of this mighty castle, and the strength of its walls to show.
Yea, indeed 'twas a Burg, none better might this earth on its bosom bear
And around it, far outstretching, the ramparts towered high in air.

Leave we the praise of the castle, and speak of the castle's queen,
A maiden fair, for of women I shall better speak I ween,
And as fitting I'll sing her praises—Was she fair to the eye? 'Twas well;
Was she true of heart? Then gladly will men of her praises tell.
And so both in mind and manner might she vie with that lady true,
The Margravine, who from Heitstein afar o'er her marches threw
A light,—Well for him who dwelleth as friend in her presence fair,
Such pastime as there his portion he findeth not other-where!
For I praise but a woman's virtue, as I see, and shall surely know,
True and pure must she be, the maiden, on whom I shall praise bestow.
And he whom this venture singeth is a gallant man and true,
For no dealing have I with falsehood, or with one who his deeds shall rue,
As repentance, slowly piercing, but turneth his bliss to bale,
And his soul knoweth wrath and sorrow, or ever his life-days fail.

To the castle court rode Gawain, and the goodly company
To whom the king had sent him, who shamed for his sake should be.
Then the knight to his lady led him, as she sat in her beauty's glow,
Queen Antikonie—Could the merchants a woman's fame bestow,
Of such goods had she made rich purchase; 'gainst falsehood she set her face,
And hers was the crown of honour, and a maiden's maiden grace.
Ah! woe's me for him of Veldeck, that death thus cut short his days,

None is there of all men living who so well could have sung her praise.

Then Gawain, he looked on the maiden, and the messenger spake the word
E'en as the king had bade him, and the queen his message heard.
Then gently she spake to the hero, 'Come thou near unto me, Sir Knight,
Thyself shalt be my master in courtesy, as is right;
And gladly I'll do thy bidding—If well it shall please thee here,
'Twill be even as thou shalt order—Yea, since my brother dear
Hath bid me well entreat thee, I'll kiss thee, if so I may.
I'll do, or leave it undone, e'en as thou the word shalt say!'

Courteous she stood before him, quoth Gawain, 'Thy lips so red
In sooth were made for kissing, be kiss and greeting sped!'
So full and warm and rosy were the lips that Gawain pressed,
No stranger sure had kissed her as kissed this stranger guest.
Unchecked he sat him by her, and sweet words passed between,
Soft spake they to each other; and oft renewed, I ween,
His prayers and her denials, yea, sorely grieved was he,
And fain to win her favour—Then she spake as I tell to ye:

'Bethink thee, Sir Knight, thou art wise else, with this I enough have done,
For I ween at my brother's bidding mine uncle Gamuret won
Less welcome from Queen Anflisé than the welcome *I* gave to thee,
An our tending were weighed together methinks hers would lighter be.
Nor know I, Sir Knight, whence thou comest, nor e'en what shall be thy name,
That, after such short approving, thou shouldst to my love lay claim!'

Then out spake the gallant Gawain, 'Then know here assuredly
O! queen, of my father's sister the brother's son am I;
Wilt thou give me sweet love's rewarding, for my birth shalt thou not delay,
Hand in hand, and to equal measure, it paceth with thine alway!'
The maiden who filled the wine-cup she had passed from out the hall,
And the women who sat beside them must now to their mind recall
The task that elsewhere did wait them; nor longer the knight stood there
Who erst to the queen had brought him—As Gawain was now aware
That no man was here beside them, he thought how a mighty bird
Is oft trapped by a little falcon—nor further he spake a word,
But he passed his arm around her beneath her mantle's fold,

And love laid such stress upon them, the maid and the hero bold,
That belike a thing had chanced there, an no eye had been there to see,
Of one mind were the twain—yet heart-sorrow drew near to them speedily.

For straight stepped within the doorway an old and grey-haired knight,
And loudly he called on Gawain, and shouted a shout of might,
For well did he know the hero, and fiercely his cry did ring,
'Alas! alas! woe upon us, since the hand that hath slain our king
Is fain now to force his daughter!' At the sound of his battle-cry
The folk that within the castle abode to the hall did hie,
So it fell out—Then quoth Sir Gawain to the queen, 'Now, Lady mine,
Say thou how we best may ward us 'gainst this wrathful folk of thine,
For sure they will come against us—An I had but my sword at hand!'
Then out spake the gentle maiden, 'Their might shall we best withstand
An we to yon tower betake us that riseth my bower beside,
Perchance they will then bethink them, and the storm shall we override.'

Here a knight, and there a merchant, already the maid must hear,
With the cry of the angry townsfolk, as the twain to the tower drew near;
And sore was her friend beset there, tho' she prayed them from strife to cease,
So loud rose the angry tumult none hearkened her words of peace.

'Gainst the portal the foe pressed onward, Gawain stood within the door,
And held off the angry rabble; an iron bolt he tore
From its fastenings wherewith to arm him, and before his strong right hand
Full oft fled his evil neighbours, they durst not his blows withstand.
While the queen, with flying footsteps, hither and thither sought
To find, perchance, some weapon 'gainst the foe that so fiercely fought.
At length did she chance on some chess-men, and a chess-board, wide and fair,
That hung by a ring of iron; to Gawain she brought it there,
As a shield four-square it served him; yea, many a game was played
On that board ere 'twas hewn in battle—Now hear of the royal maid;

Were it king, or queen, or castle, she hurled them against the foe,

Heavy and large the chess-men, and in sooth I would have ye know
They who by her shaft were stricken must ever a fall abide.
Right bravely the queen so gracious now fought by her hero's side,
And she bare herself so knightly, that never the Burger maids
Of Tollenstein at Shrove-tide such dauntless skill displayed.
And yet they but fight for folly, and weary themselves for naught —
An a woman bear trace of battle, on her womanhood shame is brought,
(For I know what befits a woman,) unless love shall have bid her fight
To prove her faith—Now faithful and true was that lady bright,
As Schamfanzon might bear witness—Yet, tho' high of heart was she,
Many tears that conflict cost her; for in sooth shall it ever be
That Love is brave as steadfast, yet tender and true of heart—
Would ye know how in such fierce conflict Sir Gawain would bear his part?

When the strife but leisure gave him to gaze on the maid aright,
Her lips so red and glowing, her eyes so soft and bright—
More slender was she and shapely than ever a lowland hare
That ye truss on the spit, so graceful her limbs, and her form so fair;
Full well might her charms awaken desire in the heart of man.
And smaller, I ween, the maiden, where her golden girdle ran
Around her waist, than ants are, and their slender shape ye know —
The sight wrought in Gawain courage his foemen to overthrow,
For she shared his need; his chastising none other than death should be,
And help was there none—Then his anger flamed high and wroth was he
As he looked on that gentle maiden, and no fear was his but hate,
And sorely his foemen rued it who met at his hand their fate.

Came King Vergulacht, and he saw well how his folk 'gainst Gawain did fight;
Nor do I in this deceive ye, nor can I account him right
That not as a host he bare him, when he saw his gallant guest
Thus stand, as one man against many—But straight thro' the throng he pressed,
In such wise, I must mourn for Gandein, the monarch of Anjou fair,
That his daughter, so true a lady, so faithless a son must bear.
From the strife his folk he called not, short space must they stay their hand
While the king would don his armour, he lusted to lead the band.

Too mighty the force for Gawain, nor I ween shall ye count it shame
That he closed the door upon them—Then in wrath and haste there came
The knight who to battle bade him 'fore Arthur at Plimizöl
But short time back—They called him the Landgrave Kingrimursel,
And sore did Gawain's need vex him, he wrung his hands amain,
For in sooth had he pledged his honour his foe should in peace remain
Till *one* man alone o'ercame him—Old and young from the tower he drave,
Yet the portal would they force open, as their king commandment gave.

Then the Landgrave he cried on Gawain, 'Sir Knight, I would in to thee
As a friend, that this bitter conflict I may share, if it so must be,
For then must my monarch slay me, or leave thee in life to-day.'
Peace Gawain would swear unto him, and he made to the tower his way—
Then doubtful, the foemen thronging, their hand for a space must hold,
For their Burg-grave he was, and his bidding had they hearkened both young and old.
Then, as ceased the noise of battle, thro' the doorway he sprang, Gawain,
And the Landgrave, he stood beside him, swift and bold were those heroes twain.

Quoth King Vergulacht, 'Why tarry? Why stand we here as on guard,
When of foemen but *two* shall dare us, and none other the tower gates ward?
Much my cousin doth take upon him, when he dareth to shield my foe,
Yea, *himself* should wreak vengeance on him, if his faith he were fain to show!'

Of true heart then they chose a true man, and unto the king he spake,
'Now, Sire, upon our Landgrave no vengeance we think to take,
Nor shall harm at *our* hand befall him—May God so turn thy mind
That, instead of shaming, honour thou shalt from this venture find.
For shame shall it bring upon thee, and an ending to thy fair fame,
If he who as host doth hail thee shall here at thine hand be slain.
And thy kinsman is he, this other who hath brought him into this land;

So, lest cursing and shame be thy portion, we pray thee to stay thine hand,
And grant thou a truce thro' the daylight, and the fleeting hours of night,
Then bethink thee for shame or honour, and do as shall seem thee right!'

'And our queen who hath ne'er known falsehood, thy sister, Antikonie,
See there as she standeth by him and weepeth full bitterly.
Canst thou see such sight without rueing, since one mother bare ye both?
And bethink thee, sire, thou art wise else, thou didst send him, nothing loth,
Alone to this gentle maiden, nor further a guardian gave;
For *her* sake it were well to spare him!' Then the king bade those warriors brave
To call a truce—He'ld bethink him how vengeance he best might take
For his father's death—Yet all guiltless Gawain, for another's sake,
Must he bear the shame; with a lance-thrust by Ekunât was he slain
As to Barbigöl Prince Iofreit, a prisoner, he would have ta'en,
Who had ridden erewhile with Gawain—In such wise the chance befell
That they deemed that *Gawain* had slain him—So men do the venture tell.

And scarce was the truce bespoken ere of men was the field bereft,
Each betook him unto his lodging, nor one on the ground was left.
Then the queen threw her arms around him, and with many a kiss so sweet
She gave to her gallant cousin such rewarding as seemed her meet,
Since so bravely he stood by Gawain, and sheltered the twain from wrong,
And she spake, 'Now art thou my cousin, nor unfaith shall to thee belong.'

Now hearken and I will read ye that word which I spake of late,
How a true heart sore was darkened—I ween 'twas an evil fate
That led Vergulacht to Schamfanzon; such deed he ne'er did learn
From sire or aye from mother, with shame did the young knight burn,
And torment sore and suffering his better self must know
As his sister 'gan upbraid him, small mercy the maid would show.

And thus spake the noble maiden, 'Now had it but been God's will,
That I, a man born, might sword bear, and knightly tasks fulfil,

To strive with me hadst thou come here, methinks thou hadst
come too late,—
But now am I all defenceless, a maiden, and no man's mate.
And yet a shield I carry, and fair its device shall be,
And honoured of all—Its blazon would I read here, Sir King, to
thee,
That thou henceforth mayst know it—Pure heart and upright
mind,
That true man beneath its cover a shelter may ever find.
And that, o'er the gallant hero whom thou sentest unto my care,
Did I hold, and 'gainst thee, his foeman, I did, as beseemed me,
bear,
For none other armour had I—And if thou repent the ill
Thou hast done to thy guest, me, thy sister, hast thou wronged
more deeply still;
For this is the right of woman, so ever 'twas told to me,
That if ever unto the shelter of a maiden a knight shall flee,
Then they who as foemen follow shall straightway leave their
chase—
In such wise they ever bear them who would not their shield
disgrace—
Now, Sir Vergulacht, that thy guest fled to *me* as his hope of life,
Hath loaded with shame thine honour, since thou aided, nor
checked, thestrife!'

Then Kingrimursel quoth sternly, 'Yea, Sire, 'twas at *thy* command,
That on Plimizöl's plain I bade him, Sir Gawain, to seek this land.
On thy royal word safe conduct I sware him, that should he ride
Hither we twain were pledged him no evil should here betide,
Save but from *one* foeman only—Now, Sire, thou hast here done
ill
In that, spite of thine oath so knightly, thy word thou didst not
fulfil.
And here shall my fellows hearing give judgment betwixt us
twain,
If thus thou wrongest *princes*, what as *king* mayst thou hope to
gain
From us of faith and honour?—If honoured thou fain wouldst be,
Then, courteous, make confession that near of kin are we;
True cousin am I, no bastard, and e'en if such chance had been,
Even then, in this thy dealing, thou hadst done me a wrong, I
ween!
A knight am I in whom no man hath found a taint of shame,
And I think me that free from falsehood, yea, to death will I guard
my fame,
For in God have I ever trusted, and, methinks, He holds not in
store
Such fate for the days of the future as I knew not in days of yore.
Yet they who shall hear the story, how the nephew of Arthur rode
To Schamfanzon 'neath my safe-conduct, where'er shall be his
abode—

An he come from the land of the Breton, or from France, or from Provence fair,
Burgundian he, or Gallician, or the arms of Punturtois bear—
When he hear of the grief of Gawain then *my* fame shall be swiftly sped,
And shame be my meed for the danger that threatened that knightly head.
At the tale of this strife shall my glory wax narrow, and blame grow wide;
And, as joy in the past dwelt with me, so henceforward shall shame abide.'

As he made an end of speaking stood a vassal the king before,
And, as Kiot himself hath told us, Liddamus was the name he bore.
And I speak here of Kiot the singer, and so sweet was I ween his song
That none wax of the hearing weary, tho' the days of their life be long.
And I rede ye to wit that Kiot of old was a Provençal,
Who found writ in a book of the heathen this story of Parzival.
And in French again he sang it, and I, if no wit shall fail,
Would fain in his footsteps follow, and in German would tell the tale.

Quoth the Prince Liddamus in his anger, 'Now say, what doth he do here
In the house of my lord, who his father hath slain, and hath brought anear
The brand of shame? My king's courage is known thro' many a land,
'Twould better beseem his honour to avenge him with his own hand;
One death for the other payeth—and the need waxeth here as there.'
And Gawain he stood in sore peril, and fear for his life must bear.

Quoth Kingrimursel, 'Who to threaten is swift, he as swift should be
To mingle in strife, yet but lightly thy foeman he holdeth thee!
An wide were the field or narrow, yet Sir Liddamus, I know well
This man were safe from thine onslaught e'en tho' shame at his hand befell,
For ne'er wouldst thou dare to avenge it, who yet dost so loudly boast—
And swifter were we to hearken if ever in battle host
We had seen thee ride the foremost! But strife ever wrought thee pain,
And afar from the field of battle to linger thou aye wast fain.
Yea, *more* hast thou learnt—The beginning of strife didst thou ever see,

Then hence wouldst thou fly as swiftly as a maiden is wont to flee.
And the prince who thy counsel hearkens, and doeth as thou shalt say,
Shall find that the crown he weareth but loosely shall sit alway!'

'And fain, in a joust so knightly, were I to have faced Gawain,
Nor feared me aught, for such combat had we sworn fast betwixt us twain.
And here had we fought, as fitting, 'neath the eye of the king my lord,
And wroth am I now, for dearer, methought, had he held his word!
Now swear thou to me, Sir Gawain, when a year from this day be past,
To meet me again in combat—If thou 'scape my lord's wrath at last,
And thy life for a prey he leave thee, yet we twain must fight our fight.
At Plimizöl first I bade thee; at Barbigöl, if it seem thee right,
Before Meljanz, the youthful monarch, the strife shall methinks be fought;
And around my heart till the day come shall sorrow's wreath be wrought,
And gladly I'll hail that dawning, and face thee, thou hero bold,
Tho' the guerdon be but of sorrow, that shall there by thine hand be told.'

So there, as the Landgrave bade him, the hero Gawain swore,
And his oath, and his pledge so knightly, he plighted as erst of yore.
But Duke Liddamus, he bethought him of words that he fain would say,
And with cunning skill and wisdom his speech did he weave that day.

Thus he spake for all men to hear him, for the time of speech was come,
'Now if strife ever call upon me, if the battle be lost or won,
If I fight as beseems a hero, or fly as a coward flies,
If the meed of my warlike bearing be honour in all men's eyes,
Then reward me I pray, Sir Landgrave, with rewarding as I shall win;
But if honour or praise be withholden I count it not me for sin!'

Nor here did his speech find ending. 'If *Turnus* thou fain wouldst be,
Then good, thou shalt find me *Tranzes*; thou mayst well wreak thy will on me,
If so be thou hast aught against me, but 'tis *thou* who dost boast too loud,
Yea, e'en an thou wert the highest of my peers, these princes proud;

For Prince am I too, and Landgrave, and I have in Galicia's land
Many Burgs so fair and stately that e'en far as Vedrun stand.
And tho' thou and this Breton stranger were minded to work me ill,
Yet not even a fowl for thy threatening would fly, but abide thee still!'

'He came from the land of the Breton whom thou hither for strife didst hale.
Take *thou* vengeance for king and kinsman, if such vengeance may aught avail;
With *him*, not with *me*, thy quarrel, avenge thou thine uncle's life
On him who of life hath robbed him, it toucheth me not, this strife,
For I wot well in naught I wronged him, and none for such wrong makes moan.

What need to bewail thine uncle? His son sitteth on his throne,
And I ask for no higher ruler, since Fleurdamur, the queen,
Was his mother, his sire Kingrisein, and his grandsire Gandein hath been.
And still in my mind it dwelleth how Galoes and Gamuret,
Those heroes twain, were his uncles, nor lie I, nor truth forget.
And I think me that in all honour my castles and lands so wide
I may take from his hand, with their banners, and serve him whate'er betide!'

'Let him fight who hath lust for fighting, for weary of strife am I,
Tho' I know well who fame in battle doth win, for his victory
Hath reward from the lips of women, yet for never a maiden's sake
Will I evil entreat this body, or bid it such ill-road take.
Nay, why should I be a Wolfhart? Since barred is the battle way,
And no lust of strife hath beguiled me that I know not the thing I say.
If thou shouldst for aye despise me, yet Rumolt I'll take as guide,
Who gave counsel unto King Gunther, ere yet to the Huns he hied.
For he bade him in Worms abide still, where was plenty and e'en to spare,
And content his soul with the flesh-pots and the riches of Rhineland fare!'

But ready of wit was the Landgrave, and he spake, 'Yea, the tale be told
E'en to day, and no man shall marvel, for we know well thy ways of old.
Thou wouldst urge me to strife, yet thy counsel is e'en what a cook once gave
To the Nibelung lord, little recked he such counsel, the hero brave.
For he and his, little doubting, went boldly to meet their fate,

And avenged was the death of Siegfried, and sated was
Kriemhild's hate!
And Sir Gawain, I ween, must give me my death, or himself must
feel
The weight of my bitter vengeance as we battle for woe or weal!'

'Thou dost well,' Liddamus made answer, 'yet I think me of
treasure fair,
All that Arthur might hold, or India, if one such to my feet should
bear,
And say 'twas mine own, he might have it ere I fought e'en for
such a prize.
An thou wilt, win thee fame and honour, I, I think me, am all too
wise.
God knoweth, no Segramor am I, whom men must with fetters
bind
So keenly for strife he lusted, far other was aye my mind.
Yet mine be my monarch's favour, for Sibech ne'er drew a sword,
But ever he fled with the flying, yet men hearkened well his word;
And many for counsel prayed him, and great gifts and lands
enow
The hand of Ermenrich gave him, tho' no helmet e'er felt his blow.
And Sir Kingrimursel, I rede thee, thou shalt mark me with never a
scar!'
Then out spake King Vergulacht sternly, as he ended their wordy
war:

'Peace, peace, nor so loudly wrangle, Sir Knights, all too bold are
ye,
For too near is your monarch's presence, and of speech are ye
both too free;
And that thus ye should strive before me, tho' your strife be of
word, not *deed*,
Ill beseemeth both king and vassal, so hearken my word, and
heed.'

This befell in the hall of the palace, 'neath the eyes of his sister
fair,
And Gawain stood beside the maiden, and heroes and knights
were there.
Quoth the king to his gentle sister, 'Now take thou with thee thy
guest
And the Landgrave, while I bethink me the word that shall 'seem
me best.
And all ye who wish well unto me, shall follow and give me rede.'
Quoth the maid, 'Of good faith seek counsel, for better 'twill
serve thy need!'
Gat the king to his council-chamber; the king's daughter had
comrades three,
Cousin, and guest, and beside them black care bare them
company.

Gawain, as right well beseemed her, by the hand to her bower she led.
And she quoth, 'Now shall all lands rue it if here thou shalt be ill-sped!'
And the son of King Lot, Sir Gawain, with the maiden went hand in hand,
And none thought them shame, for so gracious was the custom of that fair land.

So passed they unto her chamber, the queen and those heroes twain,
And that none 'gainst her will should enter was the care of her chamberlain.
Only her bower maidens as befitted them there might be,
And the queen, in all love and honour, her guest tended royally.
And the Landgrave in naught gainsaid her, for belike did he bear a part
In the fear for her guest's well-doing that lay dark on the maiden's heart.
So the twain with the queen abode there till the strife of the day was o'er,
And the night and the hour of feasting had come in their course once more.
Then the slender maidens bare them sweet drinks, and the wine so red,
And with fish and fowl in plenty, I ween, was the table spread.
Fair and white was the bread to look on, and the Landgrave and Knight Gawain,
Who had passed thro' such deadly peril, to taste of the food were fain.
And each as the queen might bid him ate that which should please him best,
And no lack did they find, for right queenly the maid did entreat her guest,
And vainly the heroes prayed her to cease from her kindly care.
Of the many who knelt before them no maid but was young and fair;
Yea, fair with the opening beauty of the rose that is yet unblown,
And soft lay their locks as the feathers of a falcon the knight hath flown.

Now list, ere they close the council, to the rede they would rede the king
And wise were the men who, wisely, good counsel in need should bring;
And each spake as his mind should bid him, and that which his heart deemed best,
And they turned the thing hither and thither, till the king thus his speech addrest:

And he spake, 'One of late fought with me, as on venture bent I rode
In the wood Læhtamreis—too proudly, perchance, I my steed bestrode,
For a knight, who o'er great my fame deemed, in joust smote me such a blow
That, behind my gallant charger, on the greensward he laid me low.
And this oath must I swear unto him, in search of the Grail to ride,
And my knightly pledge I gave him, were it other, I there had died.
Now give me, I pray, your counsel, for 'gainst death was no other shield
But to swear as my victor bade me, and, as knight, to a knight to yield!'

'Yea, mighty and strong that hero,—nor sware I that oath alone,
But he bade me, as true man truly, when a year should have come and gone,
And the Grail I still were seeking, to ride unto Pelrapär
To the queen who the crown there weareth, the child of King Tampentäre.
And there, as I looked upon her, I should yield me unto her grace;
And from him should I bear this message in the day that I sought her face.
He would say, "An she thought upon him 'twas his joy and his labour's meed,
His hand from the King Klamidé aforetime her land had freed."'

Then the speech to the end they hearkened; and Liddamus spake this word,
'Give me leave to speak, ye shall follow, Sir Knights, when my rede is heard,
For the oath that perforce thou swarest, its fulfiller shall be Gawain,
And he, captive, his wings shall flutter in the snare wherein *thou* wast ta'en.
For here, where we stand to hearken, shall he swear us the Grail to win,
And then of free will let him ride hence; for I deem men would count it sin
Were he slain in thine house—Nay, me-seemeth 'twere better to let him live,
For but ill would it please thy sister an thou didst not her knight forgive!
Sore stress at our hands hath he suffered, and he now to his death shall ride;
For far as the far sea's water shall circle the earth so wide
There standeth no Burg so mighty as Monsalväsch, its towers shall fear
No foeman, and strait the pathway that wendeth its walls anear,

And sore dangers that road encompass—Let him slumber in peace this night,
And the word that we deem the wisest shall be told him with morning light!'
Right well did the counsel please them, and ended, I ween, the strife,
And Gawain, so the venture telleth, thus won at their hands his life.

So they tended the dauntless hero right well thro' the hours of night;
From the Mass came the folk on the morrow when the noontide hour waxed bright,
And the hall was thronged and crowded with townsfolk and warriors good,
When before the king, as they counselled, his foeman, Sir Gawain, stood.
To naught other would he compel him than to that which ye late did hear.
Now see ye the gentle maiden as she drew with her knight anear,
And her uncle's son came with her, and many a hero brave
Of the king's men were fain to follow, and thus fair escort gave.
Then the queen led Gawain to her brother with slender hand and white,
And a chaplet of fair flowers woven she bare on her locks of light,
Fair the flowers, yet the maid was fairer, and no blossom around her head
But waxed pale and dim, if 'twas mated with her lips of glowing red.
And he whom of true heart gently she kissed, as beseemed a maid,
Such lances for her had broken as had wasted a woodland shade.

Now hearken to me and heed me, as with gracious words I'ld greet
Antikonie, free from falsehood, a maiden pure and sweet.
In such wise did she ever bear her that never a doubting word,
Were one fain to sing her praises, from the lips of men was heard;
For no heart but wished her gladness, and no mouth but spake her free
From all thought of guile—Far-reaching, as a falcon's eye can see,
Shone the light of her gracious presence, as the light of a balsam rare
That burneth, and sheddeth perfume, and sweeteneth the scented air.
And her will was ever gracious, as the will of a maid should be,
And she spake to her royal brother of a true heart right maidenly:

'I bring here to thee, my brother, the guest thou didst bid me tend,

And I would thou shouldst well entreat him, as befitting my knight and friend—
For better shall that become thee, to bear thee as brother true,
Than to feel the world's hate, or to teach me to hate thee, who hate ne'er knew.'

Quoth the king, 'Nay then, my sister, an I may, so stands my will,
Thou shalt give me here thy counsel, for I think me I did but ill,
And stained thereby mine honour, and dimmed my knightly fame;
And I deem me but little worthy that thou shouldst me as brother claim.
E'en if all lands should do my bidding at thy prayer would I yield them all,
Lest that sorrow of sorrows greatest, thine hatred, on me should fall!
And honour and joy were ended an I said to thy pleading, Nay—
Sir Gawain, I here entreat thee, since for fame thou didst ride this way,
An thou knightly fame wouldst honour, so help me, that I may win
Anew from my sister favour, and forgiveness for this my sin.
Far liefer were I to pardon the wrong thou hast done to me
Than to lose her, my sweetest sister—Now list what thy task shall be,
Do thou swear to me here that truly thou wilt strive, as I erst was fain
To strive, for the Grail's fair kingdom, and the honour thou there shalt gain.'

In such wise the strife was ended, Sir Gawain far hence must ride,
And with sword and spear do battle, and woe for the Grail abide.
And the Landgrave forgave his monarch the wrong that he did his word
When he brake his pledge unto Gawain—and no prince of the land but heard.

Then their swords they ungirt, and they hung them in their place on the castle wall—
And the squires of Gawain came swiftly, and, joyful, he hailed them all,
For not one in strife was wounded—for a man of the Burger folk,
Ere the battle waxed hot, had claimed them, and wise were the words he spoke,
And their peace he prayed from the foemen, and he held them awhile in ward,
Were they French, or from land of the Breton, till again to their rightful lord
He might send them in peace—Some were children, and some were lads strong and young—

And glad were their hearts when they saw him, and awhile on his neck they hung,
And weeping they kissed Sir Gawain, yet no sorrow I ween was there,
But from joy sprang the crystal tear-drops that ran o'er their faces fair.

And one came from the land of Cornwall, Count Laiz he, and Tinal's son;
And a noble lad was with him whose father his death had won
At Schoie-de-la-Kurt, Gandelus, the son, and Gurzgrei, the sire—
(Thro' that venture full many a maiden must weep for her heart's desire)
And his aunt was the maid Liassé, and fair was the lad of face
And of feature, for Love had touched them, and had wrought them with hand of grace,
And fain were all men to see him—Six were there those twain beside,
Eight lads, all of noble bearing and birth, with Gawain did ride.
And as kinsmen right well they loved him, and they served him for payment fair;
What payment gave he? Meed of honour their guerdon, and tender care!
Then Gawain quoth unto the children, ''Tis well, for I now have seen,
Fair kinsmen, that ye had mourned me, if slain I perchance had been,
(And well might he see their sorrow, for as yet they mourned full sore,)
Where were ye in hour of battle? Much sorrow for ye I bore.'
Then they answered, and none spake falsely, 'As thou sat'st in the high hall place
A hawk flew astray, and we ran thence, and joined for awhile the chase.'

Then all they who sat or stood there, nor ceased for awhile their gaze,
Saw well that Gawain was a true knight, and a man whom all men might praise;
Then the king gave the leave he prayed for, and he spake unto all farewell,
Save the queen alone, and the Landgrave, he whom men called Kingrimursel.
For the queen took the twain, and the children who followed as Gawain's squires,
And she led them where gentle maidens should serve as she should require,
And in peace, as became fair maidens, each maid did her lady's will,
And fair were the hands and gracious that did gracious tasks fulfil.

Straightway when the meal was ended Gawain from the feast uprose,
Thus Kiot hath told the story—and as blossom from root up-grows,
So afresh from a true heart's true faith did sorrow spring forth amain—
Quoth the hero unto the maiden, 'Now, Lady, an God be fain
To leave to me life and wisdom, wherever my way I take
True service, true knight befitting, will I do for thy gentle sake.
The rede did I hear and hearken that spake thee of falsehood free,
And thy fame o'er the fame of all maidens shall high as the heavens be.
And Heaven Itself shall bless thee, and thy gifts all be gifts of God!
Now, Lady, thy leave I crave here, since 'tis time on my way I rode.
Give me leave, then, and let me ride hence, for I ween for the future days
Shalt thou be thine own best defender, and thy virtue shall crown thy praise!'

Then sorrow of heart was her portion that the knight thus her side must leave,
Sore she wept, and her gentle maidens awhile with her grief must grieve.
And the queen she spake out freely, 'An more I had done for thee,
Then my joy had o'ercome my sorrow, yet better it might not be;
Little peace for thee here might blossom—but, believe me, be ill thy share,
Or should deeds of knighthood lead thee where sorrow thou needs must bear,
Then, Sir Gawain, my heart findeth portion in thy lot, be it loss or gain!'
On his mouth, with her red lips glowing, the maiden she kissed Gawain.
Then joy fled afar from the hero, and sorrow hath pierced his heart,
Too early the twain they deemed it, from each other for aye to part.

Meantime had his squires bethought them, and his steed to the palace brought,
Where the boughs of a mighty linden might shadow the outer court;
And the Landgrave's folk they sought him, and together they took their way
Without the walls; ere they parted this grace would Sir Gawain pray,
Since his squires might no more fare with him, that the Landgrave with them in ward

Should ride forthwith unto Beaurosch, 'There Scherules the Burg doth guard,
Thou shalt pray him that these fair children to Dianasdron he bring
Where many a Breton dwelleth, and shall yield them unto the king
Or to Guinevere, his Lady'—So sware him Kingrimursel,
And, with kindly words and courteous, to Sir Gawain he bade 'Farewell.'
Short the space ere both steed and rider were clad in their mail of might,
Kinsmen and squires, he kissed them, and alone rode that gallant knight,
For, as this his oath had bade him, to the Grail must his pathway wend,
And many a pain and peril must he know ere his task should end.

BOOK IX
TREVREZENT

ARGUMENT

Book IX. In the opening the spirit of adventure craves admission to the heart of the poet, who would fain learn from her tidings of Parzival. The venture telleth how the hero had ridden long in doubt and despair, and knew not the days of his wanderings. How he met again with Siguné and came to the forest of Monsalväsch, where he fought with a Knight of the Grail. How, on Good Friday, Parzival met with a pilgrim knight who reproached him for bearing arms at that Holy Tide, and bade him seek the hermit Trevrezent.

How Parzival came to the hermit's cell, and spake of his wrath against God, of his sorrow for his wife, and of his search for the Grail. How Trevrezent told him wherein he had sinned, and showed him the way of salvation.

How the hermit farther revealed to him the mysteries of the Grail, of the Bleeding Lance, and the knives of silver; how he told him of the wound of Anfortas, of the race of the Grail Kings, and how Parzival himself was nephew to Anfortas and Trevrezent. How Parzival confessed that it was he who came to the Grail Castle and failed to ask the question; how Trevrezent spake to him words of comfort and counsel, and absolved him from his sin; and how the two parted in sorrow.

BOOK IX

TREVREZENT

'Ope the portal!' 'To whom? Who art thou?' 'In thine heart would I find a place!'
'Nay! if such be thy prayer, methinketh, too narrow shall be the space!'
'What of that? If it do but hold me, none too close shall my presence be,
Nor shalt thou bewail my coming, such marvels I'll tell to thee!'
Is it thou, then, O Dame Adventure? Ah! tell me of Parzival,
What doeth he now my hero? whom Kondrie, to find the Grail
Hath driven, with words sharp-pointed, and sore wept the maidens fair
That the path of his far wayfarings the knight from their side must bear.
So he passed from the court of King Arthur, where shall he abide to-day?
Ah! hasten the tale to tell us, where now shall his footsteps stray?
Say, if fame to himself he winneth, or be ever of joy bereft,
Shall his honour as fair and spotless as of old so to-day be left?
His renown is it broad as aforetime, or waxeth it small and thin?
Ah! tell us, nor stay the story, of the deeds that his hand shall win.

Hath he seen once again Monsalväsch, and Anfortas, the mournful king,
Whose heart was with sorrow laden? Of thy pity swift comfort bring,
And say if his woe be ended—Speak, speak for we tidings pray
Of him whom alike we serve here, dwells Parzival there to-day?
Declare unto me his doings, how fares it with Gamuret's son,
And the child of fair Herzeleide, is the tale of his wanderings done?
Since he rode from the court of King Arthur has joy been his lot, or woe?
He hath striven, but rides he ever thro' the wide world nor rest doth know?
Or loveth he now, outwearied, to linger o'er-long at ease?
I were fain to know all his doings, so speak thou, as thou shalt please!
And this hath the venture told me—He hath ridden many a land,
And hath sailèd many a water; and ever, before his hand,
Were he man of the land or kinsman who would joust with him, he fell,
Nor abode his mighty onslaught, and all men of his praises tell.
And ever when in the balance the fame of his foe must lie,
'Twas outweighed by his fame, and his glory uprose to the stars on high,
And all others paled before it—In many a mighty strife
With sword and lance was he victor, and guarded full well his life.
And they who would fame win from him, for such thinking they paid full dear—
The sword that Anfortas gave him, as ye once in this tale did hear,
Sprang asunder onewhile, yet 'twas welded afresh in the mystic spring
By Karnant, and much fame and honour the blade to its lord did bring!

Who believeth me not, he sinneth, for now doth the venture tell
How adown a woodland pathway, on his way rode Sir Parzival,
(But the hour of his riding I wot not, if in waxing or waning light,)
When a hermitage, newly builded, uprose to his wondering sight,
And a stream flowed swift beneath it, for 'twas built o'er the brooklet's wave
Then in search of some worthy venture to its door rode the hero brave,
Nor knew that of grace 'twas the portal, and his footsteps of God were led.
But the dweller therein was a maiden, and the days of her joy were sped,
For the love of God had she offered her youth, and the joys of earth,
And the root of her old-time sorrow brought ever fresh grief to birth.

For he found here Schionatulander, and Siguné, his faithful love,
Dead and buried he lay, the hero, and the maid wept his tomb above.
Tho' but seldom Siguné the Duchess might hearken the Holy Mass,
All her life was a prayer, in God's service her nights as her days she'ld pass.
And her lips, erst so red and glowing, had faded as life-joys fade,
And alone would she mourn such sorrow as never had mourned a maid.

Thus denial of love's fulfilling made Love, with her love, to die,
And dead, as she living loved him, did she cherish him tenderly.
And in sooth had she once his wife been, then ne'er had Lunete braved
Her wrath, and had given such counsel, as she once to her lady gave.
And today may we look upon women, who never a willing ear
Had turned to Lunete, and such wisdom but little had brooked to hear.
For this do I know, that a woman who, for love of her lord alone,
And thro' virtue of gentle breeding, doth never strange service own,
But aye, while her husband liveth, shall be to him wife as true,
Heaven giveth in her such blessing as bloometh for ever new!
And never shall prayer or fasting robe her with a robe as fair!
And I, if the time were fitting, this word naught but truth would swear.
Be he dead, she may do as best please her, but if faithful she still abide,
Then far fairer such faith than the circlet she beareth at feasting tide!

Shall I joy compare with the sorrow that her faith to Siguné brought?
Nay, 'twere better I speak not of it—O'er rough stones, and a road unwrought
Rode Parzival to the window (he deemed well he rode too near).
He would ask of the woodland pathway, and the goal of its windings hear.
And he thought him, perchance, the hermit might tell of the unknown way,
'Doth one dwell here?' the voice of a maiden it was that made answer,'Yea!'
As he knew 'twas the voice of a woman, swift turned he his steed aside
On the greensward beside the pathway, for he deemed he too near did ride,
And sooner had he dismounted had he known that a maiden dwelt
Within such a lowly dwelling, and shame, as was meet, he felt.

Then his horse and his shield, all splintered, he bound to a fallen tree,
And he loosed his sword from beside him, for a courteous knight was he.
Then he stepped him unto the window, and asked of the place and road,
And the cell of all joy was empty, and bare, as 'seemed grief's abode.
He spake, would she come to the window? and the maiden from prayer arose,
She was tall as a virgin lily, and pale as a faded rose,
And he deemed not as yet that he knew her—A shirt woven rough of hair,
Next her skin, 'neath a flowing garment of grey, did the maiden wear,
And sorrow was her heart's treasure, and fallen her courage high,
And the guerdon she won for her service must be paid her in many a sigh!

Then the maiden she stepped to the window and the knight did she courteous greet,
In her hand did she hold her psalter, and her voice it was low and sweet.
And Parzival saw on her white hand the gleam of a ring of gold,
For truly she bare the token she won from true love of old.
And the stone set within the circlet was a garnet, whose slumbering light
Flashed red mid the dusky shadows, as mid ashes the sparks glow bright.
And the band that her head encircled was black as a mourning band—
Then she spake, 'Sir Knight, 'neath the window a bench shalt thou see to stand,
Thou canst sit there, an it so please thee, and thy journey will brook delay,
God reward thee for this thy greeting Who hath led thee to me this day!'

Then the hero did as she bade him, and he sat 'neath the window small,
And he prayed her, 'Sit thou within there!' 'Nay! ne'er did such chance befall
That here by a man I sat me!' Then he asked her, what did she here?
That, so far from the home of men-folk, thou dost dwell in this desert drear
Seemeth me all too great a wonder, say, Lady, how shalt thou live,
Since no man abideth by thee who succour or food can give?'

Then she quoth, ''Tis the Grail that doth feed me, and It feedeth me well I ween,

From Its marvels the sorceress Kondrie, (of her own will the task hath been,)
Doth bring me each Sabbath vigil what serveth me for the week.'
A little space she kept silence, then further the maid did speak:
'An it otherwise were with me as I would, I need little care
For the food, since the Grail doth feed me I never too ill shall fare!'

But he deemed that she lied unto him, and with false words would speak him
fair, And, mocking, he spake,'Now, who gave thee that ring which I see thee wear?
For ever 'twas told unto me that hermit, or man, or maid,
Must forswear all love!'—'Now I think me, if in truth thou these words hast said,
For false maiden thou sure dost hold me! Yet if falsehood I ever learn,
And thou shalt be near to witness, 'twere time *then* with wrath to burn!
God knoweth, ill ways I hated, and falsehood I never knew;
This troth plight that here thou seest I had from a lover true,
Tho' never was love's fulfilment our portion while he might live,
'Twas the heart of maiden bade me the love of a maiden give.
And he lieth in death beside me, and his token I ever wear
Since the day that Duke Orilus slew him—and grief for his sake I bear—'

'And true love will I truly give him, thro' my sorrow-laden days,
Such love as I sware unto him, when he, whom, all knights must praise,
With sword, and shield, and helmet, and prowess of knightly deed
Sought my love, and in true love's service won death for his glory's meed!
Yet tho' ever a spotless maiden, my husband he, in God's sight,
Shall be, and if thoughts God counteth as deeds then is woven aright
The bond that shall ever bind us, true husband and wife as true,
For his death wrought my life such sorrow as waxeth for ever new.
And this ring shall, I ween, be my witness when I stand in the sight of God
Of a marriage vow and the tear-drops that bedew it are tears of blood.'

'Yea, 'tis I indeed, and none other, and the hero who here doth lie
Is my knight, Schionatulander, and the maid of his love am I!'
Then he knew 'twas the maid Siguné, and her sorrow it wrought him pain,
And he lifted his helmet's visor ere he spake to the maid again.
And she saw his head uncovered, and she saw his face gleam white

Thro' the rust of the iron harness, and she spake to the gallant knight:
'Is it thou, Parzival, my kinsman? Dost thou seek for the Grail to-day?
Or its mighty power hast thou proven? Say, whither dost wend thy way?'

Then he spake to the noble maiden, 'Alas! for my joy is fled,
And the Grail hath but wrought me sorrow, and mischance in fair fortune's stead.
For the land that as king had crowned me must I leave, and yet more, I ween,
The fairest of wives, and the sweetest, that ever a man hath seen.
For no lovelier form I think me on earth of mankind was born,
And I yearn for her tender greeting, and full sore for her love I mourn!
And yet know I a deeper sorrow and I strive for a higher prize,
For the day when the Burg of Monsalväsch, and the Grail shall rejoice my eyes!
Now, Siguné, dear my cousin, thou wast all too wroth with me,
For heavy indeed my sorrow, yet thou fain wouldst my foeman be!'

And she quoth,'From henceforth, my cousin, mine anger will I forswear,
For too much of thy joy lieth forfeit since the question thou didst forbear!
And I would not too sorely grieve thee—Alas I that thou didst withhold
The word that had brought thee honour, and the tale of his griefs had told
Who sat there as thine host beside thee—nor thine host alone was he,
Anfortas, for joy and blessing his presence had brought to thee!
And thy question great bliss had brought thee, and thy silence had wrought thee woe,
And thy spirit shall fail, and heart-sorrow as thy comrade thou well shalt know.
And yet had it been far from thee, nor, a stranger, had sought thy side,
Hadst thou asked of that Burg the marvels, and what ill did its host betide!'

'Yea, I did there as one who wrongeth himself; yet my cousin dear
I prithee here give me counsel, since in sooth are we kinsmen near.
And tell me, how fares it with thee? I would sorrow for this thy woe
Were my sorrow not all too heavy! Greater grief man may never know!'

Then she quoth, 'May His Mercy help thee, Who knoweth of all men's woe,
Perchance it may yet befall thee that His finger a way shall show
That shall lead thee once more to Monsalväsch, and thine heart's bliss afresh shall spring.
'Tis but short space since Kondrie left me, and I would I could tidings bring
Of whither she went, but I asked not if she rode to the Burg again,
Or passed elsewhere; but when she cometh by that streamlet she draweth rein,
Where, from cleft in the high rock riven, the waters flow fresh and clear.
It may be, if thou follow swiftly, that she rideth as yet anear,
And, perchance, thou shalt overtake her.' Then the knight he made no delay
But farewell did he bid to the maiden; and he followed the woodland way,
And fresh were the tracks before him, but such pathway the mule must choose
Thro' the depths of the dusky thicket that its traces he soon must lose.
As the Grail he had lost of aforetime, so he lost It again to-day,
And joy and delight fled with It—Yea, had he but found the way,
And reached once again Monsalväsch, for better than erst of old
Had he known how to ask the question—thus in sooth is the venture told.

So now let him ride, but whither? Lo, a knight with uncovered head,
And blazoned coat o'er his shining harness, full swiftly towards him sped!
And to Parzival thus quoth he, 'Sir Knight, I must deem it ill
That thus thro' the woods of my monarch thou takest thy way at will!
Begone! or receive such token thou shalt wish thyself far from here!
Monsalväsch doth never brook it that men ride thus its walls anear,
And here must thou strive in battle, and win here a victor's fame,
Or such penance be thine, as without there, in the open, men *Death* shall name!'
And he bare in his hand a helmet, and its bands were of silken sheen,
Sharp-pointed his spear, and the spear-shaft was of wood new and strong I ween!
And wrathful he bound his helmet on his head, not in vain should be
His threat, for his blows should enforce it! Now ready for joust was he;
But many a spear as goodly had splintered 'fore Parzival,

And he thought, 'Now, it well had chanced me, that death to my lot should fall
If I rode thro' the corn upstanding—*then* reason had he for wrath,
But *now* hath he none, since I ride here on naught but a woodland path,
And I tread here but fern and heather! An mine hand shall not lose its skill
I will leave him such pledge for my journey as, I think me, shall please him ill!'

Then they rode at full speed their chargers, and they urged them with spur and rein,
As the bolt from the bow of the archer so swift flew those heroes twain,
And the first joust they rode unwounded; but many a knightly fray
Unscathed had Parzival ridden, and e'en so should it chance to-day.
(Unto skill and the lust of battle must his father's son be heir.)
His lance-point upon the fastening of his foeman's helm struck fair,
And it smote him where men in jousting their shield are wont to hold,
And down from his gallant charger did he bear him, the Templar bold.
And the knight of the Grail fell headlong down the side of a rocky dell,
Tho' couch he had found, I think me, he slumbered not over well.

But the victor's steed sped onward, and in vain would he check its flight
Ere it fell, and well-nigh in falling had borne to his death the knight.
A cedar o'erhung the chasm, its bough Parzival gripped fast,
(Nor think ye scorn of my hero, that, as chanceth a thief at last,
He hung, for none spake his judgment, he hung there by his own hand)
His feet, for a foothold seeking, on the rock found at last their stand:
Far out of his reach, beneath him, his gallant steed lay dead,
Up the further side of the valley the Templar for safety fled.
Think ye that he much might pride him on his token from Parzival?
Far better at home in Monsalväsch had he fared with the wondrous Grail!
To the plain once more climbed our hero, there the steed of the Templar stood,
For down to the ground hung the bridle and fettered the war-horse good.
As the knight in his flight forgat it so it stood where its master fell,

Swift Parzival sprang to the saddle, such booty might please him well.
Of a truth his spear had he shattered, yet more than he lost he won—
Nor Lähelein, nor Kingrisein a better joust e'er had run!
Nor King Gramoflanz nor Count Laskoit (the son he of Gurnemanz).
Onward he rode, yet wandering, nor further befell mischance,
Nor strife, from the knights of Monsalväsch, yet one grief must vex his soul,
He found not the Grail—Ever further he rode, further fled the goal!

Now he who my song will hearken, he shall hear that which yet befell,
Tho' the tale of the weeks I know not, that had flown since Sir Parzival
Had met with the maid, and had ridden on venture as aye before —
One morning the ground was snow-clad, and tho' thin was the cloak it bore
Yet so thick it was that men, seeing, had deemed it the time of frost;
As he rode thro' the depths of a woodland by a knight was his pathway crossed,
And old was the knight, and grey bearded, yet his face it was bright and fair,
And his lady who walked beside him like mien to her lord did bear.
And each on their naked body wore a garment of horse-hair grey,
For penance and pilgrimage minded they wended afoot their way.
And their children, two gentle maidens, such as men's eyes are fain to see,
In like garments they followed barefoot, e'en as pilgrims are wont to be.

Then our hero the old knight greeted as he passed on his lowly way,
And good was the rede, and holy, that he heard from his lips that day.
And a prince of the land he seemed him—By each maiden a brachet ran,
And with humble mien and reverent paced master alike and man.
For both knight and squire they followed on this holy pilgrimage,
And some, they were young and beardless, and some were bent low with age.

But Parzival, our hero, he was clad in far other wise,
In fair raiment, rich and costly, he rode in right knightly guise,

And proudly he ware his harness, and unlike were the twain I ween,
The old man in his robe of penance and the knight in his armour's sheen!
Then swiftly he turned his bridle and held by the pathway side,
For fain would he know of their journey, and friendly the knight replied.
But a sorrow the old man deemed it that one to this Holy Tide
Should have failèd to give due honour, but in warlike gear should ride.
For better would it befit him unarmèd this day to greet,
Or like them to walk barefooted, and in garb for a sinner meet!

Quoth Parzival, 'Nay, I know not what the time of the year may be,
Or how men the tale may reckon of the weeks as they swiftly flee,
How the days shall be named I know not, long have I forgot such lore!
Of old time I served a master, and *God* was the name He bore.
But He bare unto me no favour, and for guerdon He mocking gave,
Tho' ne'er had my heart turned from Him—Men said, 'If from God ye crave
For succour, He sure will give it;' but I deem well they spake a lie,
For He who they said would help me, did help unto me deny!'

Quoth the grey-haired knight, 'Dost thou mean Him who was once of a Maiden born?
Dost believe that a Man for men's sake He died on the cross this morn,
And this day for His sake we hallow? Then such garb becomes thee ill!
For to-day all men call Good Friday, and the world it rejoiceth still
O'er the day that her chains were riven; tho' she mourneth her Saviour's pain.
Speak, knowest thou of faith more faithful than the faith God hath kept with men,
Since He hung on the cross for men's sake? Such woe as He bare for thee,
Sir Knight, sure must work thee sorrow, since baptized thou shalt surely be!
For *our* sin His life was forfeit, or else had mankind been lost,
And Hell as his prey had held us, and Hell's torments had paid sin's cost.
Sir Knight, if thou be not heathen, thou shalt honour this Holy Day—
So do thou as here I counsel, ride thou on this woodland way,
For near here a hermit dwelleth, as thy speech, so his rede shall be,
And if ruth for ill deed thou showest of thy sin will he speak thee free!'

Then out quoth the old man's daughter, 'Nay, father, but speak not so,
For too chill and cold is the morning, thou shalt bid him no further go.
Far better to bid him warm him his steel-clad limbs, for strong
And fair shall he be to look on, and the way is both cold and long.
Methinks were he thrice as mighty he would freeze ere his goal he reach,
And here hast thou tent for shelter, and viands for all and each.
Came King Arthur and all his vassals thou wouldst still have enough I trow,
So do thou as host so kindly, and good-will to this young knight show!'
Quoth the grey-haired sire, 'My daughters, Sir Knight, here give counsel good,
Each year, with tent of pilgrim, I wend thro' this lonely wood.
If warm or cold be the season I care not, as year by year
The time of our dear Lord's Passion draweth once more anear,
He rewardeth His servant's service—Sir Knight, what I, for His sake,
Brought here, as my guest, right willing, I pray thee from me to take!'

And kindly they spake, the maidens, and they bade the knight to stay,
And with gracious mien they prayed naught might drive him from them away.
And tho' cold was the frost and bitter, and it wrought not as summer's heat,
Yet Parzival saw their lips glow so red, and soft, and sweet.
(Tho' they wept for the death of the Saviour, such sorrow became them well.)
And here, had I cause for vengeance, an such happy chance befell,
I never would speak them guiltless, but a kiss should their penance be,
Nor against their will would I take it, of good-will should they give it me!
For women shall aye be women, and tho' brave be the knight, and strong,
Yet I ween is he oft the vanquished, nor the strife it endureth long!

With sweet words, and ways so gentle, they ever the knight would pray,
Children alike and parents, and fain would they have him stay:
Yet he thought, 'It were best I leave them, for e'en if I turn aside
All too fair methinks are these maidens, 'twere unfitting that *I* should ride
While *they* by my side walk barefoot—And 'tis better that we should part,

Since ever I bear Him hatred Whom they worship with lowly heart,
And they look for His aid, Who ever hath turnèd His face from me,
Nor from sorrow hath He withheld me, but hath wrought with me heavily!'
'Knight and Lady,' he quoth, 'I think me 'twere better I leave should pray,
May good fortune be yours, and blessing, and fulness of joy alway,
And may you, ye gentle maidens, find reward in your courtesy,
Since so well ye had thought to serve me, fair leave would I pray from ye!'
He greeted them, low they bowed them, and greeted the knight again,
Nor might they withhold their sorrow, for parting aye bringeth pain!

So the son of Herzeleide rode onward, well taught was he
In all manly skill and courage, in mercy and purity;
And his mother had aye bequeathed him her faithful heart and true—
Yet ever his soul waxed sadder, and there sprang up thoughts anew
Of the might of the Maker of all things, Who hath made this earth of naught,
How He dealeth with all creation, and still on His power he thought
'How might it yet be if God sent me that which brought to an end my woe?
If ever a knight He favoured, if ever a knight might know
His payment for service done Him—if He thinketh His aid they earn
Who dauntless shall wield their weapons, and ne'er from a foeman turn,
Let Him aid me, who bear unstainèd shield and sword as befits a man,
If to-day be His Day of Redemption, let Him help me, if help He *can*.'

Backward he turned his bridle on the road he had ridden before,
And the knight and his children stood there, and mourned for the parting sore.
And the maidens, true and gentle, gazed after the passing knight,
And his heart spake, he fain had seen them once more those maidens bright.

Then he spake, 'Is God's power so mighty that He guideth upon their way
The steed alike and the rider, then His hand may I praise to-day!
If God sendeth help from heaven, then let Him my charger show

The goal which shall bless my journey, so shall I the token know.
Now, go thou as God shall lead thee!' and bridle and bit he laid
Free on the neck of his charger and spurred it adown the glade.

Towards Fontaine-Sauvage the road led, and the chapel where once he sware
The oath that should clear Jeschuté—A holy man dwelt there,
And Trevrezent men called him, and ever on Monday morn
Poor was his fare, and no richer it waxed as the week wore on.
Nor wine nor bread he tasted, nor food that with blood was red,
Fish nor flesh, but his life so holy on the herb of the ground was fed.
And ever his thoughts, God-guided, were turning to Heaven's land,
And by fasting the wiles of the Devil he deemed he might best withstand.

And to Parzival the mystery of the Grail should he now reveal—
And he, who of this hath asked me, and since silence my lips must seal
Was wroth with me as his foeman, his anger might naught avail,
Since I did but as Kiot bade me, for he would I should hide the tale,
And tell unto none the secret, till the venture so far were sped
That the hidden should be made open, and the marvel of men be read.

For Kiot of old, the master whom men spake of in days of yore,
Far off in Toledo's city, found in Arabic writ the lore
By men cast aside and forgotten, the tale of the wondrous Grail;
But first must he learn the letters, nor black art might there avail.
By the grace of baptismal waters, by the light of our Holy Faith,
He read the tale, else 'twere hidden; for never, the story saith,
Might heathen skill have shown us the virtue that hidden lies
In this mighty Grail, or Its marvels have opened to Christian eyes.

'Twas a heathen, Flegetanis, who had won for his wisdom fame,
And saw many a wondrous vision, (from Israel's race he came,
And the blood of the kings of old-time, of Solomon did he share,)
He wrote in the days long vanished, ere we as a shield might bear
The cross of our Holy Baptism 'gainst the craft and the wiles of Hell,
And he was the first of earth's children the lore of the Grail to tell.
By his father's side a heathen, a calf he for God did hold,
How wrought the devil such folly, on a folk so wise, of old?
And the Highest Who knoweth all wonders, why stretched He not forth His Hand
To the light of His truth to turn them? For who may His power withstand!

And the heathen, Flegetanis, could read in the heavens high
How the stars roll on their courses, how they circle the silent sky,

And the time when their wandering endeth—and the life and the lot of men
He read in the stars, and strange secrets he saw, and he spake again
Low, with bated breath and fearful, of the thing that is called the Grail,
In a cluster of stars was it written, the name, nor their lore shall fail.
And he quoth thus, 'A host of angels this marvel to earth once bore,
But too pure for earth's sin and sorrow the heaven they sought once more,
And the sons of baptized men hold It, and guard It with humble heart,
And the best of mankind shall those knights be who have in such service part'

Then Kiot my master read this, the tale Flegetanis told,
And he sought for the name of the people, in Latin books of old,
Who of God were accounted worthy for this wondrous Grail to care,
Who were true and pure in their dealings and a lowly heart might bear.
And in Britain, and France, and Ireland thro' the chronicles he sought
Till at length, in the land of Anjou, the story to light was brought.
There, in true and faithful record, was it written of Mazadan,
And the heroes, the sons of his body, and further the story ran,
How Titurel, the grandsire, left his kingdom to Frimutel,
And at length to his son, Anfortas, the Grail and Its heirdom fell:
That his sister was Herzeleide, and with Gamuret she wed
And bare him for son the hero whose wanderings ye now have read.
For he rideth upon a journey that shall lead him a road unknown,
Tho' the grey knight but now had wended his way from the fountain lone.

And he knew again the meadow, tho' now the snow lay white
On the ground that erst was blooming with flowers of springtide bright.
'Twas before the rocky hillside where his hand must wipe away
The stain from Jeschuté's honour, and her husband's wrath allay.
Yet still the road led onward, to Fontaine-Sauvage, the name
Of the goal that should end his journey and his hermit host he came.

Then out spake the holy hermit, 'Alas, why doest thou so,
Sir Knight? at this Holy Season 'tis ill thus armed to go.
Dost thou bear perchance this harness thro' strife and danger dared?

Or hast thou unharmèd ridden, and in peace on thy way hast fared?
Other robe had beseemed thee better! List not to the voice of pride,
But draw thy rein here beside me, and with me for a space abide.
Not all too ill shalt thou fare here, thou canst warm thee beside my fire.
Dost thou seek here for knightly venture, and dost guerdon of love desire,
If the power of true Love constrain thee, then love Him who Love may claim!
As this day to His Love beareth witness, be His service to-day thine aim,
And serve for the love of fair women, if it please thee, another day;
But now get thee from off thy charger, and awhile from thy wanderings stay.'

Then Parzival, e'en as he bade him, sprang lightly unto the ground;
Humbly he stood before him, as he told how he folk had found
Who had told of the hermit's dwelling, and the counsel he wisely gave,
And he spake, 'I am one who hath sinnèd, and rede at thy lips I crave!'
As he spake the hermit answered,'Right gladly I'll counsel thee,
But, say, what folk hast thou met with? Who showed thee thy way to me?
'In the wood I met with an old man grey-headed, and fair he spake,
And kindly, I ween, were his people, he bade me this road to take,
On his track my steed came hither.' Then answered the hermit old,
''Twas Kahenis, and his praises shall ever by men be told.
A prince of the land of Punturtois, and his sister Kareis' king
Hath taken to wife—Fairer maidens no mother to earth did bring
Than those maidens twain, his daughters, who met thee upon thy road,
Of a royal house, yet yearly he seeketh this poor abode!'

Then Parzival spake to the hermit, 'Now say, when thou saw'st me here,
Didst thou shrink from my warlike coming, didst thou feel no touch of fear?'
Quoth the hermit,'Sir Knight, believe me, far oftener for stag or bear
Have I feared than I feared a man's face, in sooth shalt thou be aware
I fear me for no man living! Both cunning and skill have I,
And tho' I were loath to vaunt me, yet I ne'er to this life did fly
For fear, as beseems a maiden! For never my heart did quail

When I faced as a knight my foeman, and ne'er did my courage fail,
In the days when such things became me, in the days when I too might fight,
I was armèd as thou art armèd, like thee did I ride, a knight!
And I strove for high love's rewarding, and many an evil thought
With the pure mind within me battled, and ever my way I wrought
To win from a woman favour! All that was in time of yore,
And my body, by fasting wasted, remembereth those days no more.'

'Now give to mine hand the bridle, for there 'neath the rocky wall
Thy steed shall abide in safety, and we, ere the night shall fall,
Will gather of bough and herbage, since no better food may be,
Yet I trust that both thou and thy charger fare not all too ill with me!'
But Parzival deemed that surely 'twas unfitting a hermit old
Should thus lead his steed, and the bridle he would fain from his hand withhold,
'Now courtesy sure forbids thee to strive 'gainst thine host's good-will,
Let not haste from the right path lead thee, but follow my counsel still.'
In this wise spake the old man kindly, as he bade him, so did the knight,
And the charger he led 'neath the hillside where but seldom did sun-rays light.
In sooth 'twas a wondrous stable where the hermit the steed would stall,
And thro' it, from heights o'erhanging, foamed ever a water-fall.

The snow lay beneath our hero, no weakling was he, I ween,
Else the frost and the cold of his harness o'er-much for his strength had been.
To a cavern the hermit led him where no breath of wind might blow,
And a fire of coals had warmed it, and burned with a ruddy glow.
And here might the guest refresh him by the fire and a taper's light,
(Well strewn was the ground with fuel,) then swiftly the gallant knight
Laid from off him his heavy armour, and warmed his limbs so cold,
And his skin in the light glowed ruddy, and his face might the host behold.
He might well be of wandering weary, for never a trodden way
Nor a roof save the stars of heaven had he known for many a day.
In the daylight the wood had he ridden, and his couch, it had been the ground:
'Twas well that he here a shelter, and a kindly host had found!

Then his host cast a robe around him, and he took him by his right hand,
And he led him into a cavern where his Missal did open stand.
And as fitted the Holy Season the Altar was stripped and bare;
And the shrine—Parzival must know it, 'twas the spot where he once did swear
With true hand, true oath and faithful, that ended Jeschuté's woe,
And turnèd her tears to laughter, and taught her fresh joy to know!

Quoth Parzival, 'Well I know it this chapel and shrine! Of yore,
As hither my wanderings led me, an oath on that shrine I swore;
And a spear, with fair colours blazoned, that did here by the altar stand
I bare hence, and in sooth, I think me, right well did it serve my hand!
Men say it much honour brought me, yet I wot not if it be so,
For in thoughts of my wife had I lost me, and naught of the thing I know.
Yet, unwitting, two jousts had I ridden, and two foemen I overthrew,
In those days all men gave me honour, nor sorrow nor shame I knew.
Now, alas! is my sorrow greater than ever to man befell!
Say, when did I bear the spear hence? The days of my wanderings tell!'

'It was Taurian,' quoth the hermit, 'who his spear in my care did leave,
And much did he mourn its losing, and I with the knight must grieve.
And four years and a half and three days shall have passed since we lost the spear,
Sir Knight, an my word thou doubtest, behold! it is written here!'
Then he showed unto him in the Psalter how the time it had come and gone,
And the weeks and the years he read him that silent and swift had flown.
And he spake, 'Now first do I learn them, the days that I aimless stray,
And the weeks and the years that have vanished, since my joy hath been reft away.'
And he spake, 'Now indeed me-seemeth that my bliss it was but a dream,
For heavy the load of sorrow that so long hath my portion been!'

'And, Sir Host, I yet more would tell thee, where cloister or church shall be
And men unto God give honour, there no eye hath looked on me,
And naught but strife have I sought me, tho' the time as thou sayst be long,

For I against God bear hatred, and my wrath ever waxeth strong.
For my sorrow and shame hath He cherished, and He watched them greater grow
Till too high they waxed, and my gladness, yet living, He buried low!
And I think were God fain to help me other anchor my joy had found
Than this, which so deep hath sunk it, and with sorrow hath closed it round.
A man's heart is mine, and sore wounded, it acheth, and acheth still,
Yet once was it glad and joyous, and free from all thought of ill!
Ere sorrow her crown of sorrow, thorn-woven, with stern hand pressed
On the honour my hand had won me o'er many a foeman's crest!
And I do well to lay it on Him, the burden of this my shame,
Who can help if He will, nor withholdeth the aid that men fain would claim,
But me alone, hath He helped not, whate'er men of Him may speak,
But ever He turneth from me, and His wrath on my head doth wreak!'

Then the hermit beheld him sighing, 'Sir Knight, thou shalt put away
Such madness, and trust God better, for His help will He never stay.
And His aid to us here be given, yea, alike unto me and thee.
But' twere best thou shouldst sit beside me, and tell here thy tale to me,
And make to me free confession—How first did this woe begin?
What foe shall have worked such folly that God should thine hatred win?
Yet first would I pray thee, courteous, to hearken the word I say,
For fain would I speak Him guiltless, ere yet thou thy plaint shall lay
'Gainst Him, Who denieth never unto sinful man His aid,
But ever hath answered truly, who truly to Him hath prayed.'

'Tho' a layman I was yet ever in books might I read and learn
How men, for His help so faithful, should ne'er from His service turn.
Since aid He begrudged us never, lest our soul unto Hell should fall,
And as God Himself shall be faithful, be *thou* faithful whate'er befall;
For false ways He ever hateth—and thankful we aye should be
When we think of the deed, so gracious, once wrought of His love so free!
For *our* sake the Lord of Heaven in the likeness of man was made,

And Truth is His name, and His nature, nor from Truth shall He
e'er have strayed.
And this shalt thou know most surely, God breaketh His faith with
none.
Teach thy thoughts ne'er from Him to waver, since Himself and
His ways are One!'

'Wouldst thou force thy God with thine anger? He who heareth
that thou hast sworn
Hatred against thy Maker, he shall hold thee of wit forlorn!
Of Lucifer now bethink thee, and of those who must share his fall,
Bethink thee, the angel nature was free from all taint of gall,
Say, whence sprang that root of evil which spurred them to
endless strife,
And won its reward in Hell's torments, and the death of an
outcast life?
Ashtaroth, Belcimon, and Belat, Rhadamant, yea, and many more!
Pride and anger the host of Heaven with Hell's colours have
painted o'er!'

'When Lucifer and his angels thus sped on their downward way,
To fill their place, a wonder God wrought from the earth and clay:
The son of His hands was Adam, and from flesh of Adam, Eve
He brought, and for Eve's transgression, I ween, all the world doth
grieve.
For she hearkened not her Creator, and she robbed us of our
bliss.
And two sons sprang forth from her body, and the elder he
wrought amiss,
Since envy so worked upon him that from wrath there sprang
disgrace,
And of maidenhood did he rob her who was mother of all his
race!
Here many a one doth question, an the tale be to him unknown,
How might such a thing have chancèd? It came but by sin alone!'

Quoth Parzival, 'Now, I think me that never such thing might be,
And 'twere better thou shouldst keep silence, than tell such a tale
to me!
For who should have borne the father, whose son, as thou sayest,
reft
Maidenhood from his father's mother? Such riddle were better
left!'
But the hermit again made answer, 'Now thy doubt will I put
away,
O'er my falsehood thou canst bemoan thee if the thing be not
truth I say,
For the *Earth* was Adam's mother, of the *Earth* was Adam fed,
And I ween, tho' a man she bare here, yet still was the Earth a
maid.

And here will I read the riddle, he who robbed her of maidenhood
Was Cain the son of Adam, who in wrath shed his brother's blood:
For as on the Earth, so stainless, the blood of the guiltless fell,
Her maidenhood fled for ever! And true is the tale I tell.
For wrath of man and envy, thro' Cain did they wake to life,
And ever from that day forward thro' his sin there ariseth strife.'

'Nor on earth shall aught be purer than a maiden undefiled,
Think how pure must be a maiden, since God was a Maiden's Child!
Two men have been born of maidens, and God hath the likeness ta'en
Of the son of the first Earth-Maiden, since to help us He aye was fain.
Thus grief alike and gladness from the seed of Adam spring,
Since He willed to be Son of Adam, Whose praises the angels sing.
And yet have we sin as our birthright, and sin's pain must we ever bear,
Nor its power may we flee! Yet pity He feeleth for our despair,
Whose Strength is aye linked with Mercy, and with Mercy goes hand in hand,
And for man, as a Man, He suffered, and did falsehood by truth withstand.'

'No longer be wroth with thy Maker! If thou wouldst not thy soul were lost—
And here for thy sin do penance, nor longer thus rashly boast,
For he who, with words untamèd, is fain to avenge his wrong,
His own mouth shall, I ween, speak his judgment ere ever the time be long.
Learn faith from the men of old-time, whose rede ever waxeth new,
For Plato alike and the Sibyls in their day spake words so true,
And long years ere the time had ripened His coming they did foretell
Who made for our sin's Atonement, and drew us from depths of Hell.
God's Hand from those torments took us, and God's Love lifted us on high,
But they who His love disdainèd, they yet in Hell's clutches lie!'

'From the lips of the whole world's Lover came a message of love and peace,
(For He is a Light all-lightening, and never His faith doth cease,)
And he to whom love He showeth, findeth aye in that Love his bliss,
Yet twofold I ween is the message, and His token some read amiss;

For the world may buy, as it pleaseth, God's Wrath or His Love so great.
Say, which of the twain wilt thou choose here, shall thy guerdon be Love or Hate?
For the sinner without repentance, he flieth God's faith and Face,
But he who his sin confesseth, doth find in His presence grace!'

'From the shrine of his heart, who shall keep Him? Tho' hidden the thought within,
And secret, and thro' its darkness no sunbeam its way may win,
(For thought is a secret chamber, fast locked, tho' no lock it bear,)
Yet, tho' against man it be closèd, God's light ever shineth there.
He pierceth the wall of darkness, and silent and swift His spring,
As no sound betrayed His coming, as no footstep was heard to ring,
So silent His way He goeth—And swift as our thoughts have flown,
Ere God passed of our heart the threshold, our thoughts unto Him were known!
And the pure in heart He chooseth; he who doth an ill deed begin,
Since God knoweth the thoughts of all men, full sorely shall rue his sin.
And the man who by deeds God's favour doth forfeit, what shall he gain?
Tho' the world count him honour-worthy, his soul seeketh rest in vain.
And where wilt thou seek for shelter if *God* as thy foeman stand,
Who of wrath or of love giveth payment, as men serve Him, with equal hand?
Thou art lost if thy God be against thee—If thou wouldst His favour earn,
Then away from thy wrath and thy folly thy thoughts to His goodness turn!'

Quoth Parzival, 'Here I thank thee, from my heart, that such faithful rede
Thou hast given of him who withholdeth from no man his rightful meed,
But evil, as good, requiteth—Yet my youth hath been full of care,
And my faith hath but brought me sorrow, and ill to this day I fare!'

Then the hermit he looked on the Waleis, 'If a secret be not thy grief,
Right willing thy woe I'll hearken, I may bring thee perchance relief;
Of some counsel may I bethink me such as yet to thyself dost fail!'
Quoth Parzival, 'Of my sorrows the chiefest is for the Grail,

And then for my wife—none fairer e'er hung on a mother's breast,
For the twain is my heart yet yearning, with desire that ne'er findeth rest.'
Quoth his host, 'Well, Sir Knight, thou speakest, such sorrow is good to bear;
If thus for the wife of thy bosom thy heart knoweth grief and care,
And Death find thee a faithful husband, tho' Hell vex thee with torments dire
Yet thy pains shall be swiftly ended, God will draw thee from out Hell-fire.
But if for the *Grail* thou grievest, then much must I mourn thy woe,
O! foolish man, since fruitless thy labours, for thou shalt know
That none win the Grail save those only whose names are in Heaven known,
They who to the Grail do service, they are chosen of God alone;
And mine eyes have surely seen this, and sooth is the word I say!'
Quoth Parzival, 'Thou hast been there?' 'Sir Knight,' quoth the hermit, 'Yea!'
But never a word spake our hero of the marvels himself had seen,
But he asked of his host the story, and what men by 'The Grail' should mean?
Spake the hermit, 'Full well do I know this, that many a knightly hand
Serveth the Grail at Monsalväsch, and from thence, throughout all the land,
On many a distant journey these gallant Templars fare,
Whether sorrow or joy befall them, for their sins they this penance bear!'

'And this brotherhood so gallant, dost thou know what to them shall give
Their life, and their strength and their valour—then know, by a *stone* they live,
And that stone is both pure and precious—Its name hast thou never heard?
Men call it *Lapis Exilis*—by its magic the wondrous bird,
The Phœnix, becometh ashes, and yet doth such virtue flow
From the stone, that afresh it riseth renewed from the ashes glow,
And the plumes that erewhile it moulted spring forth yet more fair and bright—
And tho' faint be the man and feeble, yet the day that his failing sight
Beholdeth the stone, he dies not, nor can, till eight days be gone,
Nor his countenance wax less youthful—If one daily behold that stone,
(If a man it shall be, or a maiden 'tis the same,) for a hundred years,

If they look on its power, their hair groweth not grey, and their face appears
The same as when first they saw it, nor their flesh nor their bone shall fail
But young they abide for ever—And this stone all men call the Grail.'
'And Its holiest power, and the highest shall I ween be renewed to-day,
For ever upon Good Friday a messenger takes her way.
From the height of the highest Heaven a Dove on her flight doth wing,
And a Host, so white and holy, she unto the stone doth bring.
And she layeth It down upon It; and white as the Host the Dove
That, her errand done, swift wingeth her way to the Heaven above.
Thus ever upon Good Friday doth it chance as I tell to thee:
And the stone from the Host receiveth all good that on earth may be
Of food or of drink, the earth beareth as the fulness of Paradise.
All wild things in wood or in water, and all that 'neath Heaven flies,
To that brotherhood are they given, a pledge of God's favour fair,
For His servants He ever feedeth and the Grail for their needs doth care!'

'Now hearken, the Grail's elect ones, say who doth their service claim?
On the Grail, in a mystic writing, appeareth each chosen name,
If a man it shall be, or a maiden, whom God calls to this journey blest.
And the message no man effaceth, till all know the high behest,
But when all shall the name have read there, as it came, doth the writing go:
As children the Grail doth call them, 'neath its shadow they wax and grow.
And blessèd shall be the mother whose child doth the summons hear,
Rich and poor alike rejoiceth when the messenger draweth near,
And the Grail son or daughter claimeth! They are gathered from every land,
And ever from shame and sorrow are they sheltered, that holy band.
In Heaven is their rewarding, if so be that they needs must die,
Then bliss and desire's fulfilment are waiting them all on high!'

'They who took no part in the conflict, when Lucifer would fight
With the Three-in-One, those angels were cast forth from Heaven's height.
To the earth they came at God's bidding, and that wondrous stone did tend,

Nor was It less pure for their service, yet their task found at last an end.
I know not if God forgave them, or if they yet deeper fell,
This one thing I know of a surety, what God doeth, He doeth well!
But ever since then to this service nor maiden nor knight shall fail,
For God calleth them all as shall please Him!—and so standeth it with the Grail!'
Quoth Parzival, 'So, since knighthood may conquer, with spear and shield,
Both the fame of *this* life, and the blessing which Paradise shall yield,
Since my soul ever longed for knighthood, and I fought where'er strife might be,
And my right hand hath neared full often the guerdon of victory,
If God be the God of battles, if He know how a man should fight,
Let Him name me as one of His servants, of the Grail let Him make me knight!
They shall own that I fear no danger, nor from strife would I turn aside!'
But the hermit made answer gently, 'First must thou beware of pride,
For lightly may youth mislead thee; and the grace of humility
Mayst thou lose, and the proud God doth punish, as full surely is known to me!'
And tears filled his eyes to o'erflowing, and his sad thoughts awhile did turn
To a story of old, and our hero he bade from its lesson learn.

And he quoth, 'Sir Knight, at Monsalväsch a king reigned in days of yore,
His name all men know as Anfortas, and I weep for him evermore.
Yea, and thou too shalt mourn his sorrow, for bitter the woe, I ween,
And the torment of heart and body that his guerdon from pride hath been.
For his youth and his worldly riches they led him an evil road,
And he sought for Frau Minne's favour in paths where no peace abode.'

'But the Grail all such ways forbiddeth, and both knight alike and squire
Who serve the Grail must guard them from the lust of untamed desire.
By meekness their pride must be conquered, if they look for a heavenly prize,
And the brotherhood holdeth hidden the Grail from all stranger eyes:
By their warlike skill and prowess the folk from the lands around,
They keep afar, and none knoweth where the Grail and Its Burg are found

Save those whom the Grail shall summon within Monsalväsch' wall—
Yet *one*, uncalled, rode thither and evil did then befall,
For foolish he was, and witless, and sin-laden from thence did fare,
Since he asked not his host of his sorrow and the woe that he saw him bear.
No man would I blame, yet *this* man, I ween, for his sins must pay,
Since he asked not the longed-for question which all sorrow had put away.
(Sore laden his host with suffering, earth knoweth no greater pain.)
And before him King Lähelein came there, and rode to the Lake Brimbane.
Libbèals, the gallant hero, a joust there was fain to ride,
And Lähelein lifeless left him, on the grass by the water-side,
(Prienlaskors, methinks, was his birthplace) and his slayer then led away
His charger, so men knew the evil thus wrought by his hand that day.'

'And I think me, Sir Knight, *thou* art Lähelein? For thou gavest unto my care
A steed that such token showeth as the steeds of the Grail Knights bear!
For the white dove I see on its housing, from Monsalväsch it surely came?
Such arms did Anfortas give them while joy yet was his and fame.
Their shields bare of old the token, Titurel gave it to his son
Frimutel, and such shield bare that hero when his death in a joust he won.
For his wife did he love so dearly no woman was loved so well
By man, yet in truth and honour,—and the same men of thee shall tell
If thou wakenest anew old customs, and thy wife from thine heart dost love—
Hold thou fast to such fair example lest thy steps from the right path rove!
And in sooth thou art wondrous like him who once o'er the Grail did reign,
Say, what is thy race? whence art thou? and tell me I pray thy name!'

Each gazed for a space on the other, and thus quoth Parzival,
'Son am I to a king and hero who through knightly courage fell,
In a joust was he slain—Now I pray thee, Sir Hermit, of this thy grace,
That thou, in thy prayers henceforward, wilt give to his name a place.
Know, Gamuret, did they call him, and he came from fair Anjou—
Sir Host I am not Lähelein; if ever such sin I knew

'Twas in my days of folly, yet in truth have I done the same,
Here I make of my guilt confession, and my sin unto thee I name,
For the prince who once fell a victim unto my sinful hand
Was he whom men called 'the Red Knight,' Prince Ither of Cumberland.
On the greensward I lifeless stretched him, and as at my feet he lay,
Harness, and horse, and weapons, as my booty I bare away!'

Spake the host as his words were ended, (the tale he ill pleased must hear,)
'Ah! world, wherefore deal thus with us? since sorrow and grief and fear
Far more than delight dost thou give us! Say, is this thy reward alone?
For ever the song that thou singest doth end in a mournful tone!'
And he spake, 'O thou son of my sister, what rede may I give to thee?
Since the knight thou hast slain in thy folly, thy flesh and thy blood was he!
If thou, blood-guiltiness bearing, shalt dare before God to stand,
For one blood were ye twain, to God's justice thy life shall repay thine hand.
Say, for Ither of Gaheviess fallen, what payment dost think to give?
The crown he of knightly honour! God gave him, while he might live.
All that decketh man's life; for all evil his true heart did truly mourn,
True balsam was he of the faithful, to honour and glory born.
And shame fled before his coming, and truth in his heart did dwell,
And for love of his lovely body many women shall hate thee well!
For well did they love his coming, and to serve them he aye was fain,
But their eyes that shone fair for his fairness he ne'er shall rejoice again!
Now, may God show His mercy to thee whose hand hath such evil wrought,
Herzeleide the queen, thy mother, thou too to her death hast brought—'
'Nay! Nay! not so, holy father! What sayest thou?' quoth Parzival,
'Of what dost thou here accuse me? Were I king o'er the wondrous Grail
Not all Its countless riches would repay me if this be sooth,
These words that thy lips have spoken! And yet if I, in very truth,
Be son unto thy sister, then show that thou mean'st me well,
And say, without fear or falsehood, are these things true that thou dost tell?'

Then the hermit he spake in answer, 'Ne'er learnt I to deceive,

Thy mother she died of sorrow in the day thou her side didst leave,
Such rewarding her love won for her! *Thou* wast the beast that hung
On her breast, the wingèd dragon that forth from her body sprung,
That spread its wings and left her: in a dream was it all foretold
Ere yet the sorrowing mother the babe to her breast did hold!'

'And two other sisters had I, Schoisianè she was one;
She bare a child—Woe is me, her death thro' this birth she won!
Duke Kiot of Katelangen was her husband, and since that day
All wordly joy and honour he putteth from him away.
Siguné, their little daughter, was left to thy mother's care:
And sorrow for Schoisianè in my heart do I ever bear!
So true was her heart and faithful, an ark 'gainst the flood of sin.
A maiden, my other sister, her pure life doth honour win,
For the Grail she ever tendeth—Repanse de Schoie, her name,
Tho' none from Its place may move It whose heart showeth taint of shame,
In *her* hands is It light as a feather—And brother unto us twain
Is Anfortas, by right of heirship he king o'er the Grail doth reign;
And he knoweth not joy, but sorrow, yet one hope I ween is his,
That his pain shall at last be turnèd to delight and to endless bliss.
And wondrous the tale of his sorrow, as, nephew, I'll tell to thee,
And if true be thine heart and faithful his grief shall thy sorrow be!'

'When he died, Frimutel, our father, they chose them his eldest son
As Lord of the Grail and Its knighthood, thus Anfortas his kingdom won,
And of riches and crown was he worthy, and we were but children still—
When he came to the years of manhood, when love joyeth to work her will
On the heart, and his lips were fringèd with the down of early youth,
Frau Minne laid stress upon him who for torment hath little ruth.
But if love the Grail King seeketh other than he find writ,
'Tis a sin, and in sorrow and sighing full sore shall he pay for it!'

'And my lord and brother chose him a lady for service fair,
Noble and true he deemed her, I say not what name she bare;
Well he fought in that lady's honour, and cowardice from him fled,
And his hand many a shield-rim shattered, by love's fire was he venture led.
So high stood his fame that no hero in knightly lands afar

Could he brook to be thought his equal, so mighty his deeds of war,
And his battle-cry was "Amor," yet it seemeth unto me
Not all too well such cry suiteth with a life of humility.'

'One day as the king rode lonely, in search of some venture high
(Sore trouble it brought upon us,) with love's payment for victory,
For love's burden lay heavy on him, in a joust was he wounded sore
With a poisoned spear, so that healing may be wrought on him nevermore.
For thine uncle, the King Anfortas, he was smitten thro' the thigh
By a heathen who with him battled, for he jousted right skilfully.
He came from the land of Ethnisé, where forth from fair Paradise
Flow the streams of the River Tigris, and he thought him, that heathen wise,
He should win the Grail, and should hold It—On his spear had he graven his name,
From afar sought he deeds of knighthood, over sea and land he came.
The fame of the Grail drew him thither, and evil for us his strife,
His hand joy hath driven from us and clouded with grief our life!'

'But thine uncle had battled bravely and men praised his name that day—
With the spear-shaft yet fast in his body he wended his homeward way.
And weeping arose and wailing as he came once again to his own,
And dead on the field lay his foeman, nor did we for his death make moan!'

'When the king came, all pale and bloodless, and feeble of strength and limb,
Then a leech stretched his hand to the spear-wound, and the iron he found fast within,
With the hilt, wrought of reed, and hollow, and the twain from the wound he drew.
Then I fell on my knees, and I vowed me to God, with a heart so true,
That henceforward the pride of knighthood, and its fame, would I know no more,
If but God would behold my brother and would succour his need so sore.
Then flesh, wine, and bread I forswore there, and all food that by blood might live,
That lust might no longer move me my life I to God would give,
And I tell thee, O son of my sister, that the wailing arose anew
When my weapons I put from off me and ungirded my sword so true,

And they spake, 'Who shall guard our mysteries? who shall watch
o'er the wondrous Grail?'
And tears fell from the eyes of the maidens, but their weeping
might naught avail!

'To the Grail, then, they bare Anfortas, if Its virtue might bring
relief;
But, alas! when his eyes beheld It yet heavier waxed his grief
As the life sprang afresh within him, and he knew that he might
not die;
And he liveth, while here I hide me in this life of humility,
And the power of the Grail, and Its glory, with their monarch have
waxen weak.
For the venom, his wound that poisoned, tho' the leeches their
books did seek
Yet found they nor help nor healing—Yea, all that their skill might
learn
'Gainst the poison of Aspis, Elkontius, of Liseis, and Ecidemon,
All spells 'gainst the worm empoisoned, 'gainst Jecis or Meàtris;
Or all that a wise man knoweth of roots or of herbs; I wis
Naught was there in all might help him; nor rede I a longer tale
Since *God* willeth not his healing what man's skill may aught
avail?'

'Then we sent to the mystic waters, in a far-off land they rise,
Pison, Gihon, Tigris, Euphrates, the rivers of Paradise,
And so near they flow that the perfumes which breathe from its
scented air
Shall yet to their streams be wafted—If their waters perchance
might bear
Some plant from the wondrous garden that might succour us in
our woe,
But vain thought, and fruitless labour, fresh sorrow our heart did
know!'

'Nor here did we end our labour, for again for the bough we
sought
Which the Sibyl unto Æneas as a shield 'gainst Hell's dangers
brought.
'Gainst the smoke and the fire of Phlegethon, and the rivers that
flow in Hell
Would it guard, and for long we sought it, for we thought, if such
chance befell
That the spear in Hell-fire was welded, and the poison from Hell
did spring
That thus of our joy had robbed us, then this bough might
salvation bring!'

'But Hell, it knew naught of the poison! There liveth a wondrous
bird
Who loveth too well her fledglings—Of the Pelican's love we
heard,

How she teareth her breast and feedeth her young with the quickening food
Of her own life-blood, and then dieth—So we took of that bird the blood,
Since we thought that her love might help us, and we laid it upon the sore
As best we could—Yet, I wot well, no virtue for us it bore!'

'A strange beast, the Unicorn, liveth, and it doth in such honour keep
The heart of a spotless maiden that it oft at her knee will sleep.
And the heart of that beast we took us, and we took us the red-fire stone
That lies 'neath its horn, if the king's wound might its healing virtue own.
And we laid on the wound the carbuncle, and we put it the wound within,
Yet still was the sore empoisoned nor aid from the stone might win!'

'And sore with the king we sorrowed—Then a magic herb we found,
(Men say, from the blood of a dragon it springeth from out the ground,)
With the stars, and the wind, and the heaven, close-bound, doth it win its power,
Lest perchance, by the flight of the dragon, when the stars bring the circling hour,
And the moon draweth near to her changing, (for sorer then grows the pain,)
The herb might our grief have aided—Yet its magic we sought in vain!'

'Then the knights of the Grail knelt lowly, and for help to the Grail they prayed,
And, behold! the mystic writing, and a promise it brought of aid,
For a knight should come to the castle, and so soon as he asked the king
Of the woe that so sorely pained him his question should healing bring.
But let them beware, man or maiden, or child, should they warn the knight
Of his task, he no healing bringeth, greater waxeth the sorrow's might.
And the writing it ran, 'Ye shall mark this, forewarning shall bring but ill,
And in the first night of his coming must the healer his task fulfil,
Or the question shall lose its virtue; but if at the chosen hour
He shall speak, *his* shall be the kingdom, and the evil hath lost its power.
So the hand of the Highest sendeth to Anfortas the end of woe,

Yet *King* shall he be no longer tho' healing and bliss he know.'

'Thus we read in the Grail that our sorrow should come to an end
that day
That the knight should come who the meaning of the grief that
he saw should pray—
Then salve of Nard we took us, and Teriak, and the wound we
dressed,
And we burnt wood of Lignum Aloe for so might the king find
rest.
Yet ever he suffereth sorely—Then fled I unto this place,
And my life little gladness knoweth till my brother hath gotten
grace.
And the knight, he hath come, and hath left us, and ill for us all
that day,
(But now did I speak of his coming,) sorrow-laden he rode away,
For he saw his host's woe and asked not, 'What aileth thee here,
mine host?'
Since his folly such words forbade him great bliss shall he there
have lost!'

Then awhile did they mourn together till the mid-day hour drew
near,
And the host spake, 'We must be seeking for food, and thine
horse, I fear,
As yet shall be lacking fodder; nor know I how we shall feed
If not God in His goodness show us the herbs that shall serve our
need,
My kitchen but seldom smoketh! Forgive thou the lack to-day,
And abide here, so long as shall please thee, if thy journey shall
brook delay.
Of plants and of herbs would I teach thee much lore, if so be the
grass
Were not hidden by snow—God grant us that this cold may be
soon o'erpast—
Now break we yew-boughs for thy charger, far better its fare hath
been
Erewhile 'neath the roof of Monsalväsch than shall here be its lot I
ween!
Yet never a host shall ye meet with who rider alike and steed
Would as gladly bid share of his substance as I, had I all ye need!'
Then the twain they went forth on their errand—Parzival for his
steed had care,
While the hermit for roots was seeking since no better might be
their fare;
And the host his rule forgat not, he ate naught, whate'er he
found,
Till the ninth hour, but ever hung them, as he drew them from
out the ground,
On the nearest shrub, and there left them; many days he but ill
might fare

For God's honour, since oft he lost them, the shrubs which his roots did bear.

Nor grudged they aught of their labour: then they knelt by the streamlet's flow,
And the roots and the herbs they washed there, and no laughter their lips might know.
Then their hands they washed, and the yew-boughs Parzival together bound
And bare them unto his charger ere the cavern again he found;
Then the twain by the fireside sat them, nor further might food be brought,
Nor on roast nor on boiled they fed them, nor found in their kitchen aught.
Yet so true was the love and the honour Parzival to the hermit bare
That he deemed he enough had eaten, and no better had been his fare
With Gurnemanz of Graharz, or e'en in Monsalväsch hall,
When the maidens passed fair before him and the Grail fed them each and all.

Then his kindly host quoth, 'Nephew, despise not this food, for know
Lightly thou shalt not find one who shall favour and kindness show,
Of true heart, without fear of evil, as fain would I show to thee.'
And Parzival quoth, 'May God's favour henceforward ne'er light on me
If food ever better pleased me, or I ate with a better will
What a host ever set before me, such fare doth content me still.'

Their hands they need not wash them for such food as before them lay,
'Twas no fish, that their eyes had harmèd as men oft are wont to say.
And were I or hawk or falcon I had lent me to the chase,
Nor stooped to the lure unwilling, nor fled from my master's face,
But an they no better fed me than at noontide they fed, these twain,
I had spread my wings right swiftly, nor come to their call again!
Why mock at this folk so faithful? 'Twas ever my way of old—
Yet ye know why, forsaking riches, they chose to them want and cold,
And the lack of all things joyful, such sorrow and grief of heart
They bare of true heart, God-fearing, nor had they in falsehood part;
And thus from the hand of the Highest they won payment for grief and woe,
And alike should the twain God's favour, as of old, so hereafter know.

Then up stood they again, and they gat them, Parzival and the holy man,
To the steed in its rocky stable, and full sadly the host began
As he spake to the noble charger, 'Woe is me for thy scanty fare,
For the sake of the saddle upon thee and the token I see thee bear!'

When their care for the horse was ended, then sorrow sprang forth anew,
Quoth Parzival, 'Host and uncle, my folly I needs must rue,
And fain would I tell the story if for shame I the word may speak;
Forgive me, I pray, of thy kindness, since in thee do I comfort seek,
For sorely, I ween, have I sinnèd; if thou canst no comfort find
No peace may be mine, but for ever the chains of remorse shall bind.
Of true heart shalt thou mourn my folly—He who to Monsalväsch rode,
He who saw Anfortas' sorrow, he who spake not the healing word,
'Twas I, child and heir of misfortune, 'twas I, Parzival, alone,
Ill have I wrought, and I know not how I may for such ill atone!'

Spake the hermit, 'Alas! my nephew, thou speakest the words of woe,
Vanished our joy, and sorrow henceforth must we grasp and know,
Since folly of bliss betrayed thee: senses five did God give to thee,
And methinks, in the hour of thy testing, their counsel should better be.
Why guarded they not thine honour, and thy love as a man to men,
In the hour that thou satst by Anfortas? Of a truth hadst thou spoken then!'

'Nor would I deny thee counsel; mourn not for thy fault too sore,
Thou shalt, in a fitting measure, bewail thee, and grief give o'er.
For strange are the ways, and fitful, of mankind, oft is youth too wise
And old age turneth back to folly, and darkened are wisdom's eyes,
And the fruit of a life lieth forfeit, while green youth doth wax old and fade—
Not in this wise true worth shall be rooted, and payment in praise be paid.
Thine youth would I see fresh blooming, and thine heart waxing strong and bold,
While thou winnest anew thine honour, nor dost homage from God withhold.
For thus might it chance unto thee to win for thyself such fame

As shall make amends for thy sorrow, and God thee, as His knight, shall claim!'

'Thro' my mouth would God teach thee wisdom; now say, didst thou see the spear,
In that wondrous Burg of Monsalväsch? As ever the time draws near
When Saturn his journey endeth—(that time by the wound we know,
And yet by another token, by the fall of the summer snow)
Then sorely the frost doth pain him, thy king and uncle dear,
And deep in the wound empoisoned once more do they plunge the spear,
One woe shall help the other, the spear cure the frost's sharp pain,
And crimson it grows with his life-blood ere men draw it forth again!'

'When the stars return in their orbit, then the wailing it waxeth sore,
When they stand in opposition, or each to the other draw.
And the moon, in its waxing and waning, it causeth him bitter pain—
In the time that I erst have told thee then the king little rest may gain;
His flesh thro' the frost it groweth colder than e'en the snow,
But men know that the spear sharp-pointed doth with fiery venom glow,
And upon the wound they lay it, and the frost from his flesh so cold
It draweth, and lo! as crystals of glass to the spear doth hold,
And as ice to the iron it clingeth, and none looseth it from the blade.
Then Trebuchet the smith bethought him, in his wisdom two knives he made,
Of silver fair he wrought them, and sharp was the edge and keen —
(A spell on the king's sword written had taught him such skill I ween,)
Tho' no flame on earth can kindle Asbestos, as men do tell,
And never a fire may harm it, if these crystals upon it fell
Then the flame would leap and kindle and burn with a fiery glow
Till th' Asbestos lay in ashes, such power doth this poison know!'

'The king, he rideth never, nor yet may he walk, or lie,
And he sitteth not, but, reclining, in tears his sad days pass by.
And the moon's changes work him evil—To a lake they call Brimbane
They bear him full oft for fishing that the breezes may soothe his pain.

This he calleth his day for hunting, tho' what booty shall be his share,
And he vex himself to gain it, for his host 'twould be meagre fare!
And from this there sprang the story that he should but a Fisher be,
Tho little he recked the fable, no merchant I ween was he
Of salmon or aye of lamprey, he had chosen far other game
Were he freed from the load of sorrow and the burden of bitter pain.'

Quoth Parzival, 'So I found him; the king's skiff at anchor lay,
And for pastime, e'en as a fisher, the even he wore away;
And many a mile had I ridden that day, since from Pelrapär
When the sun stood high in the heaven, at noontide I forth must fare;
And at even I much bethought me where my shelter that night might be,
Then my uncle did fair entreat me, and my host for a space was he.'

'A perilous way didst thou ride there,' spake the host, 'one that well they guard
Those Templars, nor strength nor cunning brings a traveller thro' their ward,
For danger full oft besets him, and oft he his life shall lose,
Life against life is their penance, all quarter these knights refuse.'

'Yet scatheless I passed that woodland in the day that I found the king
By the lake,' quoth the knight, 'and at even his palace with grief did ring,
And sure, as they mourned, I think me, no folk ever mourned before!
In the hall rose the voice of wailing as a squire sprang within the door,
And a spear in his hand he carried, and to each of the walls he stept,
Red with blood was the spear, as they saw it, the people they mourned and wept.'

Then answered the host, 'Far sorer than before was the monarch's pain,
In this wise did he learn the tidings that Saturn drew near again,
And the star with a sharp frost cometh, and it helpeth no whit to lay
The spear on the sore as aforetime, in the wound must it plunge alway!
When that star standeth high in heaven the wound shall its coming know
Afore, tho' the earth shall heed not, nor token of frost shall show.
But the cold it came, and the snow-flakes fell thick in the following night

Tho' the season was spring, and the winter was vanquished by
summer's might.
As the frost to the king brought sorrow and pain, so his people
true
Were of joy bereft, as the moment of his anguish thus nearer
drew.'

And Trevrezent quoth, 'In sorrow that folk hath both lot and part,
When the spear thro' the king's wound pierceth, it pierceth each
faithful heart.
And their love to their lord, and their sorrow, such tears from
their eyelids drew
That, methinks, in those bitter waters had they been baptized
anew.'

Spake Parzival unto the hermit, 'Five-and-twenty they were, the
maids
I saw stand before the monarch, and courteous their part they
played.'
And the host spake, 'By God's high counsel such maidens alone
avail
For the care of this wondrous mystery, and do service before the
Grail.
And the Grail, It chooseth strictly, and Its knights must be chaste
and pure,—
When the star standeth high in the heaven then grief must that
folk endure,
And the young they mourn as the aged, and God's wrath it lasts
for aýe,
And ne'er to their supplication doth He hearken and answer
"Yea."'

'And, nephew, this thing would I tell thee, and my word shalt thou
well believe,
They who to the Grail do service, they take, and again they give.
For they take to them tittle children, noble of birth and race—
If a land be without a ruler, and its people shall seek God's Face
And crave of His Hand a monarch, then He hearkeneth to their
prayer,
And a knight, from the Grail host chosen, as king to that land
doth fare.
And well shall he rule that people, and happy shall be that land,
For the blessing of God goeth with him and God's wisdom doth
guide his hand.'

'God sendeth the *men* in secret, but the *maidens* in light of day
Are given unto their husbands; thus none spake to his wooing,
Nay,
When King Kastis wooed Herzeleide, but joyful our sister gave,
Yet ne'er might her love rejoice him for Death dug at his feet a
grave.
But in life had he given thy mother both Norgals and fair Waleis,

Those kingdoms twain and their cities, Kingrivals and Kanvoleis.
'Twas a fair gift, and known of all men—Then they rode on their homeward way,
But Death met them upon their journey, and he made of the king his prey,
And over both Waleis and Norgals Herzeleide, as queen, did reign,
Till Gamuret's right hand valiant won the maid, and her kingdoms twain.'

'Thus the Grail Its maidens giveth, in the day, and the sight of men,
But It sendeth Its knights in the silence and their children It claims again,—
To the host of the Grail are they counted, Grail servants they all shall be,
So the will of God standeth written on the Grail for all men to see.'

'He who would to the Grail do service, he shall women's love forswear:
A wife shall none have save the Grail king, and his wife a pure heart must bear,
And those others whom God's Hand sendeth, as king, to a kingless land—
But little I recked such counsel, to love's service I vowed my hand,
As the pride of my youth constrained me, and the beauty of woman's eyes,
And I rode full oft in her service, and I battled for knighthood's prize.
Fain was I for wild adventure, on jousting no more I thought,
So fair shone the love-light on me ever fiercer the strife I sought.
And thro' far-off lands and distant, in the service of love I fared,
And to win sweet love's rewarding right valiant the deeds I dared.
If heathen my foe or Christian, what mattered it unto me?
The fiercer the strife that beset me, the fairer my prize should be!'

'And thus, for the love of woman, in three parts of the earth I fought,
In Europe, and far-off Asia, and in Afric' I honour sought.
If for gallant jousting I lusted I fought before Gaurivon;
By the mystic Mount of Fay-Morgan I many a joust have run.
And I fought by the Mount Agremontin, where are fiery men and fierce,
Yet the other side they burn not tho' their spears thro' the shield can pierce.
In Rohas I sought for ventures, and Slavs were my foemen then,
With lances they came against me and I trow they were gallant men!'

'From Seville I took my journey, and I sailed o'er the tideless sea
Unto Sicily, since thro' Friant and Aquilea should my journey be.

Alas! alas! woe is me, for I met with thy father there,
I found him, and looked upon him, ere I from Seville must fare.
For e'en as I came to the city he there for a space abode,
And my heart shall be sore for his journey, since thence to Bagdad he rode,
And there, as thyself hast spoken, in a knightly joust he fell,
And for ever my heart must mourn him, and my tongue of his praises tell!'
'A rich man shall be my brother, nor silver nor gold would spare
When in secret I forth from Monsalväsch at his will and his word did fare;
For I took me his royal signet, and to Karkobra I came,
Where Plimizöl to the wide sea floweth, and the land, Barbigöl, they name.
And the Burg-grave he knew the token, ere I rode from the town again
Of horses and squires, as failed me, he raised me a gallant train,
And we rode thence to wild adventures, and to many a knightly deed,
For nothing had he begrudged me of aught that might serve my need.
Alone came I unto the city, and there at my journey's end
Did I leave those who had fared thence with me, and alone to Monsalväsch wend.'

'Now hearken to me, my nephew, when thy father first saw my face
Of old in Seville's fair city, there did he such likeness trace
To his wife, fair Herzeleide, that he would me as brother claim,
Tho' never before had he seen me, and secret I held my name.
And in sooth was I fair to look on, as ever a man might be,
And my face by no beard was hidden; and sweetly he spake to me,
When he sought me within my dwelling—Yet many an oath I swore
And many a word of denial, yet ever he pressed me more
Till in secret at last I told him, his kinsman was I in truth,
And greatly did he rejoice him when he knew that his words were sooth!'

'A jewel he gave unto me, and I gave to him at his will;
Thou sawest my shrine, green shall grass be, yet that shineth greener still,
'Twas wrought from the stone he gave me—and a better gift he gave,
For his nephew as squire he left me, Prince Ither, the true and brave.
His heart such lore had taught him that falsehood his face did flee,
The King of Cumberland was he, who, thou sayest, was slain by thee.

Then no longer might we delay us, but we parted, alas! for aye.
He rode to the land of Baruch, unto Rohas I took my way.

'In Celli three weeks I battled, and I deemed 'twas enough for fame,
From Rohas I took my journey and unto Gandein I came,
('Twas that town from which first thy grandsire, his name of Gandein did take,)
And many a deed did Ither, and men of his prowess spake.
And the town lieth near the river, where Graien and Drave they meet,
And the waters I ween are golden,—there Ither found guerdon sweet,
For thine aunt, Lamire, she loved him, she was queen of that fair land,
Gandein of Anjou, her father, he gave it unto her hand.
And Lamire was her name, but her country shall be Styria to this day—
And many a land must he traverse who seeketh for knightly fray.'

'It grieveth me sore for my red squire, men honoured me for his sake,
And Ither was thy near kinsman tho' of *that* thou small heed didst take!
Yet God *He* hath not forgotten, and thy deed shall He count for sin,
And I wot thou shalt first do penance ere thou to His peace shalt win.
And, weeping, this truth I tell thee, two mortal sins shall lie
On thine heart, thou hast slain thy kinsman, and thy mother, thro' thee, must die.
And in sooth shalt thou sore bewail her; in the day thou didst leave her side,
So great was her love, and faithful, that for grief at thy loss she died.
Now do thou as here I rede thee, repent thee and pay sin's cost,
That thy conflict on earth well ended thy soul be not ever lost.'

Then the host he quoth full kindly, 'Nephew, now say the word,
Whence hast thou yon gallant charger? Not yet I the tale have heard!'
'In a joust, Sir Host, did I win it, when I rode from Siguné's cell
In a gallop I smote the rider and he from the saddle fell,
And the steed was mine, I rode hence,—from Monsalväsch he came, the knight.'
Quoth the host, 'Is the man yet living who thus with thee did fight?'
'Yea, I saw him fly before me, and beside me stood his steed.'
'Nay, if thou in such wise dost bear thee thou art scant of wit indeed!

The Grail-knights dost thou rob, and thinkest their friendship thereby to win?'
'Nay, my uncle, in strife I won it, and he who shall count it sin
Let him ask how the thing hath chanced thus, 'twas a fair fight we fought, we twain,
Nor was it for naught that I took it, for first had my steed been slain!'

Quoth Parzival, 'Who was the maiden who the Grail in her hands did bear,
Her mantle, that eve, she lent me?'—Quoth the hermit, 'That lady fair
Is thine aunt, if her robe she lent thee of the loan shalt thou not be vain,
For surely she deemed that hereafter thou shouldst there as monarch reign.
And the Grail, and herself, yea and I too, should honour thee as our lord:
And a gift didst thou take from thine uncle, for he gave thee, I ween, a sword,
And sin hast thou won in the wearing, since thy lips, which to speak are fain,
There spake not the mystic question which had loosened his sorrow's chain,
And that sin shalt thou count to the other, for 'tis time that we lay us down.
Nor couches nor cushions had they, but they laid them upon the ground,
And for bedding the rushes served them—too humble, I ween, such bed
For men of a race so noble, yet they deemed they were not ill-sped.

Then twice seven days he abode there, with the hermit his lot did share,
And the herb of the ground was his portion—yet he sought not for better fare,
Right gladly he bare such hardness that should bring to him food so sweet,
For as priest did his host absolve him, and as knight gave him counsel meet!

Quoth Parzival to the hermit, 'Say who shall he be, who lay
Before the Grail? grey was he, yet his face it was as the day!'
Spake the host, 'Titurel thou sawest, and he shall grandsire be
To thy mother, first king and ruler of the Grail and Its knights was he.
But a sickness hath fallen on him, and he lieth, nor findeth cure,
Yet his face on the Grail yet looketh, by Its power shall his life endure!

Nor his countenance changeth colour, and his counsel shall aye be wise—
In his youth he rode far and jousted, and won to him valour's prize.'

'An thou wouldst that thy life be adornèd with true worth as thy crown of fame,
Then ne'er mayst thou hate a woman, but shall honour, as knight, her name,
For women and priests, thou knowest, unarmèd shall be their hand,
Yet the blessing of God watcheth o'er them, and as shield round the priest doth stand;
For the priest, he careth for thee, that thine end may be free from ill,
So treat thou no priest as a foeman, but serve him with right good will.
For naught on the earth thou seest that is like to his office high,
For he speaketh that word unto us which our peace and our life did buy;
And his hand hath been blest for the holding of the pledge on the altar laid,
To assure us of sin's forgiveness, and the price for our pardon paid.
And a priest who from sin doth guard him, and who to his Lord shall give
Pure heart and pure hand for His service, say, what man shall holier live?'

Now this day was their day of parting—Trevrezent to our hero spake,
'Leave thou here thy sins behind thee, God shall me for thy surety take,
And do thou as I have shown thee, be steadfast and true of heart!'
Think ye with what grief and sorrow the twain did asunder part.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A
THE ANGEVIN ALLUSIONS OF THE 'PARZIVAL'

One of the most striking peculiarities of this version of the Perceval legend consists in the fact that the writer closely connects his hero with a contemporary princely house, and exercises considerable ingenuity in constructing a genealogy which shall establish a relationship alike with the legendary British race of Pendragon, and with the hereditary House of Anjou. Now, that Parzival should be represented as connected with Arthur is not surprising, taking into consideration the great popularity of the Arthurian legends; the English 'Sir Percyvelle' makes the relationship even closer; there, Percyvelle is Arthur's nephew, his sister's son; but it is far more difficult to account for the Angevin connection. It has been suggested that the writer of Wolfram's French source was Walter Mapes, to whom another of the Grail romances the *Queste* is generally ascribed; and who, as is well known, was closely attached to the Court of Henry Fitz-Empress, Count of Anjou, and King of England. Setting on one side the great difference, in style and treatment, between the *Parzival* and the *Queste*, which render it impossible to believe that the same man could have treated the same legend from two such practically opposite points of view, a close examination of the Angevin allusions found in the *Parzival* reveals a correspondence between the characters and incidents of the poem, and the facts, real and traditional, of Angevin history, which seems to point to a familiarity with the subject scarcely likely to be possessed by a foreigner.

The following parallels will show that this Angevin element, though strongest in the first two books (those peculiar to Wolfram's version), is to be clearly traced even in the presentment of what we know to be traditional features of the story.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF ANJOU

Wolfram	Angevin Tradition
In Book I. the origin of the Angevin family is traced to the marriage of Mazadan with the fairy Terre-de-la-schoie. The fairy origin of the race is referred to again in Books II. and VIII., the later allusion being in connection with Vergulacht, son of Gamuret's sister, and cousin to hero.	Ascribes their origin to the marriage of one of the early Counts with a lady of surpassing beauty, whose *demon* origin was discovered by her inability to remain in church during Mass. It was to the influence of this ancestress that the uncontrollable temper of the Angevin princes was ascribed. Richard Cur-de-lion is reported to have frequently said, 'We came from the Devil, and we go back to the Devil.' (In each instance it will be noted that the supernatural element is introduced by the wife.)
Gamuret	**Fulk V. of Anjou**
Younger son of the King of Anjou; brought up at the court of French queen; goes to the East where he marries a Moorish queen, and becomes king of an Eastern kingdom.	Son of Fulk IV. (*Rechin*), and Bertalda de Montfort. His mother eloped with, and married, Philip, king of France. She remained on good terms with her former husband, and, Fulk, having already an heir by a previous wife, was allowed to bring up her son at her own court. The elder brother

dying, Fulk became his father's heir, and finally succeeded him. In 1129, after the marriage of his son, Geoffrey, with the Empress Maud, Fulk was invited by Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, to become his son-in-law and successor. Accordingly he resigned Anjou to Geoffrey, went to Jerusalem, where he married Melesinda, daughter and heiress to Baldwin, and, after the death of the latter, succeeded him as king, and reigned till his death in 1142. (Here again we note that, in each instance, the Eastern kingdom is won through the wife.)

Gamuret's first recorded deed of valour is the conquest, in single combat, of Heuteger, the Scotchman, who appears every morning before the gates of Patelamunt, to challenge the besieged knights.

A similar incident is recorded of Geoffrey I. (*Grisegonelle*) who, during the siege of Paris by the Danes in 978, overthrew a gigantic Northman named Ethelwulf, who daily challenged the besieged in the manner recounted in the poem. Later historians cast doubts on the truth of this story, but it appears in all the old chronicles, and was undoubtedly firmly believed in by the writers of the twelfth century.

Herzeleide

Widow, queen of two kingdoms, and marries Prince of Anjou.

Her son is subsequently deprived of these kingdoms by the action of *one knight*, Book III. p. 73, two *brothers*, *Ibid.* p. 80. This loss of two kingdoms by the action of Lähelein is insisted on throughout the poem, and the reader should note the manner in which Lähelein, though only appearing in the Second Book, is constantly referred to; which seems to indicate that the writer attached a special importance to this character, cf. Book III. pp. 86 and 87; V. pp. 150, 154; VI. pp. 171, 188; VII. p. 196; IX. p. 272. (It may be noted that in no other version of the legend is a previous marriage of the hero's mother recorded.)

The Empress Maude

Widow, Empress, Lady of two Lands, England and Normandy, marries Count of Anjou.

Her son is deprived of these two kingdoms by the action of two brothers Theobald and Stephen of Blois. Though Stephen was the principal aggressor, it must not be forgotten that Theobald, the elder brother, was invited by the Normans to become their Duke on the death of Henry I.; but on arriving in Normandy, and finding that Stephen had already seized the crown of England, Theobald resigned his claim to the Duchy and threw in his lot with that of Stephen. An *English* writer (such as Mapes) would probably have overlooked the part played by Theobald. An *Angevin*, knowing the Counts of Blois to be the hereditary foes of the House of Anjou, would hardly fail to record the fact that both brothers were concerned in the usurpation of the rights of Henry Fitz-Empress.

The Red Knight

The Red Knight as represented in the poem, mounted before the gates of Nantes, in red armour, with red hair.

The Red Knight

This character is of course traditional, but the special presentment of it in the *Parzival* seems to be owing to Angevin influence. In 1048 William of Normandy, being at war with, Geoffrey II. of Anjou and besieging Domfront, sent him the following curious challenge: 'If the Count of Anjou attempts to bring victuals into Domfront he will find me awaiting him without the gates armed and mounted, bearing a red shield, and having a pennon on my spear wherewith to wipe his face.'

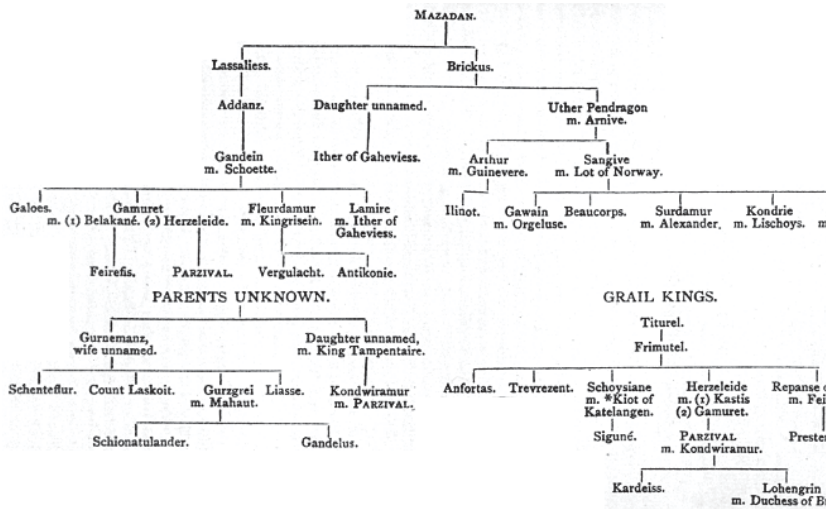
Red hair was a distinguishing

	characteristic of the Angevin Counts. Fulk I. derived his name of Rufus from this peculiarity, which was inherited by many of his descendants, among them Fulk V., his son Geoffrey Plantagenet, and his grandson Henry Fitz-Empress. The writer of the *Parzival* strongly insists on Ither's red hair.
Nantes	**Nantes**
Nantes, throughout the poem, is always treated as Arthur's chief city. Karidöl is scarcely referred to, the Round Table is kept at Nantes, and in Book X. we are told that Arthur's palace was there. This is not the case in other versions of the story.	The possession of the city of Nantes was a constant source of quarrel between the Counts of Anjou and their neighbours of Brittany. Time after time the former claimed the over-lordship of Nantes, which stood just beyond their frontier, and more than once they succeeded in making themselves masters of the coveted territory. To represent Nantes as Arthur's chief city, and Ither as claiming it, would be an alteration of the legend most natural in an Angevin writer.
Book IX. relates that Kiot sought for records of the Grail race in the chronicles of Britain, France, and Ireland, and found the history at last in the chronicle of Anjou.	Britain, France, and Ireland were all brought into close connection under Henry Fitz-Empress, Count of Anjou, Duke of Normandy, and King of England, the husband of Eleanor of Provence and Aquitaine, who conquered Ireland in 1172.

The peculiar presentment of the Knights of the Grail as Templars (Templeisen), having their residence in a castle surrounded by a forest, recalls the fact that a close connection between the Order of Templars and the House of Anjou had existed for some time previous to the date of this poem, a tax for the benefit of the Order having been imposed on all his dominions by Fulk V. on his return from his first pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1120. A community of Knights Templars was founded by Henry Fitz-Empress fifty years later at Vaubourg, in the forest of Roumare which became very famous. (The location of Monsalväsch in the Pyrenees hardly seems to accord with the indications of the poem, which make it only thirty-six hours' ride from Nantes.)

Finally, the name of the poet claimed by Wolfram as his authority, Kiot=Guiot=Guy, is distinctly Angevin, the hereditary Angevin princely names being Fulk, Geoffrey, and Guy.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE.



Mazadan.
  Lassalies.
    Addanz.
      Gandein m. Schoettè.
        Galoes.
        Gamuret m. (1) Belakané.
          Feirefis.
        Gamuret m. (2) Herzeleide.
          Parzival.
        Fleurdamur m. Kingrisein.
          Vergulacht.
          Antikonie.
        Lamire m. Ither of Gaheviess.
  Brickus.
    Daughter unnamed.
      Ither of Gaheviess.
    Uther Pendragon m. Arnivè.
      Arthur m. Guinevere.
        Ilinot.
      Sangivè m. Lot of Norway.
        Gawain m. Orgeluse.
        Beaucorps.
        Surdamour m. Alexander.
        Kondrie m. Lischois.
        Itonjè m. Gramoflanz.

PARENTS UNKNOWN.

  Gurnemanz, wife unnamed.
    Schenteflur.
    Count Laskoit.
    Gurzgrei m. Mahaut.
      Schionatulander.
      Gandelus.
    Liassé.
  Daughter unnamed, m. King Tampentaire.
    Kondwiramur m. Parzival.

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Titurel.
  Frimutel.
    Anfortas.
    Trevrezent.
    Schoysiane m. [A]Kiot of Katelangen.
      Siguné.
    Herzeleide m. (1) Kastis.
    Herzeleide m. (2) Gamuret.
      Parzival m. Kondwiramur.
        Kardeiss.
        Lohengrin m. Duchess of Brabant.
    Repanse de Schoie m. Feirefis.
      Prester John.
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[A] Kiot is brother to King Tampentaire, cf. Book IV. p. 107, therefore Siguné is cousin to Kondwiramur as well as to Parzival.

APPENDIX B
THE PROPER NAMES IN 'PARZIVAL'

One of the marked peculiarities of Wolfram's poem is the number of proper names with which it abounds, there being scarcely a character, however insignificant the rôle assigned, that is left unnamed. In the other versions of the Perceval legend this is not the case, consequently there are a vast number of names occurring in the *Parzival* to which no parallel can be found elsewhere, and which are no unimportant factor in determining the problem of the source from which Wolfram drew his poem. It would be impossible in a short Appendix to discuss the question in all its bearings, but the following classification, based on Herr Bartsch's article on *Die Eigen-namen in Wolfram's Parzival*, will give some idea of the wide ground they cover:—

I. Names belonging to the original legend, and met with, with but little variation, in all versions. To this class belong the names of Pendragon, Arthur, Guinivere, Perceval, Gawain, Kay, Segramor; and the names of such places as Karidöl=Carduel=Carlisle, Cumberland, Waleis, Norgals, Dianasdron.

II. Names derived from a French version of the story, which may be divided into two classes:

(*a*) Names of which we find an equivalent in existing French sources, notably Chrêtien, whose poem offers so close a parallel to the *Parzival*; examples of this class are Gurnemanz=French, *Gornemant*; Peirapär=*Beau-repaire*; Klamidé=*Clamadex*; Kingron=*Aguigrenon*; Trebuchet; Meljanz de Lys; Lippaut=*Tiebaut*; Gramoflanz=*Guiromelans* or *Guiremelanz*.

(b) Names formed by a misunderstanding of a French original: such are Soltane, from forest *soutaine*=solitary; Orilus de Lalande, from *Li orgueillous de la lande*; and similarly, Orgeluse of Logrois, from *La orguelleuse de Logres*; Gringuljet, the name of Gawain's horse, from *Li gringalet*, which is explained as meaning *cheval maigre et alerte*. Ligweiz-prelljus, is *Li guez perellous*, the Ford Perilous; and a notable instance of this class is the curious name Schionatulander, which is either '*Li joenet de la lande*,' 'The youth

of the meadow,' or '*Li joenet à l'alant*,' 'The youth with the dog,' in allusion to the cause of the knight's death. Whence Wolfram took this name is unknown.

III. Names borrowed or quoted from other romances of the time, of those to which Wolfram alludes most frequently we know the *Erec* and *Iwein* of Hartmann von Aue; Eilhart's *Tristan*; Heinrich von Veldeck's *Æneid*, Chrêtien de Troye's *Cligès*, and *Le Chevalier de la Charrette*; and the *Niebelungenlied* and *Dietrich Sage*. He also refers to other romances which have not come down to us, such are the allusions to adventures connected with Gawain in Book VI.; and to the death of Ilinot, son of King Arthur, of whom we know nothing. (The names derived from these romances are all noted, and their source given as they occur in the text.) Book I. contains some distinctly German names, such as Eisenhart, Hernant, and Herlindè, Friedebrand of Scotland and Heuteger, the source of these is doubtful, some occur in the Gudrun cycle, but it seems probable that in both instances they were derived from a common source, and, belonging as they do to a North Sea cycle, they may have reached the poem either through a French or a German medium.

IV. Names of places and people connected with Wolfram himself, such as Abenberg, Wildberg, Erfurt, the Count of Wertheim, Herman of Thuringia, etc. These were, of course, introduced by Wolfram, and could not have existed in his French source.

V. Classical and mythological names such as Antikonie=Antigone, Ekuba, Secundilla, Plato and the Sibyls, Pythagoras, etc., Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Amor, Cupid, Lucifer, Ashtaroth, and other of the fallen angels.

VI. Oriental names. In Book IV. we have the Arabic names of the seven planets, a curious coincidence, in view of the alleged Arabic source of the Grail-myth as given in Books VIII. and IX. Names of cities such as Alexandria, Bagdad, Askalon. This latter is of course equivalent to *Escavalon* in the French versions, and the real name is doubtless Avalon, but it is by no means improbable that the change was made not by a misunderstanding, but by one who knew the Eastern city, and it falls in with the various other indications of crusading influence to be traced throughout the poem. We may add to these the names of Oriental materials such as Pfellel and Sendal. But when all these have been classified, there still remains a vast number of names undoubtedly French in origin, yet which cannot be referred to any known source, and many of which bear distinct traces of Romance or Provençal influence. Such names are Anfortas, French, *enfertez*=the sick man, with Prov. ending *as*; Trevrezent, Prov. *Treu*=peace, *rezems*=redeemed. Schoysiane, Prov. *Jauziana*, her husband is Kiot of Katelangen, *Guiot*=*Guy* of *Catalonia*. The son of Gurnemanz, Schenteflur, is Prov. *gente-flors*, fair flower. The name of Parzival's wife, Kondwiramur, Bartsch derives from *Coin de voire amour*, Ideal of true love; an interpretation which admirably expresses the union between the two. Itonjè, Gawain's sister, is the French *Idonie*, in Chrêtien she is Clarissant. The knight slain by Lähelein at Brimbane is Libbèals of Prienlaskors, Libbèals being simply the old French *Li-beals—le bel*, and probably no more a proper name than Orilus, whilst his country seems derived from Prov. *priendre las cortz*, to seek the court. The long lists of conquered kings given in Book XV. contain many names of Greek or Latin origin, which have passed through a French source, and many others of distinctly Romance form. It is impossible to suppose that a German poet *invented* these names, and the only reasonable explanation seems to be that Wolfram drew

largely, if not exclusively, from a French poem now lost, and that the language in which that poem was written partook strongly of a Provençal character, the term Provençal being applied, as Bartsch points out, not only to Provençal proper, but to the varying forms of the Langue-d'oc.

NOTES

NOTES

(*A few Notes signed A. N. are due to Mr. Alfred Nutt.*)

BOOK I

Introduction, lines 1-66. This introduction, which is confessedly obscure, both in style and thought, appears to have been written *after* the completion of the poem, and to have been intended by the writer to serve both as a key to the meaning of the poem, and as a defence of his method of treatment. That Wolfram was blamed by his contemporaries, notably by Gottfried von Strassbourg, for his lack of a polished style, and obscurity of thought, we know; and in *Willehalm* he speaks, in the following words, of the varying judgment passed upon his *Parzival*: —

> 'Swaz ich von Parzivâl gesprach,
> des sîn aventiur mich wîste,
> etzlich man daz prîste:
> ir was ouch vil, diez smœthen
> Und baz ir rede wæhten.

and it is evidently to these critics that the first part of the Introduction is addressed.

Lines 1-8 give the key to the whole poem: the contrast between doubt or unsteadfastness, and steadfast faith and truth, as imaged in the contrast between darkness and light, black and white. This idea runs throughout the poem, is worked out symbolically in the character and experiences of the hero, and is shown in a concrete form in the person of his brother Feirefis. The poet notes that many readers have failed, through lack of intelligence, to grasp the meaning of this parable, which is too swift and subtle for their comprehension. A parallel passage will be found in Book V. pp. 137, 138, where the figure employed is different.

The curious lines 15, 16 are explained by Bötticher as allusions to *personal* assaults made on the poet, which, by reason of the folly of the assailants, missed their mark, and are therefore to be treated with contempt.

Lines 29, 30 contain one of the quaint and homely similes which abound throughout the poem, and refer to the faithless man, *valsch geselleclîcher muot*, whose honour and steadfastness are not sufficiently strong to meet the demands made upon them.

There are three distinct divisions of the Introduction: the first, lines 1-30, is addressed to *men* only, and draws the contrast between the false and true knight; 31-49 does the same for *women*; while from 49 onwards the poet shows how the tale he is about to tell affects both sexes alike, and gives a slight sketch of the character of the hero. For the rightful understanding of this the lines 61, 62 are of great importance: 'a brave man, yet slowly wise Is he whom I hail my hero' (*er*

küene, trâctîche wîs, den helt ich alsus grüene), and should be borne in mind by the student of the poem.

A full and minute discussion of this discussion of this Introduction will be found in Dr. Bötticher's *Das Hohelied von Rittertum*.

Page 5, line 67—'*Now they do to-day as of old-time*.' The word employed here *wälsch* simply means 'foreign,' but it is evident from the context that France is the country referred to. The *fact* was probably in the French source, the remarks upon it due to the German poet.

Page 5. line 80—'*Gamuret*.' The origin of this name is doubtful; in Chrêtien we find a King Ban de Gomeret mentioned, and Wolfram may have derived the name from a French source, Heinmel suggests that it comes from Gamor, the son of Anguis, a Saracen prince ruling in Denmark, according to 'Arthur and Merlin;' and that the fact of his being of the race of Anguis suggested to Kiot the possibility of making him an Angevin. In the absence of any definite knowledge as to Wolfram's source it is not possible to do more than *suggest* possible derivations.

Page 7, lines 136, 137—'*Gylstram and Rankulat*.' With regard to the first-named place, Simrock says it has been identified with 'Gustrate' in the *Gudrun*, and, according to Grimm, this latter is to be coupled with Gailate, 'where the sun hath its setting.' *i.e.* the West. In Book XI. the patriarch of Rankulat is referred to, in company with the Baruch of Bagdad and the Emperor of Constantinople, and in all probability Armenia is meant. The king's speech therefore implies, 'Didst thou come from the furthest bounds of the earth, East or West.'

Page 8, line 154—'*King Gandein's son*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 285, where the origin of the name Gandein is given.

Page 8, lines 159, 160.—'*Then the tale it hath told a lie*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 259.

Page 8, lines 169, 170—'*Rich silk of Orient*' Eastern materials are referred to frequently throughout the poem; the principal seem to have been, Samite, Sendal, Achmardi, Pfellel, Plialt, and Saranthasme. Of these, some were of silk only, others, notably Saranthasme of silk inwoven with gold, Achmardi, in this poem, is always *green*. Samite and Sendal are the two generally named in our English romances.

Page 9, line 209—'*Two brothers of Babylon*.' This is Babylon in Egypt, now Cairo, as is evident from its close connection with Alexandria, cf. p. 12, line 277, and Book II. p. 57, line 684, and p. 59, line 754. Though, from the passage on p. 57, it seems as if the poet confused it with Babylon in Assyria; it is possible that he was unaware of the fact that there were *two* cities of the name.

Page 15, line 384—'*Friedebrand*.' The introduction of names of distinctly northern origin such as Friedebrand, Hernant, and Herlindè, Heuteger, and Eisenhart, has been already noted in Appendix B as one of the problems of the *Parzival*. Two solutions have been suggested, either that they were introduced by Wolfram, or that they reached the *French* source through the medium of Normandy. The form in which the names occur in the *Gudrun* cycle seems to indicate quotation from a source known also to the writer of the *Parzival*, but they are not derived directly from the North Sea saga in its present form.

Page 16, line 403—'*Wouldst thou know?*' *etc.* It may be interesting to note here that beyond the *colour*, which the poet insists on, he apparently recognises no difference between the heathen and Christian knights and ladies. Both acknowledge the same chivalrous ideals; both are equally familiar with the

eccentricities of 'Minne-dienst' (cf. line 423); and the speeches put into the mouth of Belakané, or of Rassalig, would be quite as suitable if spoken by Orgeluse, or by one of King Arthur's knights. This incident of a Christian knight marrying a Moorish princess is of frequent occurrence in Mediæval romance.

Page 16, lines 423, 424—'*That which like to a hall doth stand*.' The tents of the Mediæval period were constructed of far more costly fabrics than is usual now, cf. Book III. p. 74. and Book XI., and their size was very great, this special tent we find, from Book II. p. 36, was 'thirty pack-steeds' burden.' San Marte quotes the description of a tent captured by the Crusaders at Antioch which was adorned with walls, towers, and ramparts, contained halls and galleries, and could lodge as many as 2000 men.

Page 22, line 620—'*The chiming of sweet bells*.' Bells were at one time freely used not only as ornaments to the trappings of the horses but also on the armour of the knights, cf. Book III. p. 70, and Book VI. p. 163. Gradually they disappeared from use, and the bells on the Fool's dress are the last trace left of the practice, which from this poem was evidently very general at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

Page 23, line 623—'*Brave Beaucorps*.' This brother of Gawain appears in Book VI. p. 183, he is the only one of Gawain's brothers mentioned in this poem. In Malory, we find *Gareth* called 'Beau-mains,' and it is possible that the two are identical. Beaucorps is evidently much younger than Gawain, and Gareth was the youngest of King Lot's sons.

Page 24, line 679—'*Lahfilirost*.' This seems to be a misunderstanding for '*Le fils du Rost*,' and may be classed with the misinterpretations of a French source.

Page 25, line 700—'*Frau Minne*.' The word *Minne* is etymologically derivable from a root 'man,' and is connected with the Latin *mens*, English 'mind' (cf. 'to have a mind to.') The original signification was that of tender care, or thought for; in Old High German it has already taken the meaning of love in its passionate aspects; finally, in Middle High German (the original language of the *Parzival*), it has become the standing expression for love betwixt man and woman. We have it in various forms as a verb, *Minnen*; as an adjective, *Minniglich*. The personification of the passion of Love as 'Frau Minne' is the work of the courtly poets of the twelfth century, and seems rather to have been derived from classical analogy than to be due to a reminiscence of an early German goddess of Love. Also, with Wolfram and his contemporaries, 'Frau Minne' must be regarded less as the personification of Love in the abstract than as the embodiment of the special love-ideal of the day. This new ideal had its rise, and assumed definite shape in twelfth century France, from whence it spread throughout the knightly society of Christendom, finding its fullest literary expression in the Arthurian romances. The historic causes which led to what was at the time an entirely novel mode of considering the relations between the sexes, and the true nature and ethical import of the chivalric conception of that relation will be briefly discussed in an Appendix to vol. II. The significance of the term is fully apparent from such passages as the present, also cf. Book VI. pp. 161, 163, 165, 171; VII. 208, 224; XII. etc.—[A. N.]

Page 27, line 768.—'*Morhold*,' also in Book II. p. 39. This is, of course, the well-known hero in *Tristan*. The allusion may have been in the original French source, or introduced by Wolfram, who would know Morhold from the Tristan of Eilhart

von Oberge, composed before 1180. The most famous German poem on the subject, the Tristan of Gottfried von Strassbourg, was somewhat later in date.

Page 31, lines 886, 887—Cf. Book VIII. p. 230 and note.

Page 31, line 904—'*Feirefis*.' Bartsch interprets the name as *vair fils*, 'parti-coloured son.' Other critics have suggested 'Fairy's son.' The name distinctly indicates a French origin.

Page 31, line 905—'*A woodland-waster*,' 'wald-verschwender,' a hyperbolical term constantly employed throughout this poem to denote one who shatters many spears in fight.

BOOK II

Page 35, line 16, and page 57, line 705—'*Waleis and Norgals*.' These, the two kingdoms of Queen Herzeleide, are located by Wolfram in Spain, but they are undoubtedly Wales and North Wales (the North galis of Malory), the Northern border-land. Parzival's title throughout the poem is *der Waleis*, in French versions *le Gallois*, an evident indication of the Celtic origin of the story.

Page 39, lines 117-160. Of the heroes taking part in the Tourney, Uther Pendragon has been mentioned, in Book I. p. 31, in the genealogy of Gamuret. The poet carefully connects his hero with the traditional royal race of Briton as well as with the princely House of Anjou. Arthur's mother, Arnivè (not Igraine as in most versions), plays a somewhat important rôle in the later part of the poem, her imprisonment in the castle of the Magician Klingsor is fully treated of, cf. from Book XI. onwards. King Lot of Norway (not of Orkney as in the English legend) is frequently alluded to as Gawain's father, but both he and Uther Pendragon are dead before the real action of the poem commences. This is the first appearance of Gawain, who, from Book VI. onward, plays a part in the poem scarcely inferior to that of the hero, Parzival. The Kings of Arragon and Gascony do not appear again, nor are they alluded to, but Brandelidelein of Punturtois we meet with in Book XV. as the uncle of King Gramoflanz. The King of Askalon must not be confused with Vergulacht, in Book VIII., this is evidently one of his predecessors. Eidegast of Logrois is frequently alluded to later on, his murder by Gramoflanz and the desire of his lady-love, Orgeluse, to avenge him, form the *motif* of the later Gawain episodes. This is the only occasion on which Lähelein appears personally in the poem, but he is constantly alluded to throughout the course of the story (some remarks on the manner in which he is introduced will be found in Appendix A, p. 293). Morhold, cf. note to Book I. Lambekein, cf. Book V. p. 152. Gurnemanz of Graharz plays an important rôle in the Parzival legend, he is here introduced for the first time, cf. Book III.

The Tourney. In this poem we find knightly skill in horsemanship and the use of arms displayed under three distinct forms: the Buhurd, Books XII. and XV., The Tourney, Book II., and serious Warfare as in the siege of Pelrapär, Book IV., and of Beaurosch, Book VII. The two first were simply intended as displays of knightly skill, and took their rise in the knightly sports of the ninth century. The Buhurd seems to have been the original German form, and at first was of a somewhat rough and uncivilised character, the knights riding in bodies at full gallop against each other, and the whole being a display of force rather than of skill.

The Tourney, or Tournament, took its rise in France, and here we find the knights, in full armour, singly displaying their prowess. Gradually the Buhurd changed its character, and throughout this poem we find Wolfram treating it as a formal display of skill in horsemanship, generally to do honour to some favoured guest, as in the reception of Gawain and Orgeluse by the knights of the Château Merveil, Book XII.; in honour of Feirefis, Book XV. Still the idea of force was not entirely eliminated, and we find Gawain, in Book VII. when he promises the child Obilot that he will fight for her father, telling her that *she* must ride the Buhurd for him, and, as noted above, the fighting here is in earnest. In the later form of Buhurd the knights wear no armour, and it is thus distinguished from the Tourney, where they were always fully armed.

The Tourney was much more complicated in its rules, and is not always easy to distinguish from the real warfare into which it not unfrequently passed. Feirefis, in Book XV., mentions *five* modes of attack which seem to have answered to the regular stages of a Tourney. Niedner explains them as follows: (1) An attack by one troop on another, with lance in rest; (2) An attack from the side, also with lance; (3) The onslaught of *one* rider on a troop of horsemen, in which the aim was to strike the one selected opponent while avoiding the blows of the others; (4) The joust proper, or single combat; (5) The *Damenstick*, a stroke for the honour of the knight's chosen lady, which followed on the joust, and was specially challenged by knights of exceptional valour. In the Tourney at Kanvoleis (the only Tourney proper in the poem), it is the two first stages in which Gamuret takes no part, he only mingles in the fray when the time arrives to display the valour of the single champions. The joust, or single combat, was a feature of earnest, as of mimic, warfare, and it is not always easy to distinguish between the two.

In each case the great point was the display of skill in horsemanship, and the use of the lance or spear. The knights rode at full speed towards each other, and the aim of each was to strike his opponent in the centre of the shield, 'The four nails,' Book III. p. 98, or at the fastening of the helmet, Book IX. p. 257, and Book XII. In either event if the blow was well aimed, and delivered with sufficient force, the knight was thrown backward off his steed. It might happen that both knights were struck, and succeeded in keeping their seat, while their spears were shivered, then a second joust must be ridden. If either knight were thrown from his saddle, or his steed fell with him, then he was held to be vanquished, but if, as not unfrequently happened, the girth of the saddle broke, and the rider were thrown, *then* the joust was held to be undecided, and, in the case of real warfare, the issue was fought out with swords on foot. Cf. the combat between Parzival and Klamidé, Book IV. pp. 119, 120. In Book V. we find Parzival and Orilus fighting with swords on horseback: this is unusual. In real warfare the knights would fight till one was slain, or till the issue was indisputably decided by one being felled to the ground. We occasionally find the combat decided by sheer strength of arm, one knight clasping the other and throwing him to the ground; so Parzival conquers Orilus, Book V. p. 149, and Gawain, Lischois, Book X. Both in Tourney and real warfare the fight was generally closed by the vanquished giving his pledge or surety to the victor, who not unfrequently sent him to yield himself prisoner to some favoured lady, so Parzival sends Kingron, Klamidé, and Orilus to Kunnewaaré. If the vanquished knight refused to yield he would be slain, but this did not often happen. The death of Ither of Gaheviess is due to a mischance. Armour and horse were the prize of the victor, though in the case of the foe being slain it seems to have been thought an unknightly deed to take them, such 'robbery of the dead'

was termed *rêroup*, and Trevrezent, Book IX. p. 273, strongly blames both Lähelein and Parzival for such action.

The Tourney would often be held simply for honour, the prize being something comparatively trifling, such as a hawk, cf. Tourney at Kanedig, alluded to in Book III. p. 77, and again in Book V. p. 155, but occasionally the guerdon was far higher, as at Kanvoleis where the band and kingdoms of Queen Herzeleide were the prize of the victor. Any disputes would be referred to a court of judges from whose verdict there was no appeal. In such Tourneys it was customary not to retain the horse and armour, but to accept a ransom fixed by the *owner*. This is evidently alluded to in Book II. 45, where we find these rules disregarded in the heat of conflict.

Opposed to this Tourney 'for honour' was the Tourney 'for booty,' when the aim of the knights was to capture as many steeds and make as many prisoners as possible, the ransom being fixed by the *captor*. Wolfram does not mention such a Tourney, but with the decay of knighthood such conflicts appear to have almost entirely displaced the nobler strife. It will be understood, of course, that though a joust or single combat might either be settled beforehand, as in the case of Kingrimursel's and Gramoflanz' challenge to Gawain, or be brought about by a chance meeting, as when Vergulacht and the knight of Monsalväsch fight with Parzival, a Tourney was carefully arranged beforehand, and the knights summoned by invitation. The knights generally assembled on the Saturday, and the Tourney would be held on the Monday, the interval being employed in careful inquiry as to the claim of those present to take a part in such knightly sport. The knights were divided into two bodies of equal strength, headed by the most experienced warriors present, and single champions would not unfrequently try their skill against each other on the eve of the Tourney proper. Not unfrequently the passions of the knights were roused to such a pitch that this *Vesper-spiel* became a serious encounter, and the combatants were so exhausted that the Tourney could not be held, as was the case at Kanvoleis. From the abuses connected with these meetings, which not unfrequently lapsed into serious warfare, and caused wanton loss of life, they were looked upon with disfavour by the Church, and in some cases were positively forbidden.

Page 42, line 236—'*Rivalein*,' according to Eilhart, the father of Tristan.

Page 44, line 279—'*I have named unto ye a lady*.' This is the queen of France, Anflisé, whose connection with Gamuret is alluded to in Book I. p. 9. This episode was probably suggested by facts in Angevin history, cf. Appendix. A reference to their connection will be found in Book VIII. p. 233.

Page 46, lines 351-60. Galoes the king of Anjou has not been named before. The name occurs in Hartmann's *Erec*, and may have been borrowed from there. The name of his lady-love is given in Book VII. p. 199. The slayer of Galoes was Orilus, Book III. p. 77.

Page 48, line 406—'*No wife was she but a maiden*.' Book IX. p. 283, where a full account of Herzeleide's marriage will be found, '*Herzeleide*.' The modern German rendering of this name carries with it its own interpretation in the play of words familiar through Wagner's *Parsifal*, 'Ihr brach das Leid das Herz und Herzeleide starb.' But the original form, Herzeloyde, indicates, in Bartsch's opinion, a Southern French modification, *loyde* being a variant of *hildis*, *oildis*. The name Rischoydè, we know in its form of Richilda, and Herzeloyde seems to come from

the same root. Professor Rhys (*Arthurian Romance*, p. 180) has suggested derivation from the Welsh *argelwythes* = 'the lady,' but the suggestion has not won general acceptance.

Page 54, line 614—'*The maid and her lands he won*.' Readers will doubtless remark the fact that though we meet with numerous allusions to marriages and marriage festivities throughout the poem, yet in no single instance is the marriage attended by a religious ceremony. This is an indication of the original date of the story, which testifies to a very early stage of social development. The original idea of marriage was that of a contract made by mutual consent publicly before witnesses, as we find here in the marriages of Gamuret with Belakané and Herzeleide, or later on in Book IV., the marriage of Parzival and Kondwiramur. The mutual promise being given and witnessed, the contract was complete, and the marriage might be consummated at once. The office of the Church seems at first to have been confined to conferring a benediction on a union already completed, and therefore we find that, even so late as the thirteenth century, the religious ceremony followed, and did not precede, the marriage night. San Marte, in his note on the subject, quotes more than one romance of this date where this is the case, and it was not till the idea of marriage as a sacrament had displaced that of marriage as a civil contract that the religious ceremony became essential to a valid union. The fact that Wolfram, with his high ideas of the binding nature of the marriage-vow, never once mentions the religious ceremony is a strong argument in favour of the presumption that the subject-matter of the *Parzival* is considerably older than his treatment of it. Marriage between a Christian and a heathen was held to be null and void, and, according to the ideas of the age, Herzeleide was fully within her rights in claiming Gamuret as her husband and in regarding his previous marriage as non-existent. The costly presents made by the bridegroom, as for instance the gift of Waleis and Norgals to Herzeleide by her first husband, seem to have been a survival of the idea that the woman was property, to be bought by the intending husband. The bride, on her part, gave equally rich gifts, so we find Kondwiramur bestowing castles and lands on Parzival, and the mutual interchange of these gifts was an essential part of the marriage contract.

Page 56, line 674—'*The panther*.' The badge of the House of Anjou was a leopard.

Page 59, lines 744, 745. The idea that a diamond might be softened by the application of a he-goat's blood is very old. San Marte says it is mentioned by Pliny. Hartmann refers to it in his *Erec*, and it seems to have been a general belief in the Middle Ages.

BOOK III

The first two books of this poem are peculiar to Wolfram. Among the different versions of the Perceval legend which we possess there is a curious diversity of statement as to the parentage of the hero; though, as a rule, they agree in the main facts of the death of his father, either before, or shortly after, Perceval's birth, and his being brought up in the desert by his widowed mother.

With the Third Book we find ourselves on ground common to most transcribers of the legend; and in this and the following books a table of the traditional events contained in the book, with the other versions of the story in which they occur,

will be given. The following are the Romances of the Grail-cycle which deal more particularly with the Perceval legend.—

Li Conte del Graal, poem by Chrêtien de Troyes; left unfinished at Chrêtien's death; it was continued by three other writers; the poem as we have it, is the work of at least four different hands.

Peredur: Welsh tale found in the Red Book of Hergest.

Perceval: A French prose romance, ascribed by many critics to Robert de Borron.

Sir Percyvelle of Galles: English metrical romance—author unknown.

Perceval li Gallois: French prose romance, also by an unknown writer.

TRADITIONAL EVENTS

The son of a widowed mother; Brought up in the desert; Meeting with knights and departure for Arthur's court.	Chrêtien: Peredur; Sir Percyvelle.
Meeting with Jeschuté. 'The Lady of the Tent.'	*Ibid.*
Meeting with Siguné.	In this place only in *Perceval*, later meeting in the other versions.
Arrives at Arthur's court and demands knighthood.	All the versions.
Meeting with the Red Knight; slays him; and takes his armour.	Chrêtien: Peredur, and Sir Percyvelle closely agree as to the meeting. All agree as to the wearing of the red armour. In Perceval, alone, hero does not kill the knight who originally owns it.
Laughter of Kunnewaaré; speech of Antanor and their smiting by Kay.	Chrêtien: maiden and fool; Peredur; dwarf and companion.
Arrival at castle of old knight, who counsels hero.	Chrêtien: Sir Percyvelle.

(It will be found that, from Books III. to XIII. inclusive, there is a very close parallelism between Wolfram's poem and Chrêtien's share of *Li Conte del Graal*.)

Introduction, lines 1-45. This introduction, like that to Book I., appears to have been written *after* the completion of the poem, and to have been intended by the poet as a defence of his attitude towards women; certainly the lines 12-15 presuppose certain statements which had aroused the wrath of the lady hearers of the poet. The whole passage is interesting on account of its strongly personal character. In Book VI. Wolfram refers more than once to the lady who has wronged him (pp. 163, 166, 191), and in terms that show, as here, that he bitterly resented her treatment. The line 'Born was I unto the bearing of knightly shield and spear,' is the only definite statement as to the poet's rank in life which we possess, and in the light of his lasting fame as a poet it is curious to find him holding his gift of song as of less account than his knightly deeds, which do not seem to have been more remarkable than those of his fellows.

From Book IV. p. 122, we learn that Wolfram was married, and, from the concluding lines of Books VI. and XVI., it is clear that the *Parzival* was composed with a view to winning, or retaining, the favour of a lady, but the only direct personal allusion throughout the entire poem is that to the Margravine of Heitstein in Book VIII. p. 232, and the passage is too vague to allow of our

identifying the lady named either with Wolfram's faithless love, or with her for whose sake he composed his poem; certainly the Margravine was not his wife.

Page 67, line 61—'*Soltanè's strand*.' This is one of the many instances in the poem in which an adjective has been taken as a proper name. In the French source it was undoubtedly an adjective meaning 'solitary,' 'waste.' In Chrêtien we find *la gaste forest soltaine*; other versions speak of the woods, or the desert, none but this gives a proper name.

Page 69, line 158—'*Ulterleg's Count*.' *Oultre-lac*, 'beyond the lake,' cf. Louis D'outremer. This is again an instance of a qualifying term used as a proper name.

Page 72, line 220—'*Meljakanz*.' This exploit is quite in keeping with the character of the knight, cf. Book VII. p. 198. In Malory we meet with the same character, as Sir Meliagraunce; and the story of his abduction of Guinevere, and her rescue by Launcelot is there given in full.

Page 72, line 240—'*For some cunning wile of woman*.' It is curious to note that nothing comes of these elaborate precautions on the part of Herzeleide. Parzival's fool's dress seems to excite very little attention, nothing is said of it on his appearance at Arthur's court, nor do we hear of any one mocking him for it. The effect produced by his personal beauty is much more strongly insisted upon. There is also a decided discrepancy between the mother's anxiety to keep her son from danger and her suggestions to him to avenge the wrong Lähelein has done him.

Page 73, line 267—'*Lähelein*,' Cf. Appendix A, and remarks on this character. Heinzel suggests that Lähelein=Llewellwyn, a prince of South Wales who conquered North Wales in 1015. But if a parallel between the boyhood of Parzival and that of Henry Fitz-Empress be intended, as seems probable, the Welsh connection is of too early a date. The remarks in Heinzel's pamphlet, 'Ueber Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*,' as to Lähelein being undoubtedly an historical personage, are worthy of note. It is remarkable that we find no equivalent to this character in other versions of the story.

Page 74, line 287—'*Briziljan's wood*.' Most probably Broceliande, where so many of the adventures of King Arthur and his knights take place. Undoubtedly this wood was in Brittany, but the localities in the poem are much confused.

Page 74, line 297—'*Duke Orilus of Lalande*.' This name is again a misconception of a French original, '*Li Orgueillous de-la-lande*,' which Wolfram has taken as a proper name. In other versions the lady is unnamed. (It may be noted that Wolfram almost invariably names his characters; and often goes to some trouble to connect them with each other, and the main thread of his story. This tendency to account for everything, *sum motiviren*, is a marked feature in Wolfram's writings.)

Page 76, line 365—'*Thy brother, King Lac's son Erec*.' An allusion to the Erec of Hartmann von Aue (founded upon Chrêtien's Erec and dealing with the same subject as found in the Welsh tale of *Geraint* and the late Laureate's Enid) where the tournament at Prurein is described.

Page 77, line 374—'*Proud Galoes*.' The slaying alike of Parzival's uncle Galoes, and of his kinsman Schionatulander (p. 80) by Orilus, Lähelein's brother, is also peculiar to Wolfram, but it is curious that the *Rache-motif* thus introduced is not followed up, and when Parzival overthrows Orilus it is to avenge the shaming of Jeschuté,

nor, though Orilus mentions his brother as having won *two* kingdoms, Book V. p. 150, does Parzival connect the mention with the loss of his own heritage. This seems to indicate that the special rôle assigned in this poem to the two brothers was not a part of the original story, and has not been perfectly fitted into the framework.

The name of Orilus' wife, Jeschuté, is supposed to be derived from a misunderstanding, Wolfram having interpreted the verb *gisoit*, lay, as a proper name.

Page 77, line 375—'*The knight Plihopleheri*.' A knight of the Round Table mentioned in Hartmann's *Iwein* (founded on Chrêtien's *Chevalier au Lyon*, the subject-matter of which is the same as that of the Welsh *Lady of the Fountain*).

Page 78, line 409—This shaming of Jeschuté will strongly recall to English readers the story of *Enid and Geraint*.

Page 79, line 437—'*Siguné and Schionatulander*.' The loves of these two are related in Wolfram's unfinished poem of *Titurel*, where the full account of Schionatulander's fatal chase of the hound, or brachet, is given. The adventure with the weeping damsel occurs in other versions of the Perceval legend, but in none does she play so important a part as in the *Parzival*, *vide* Book V. p. 141; Book IX. p. 252; and Book XVI. Her parentage is given in Book IX. p. 274.

Page 79, line 466—'*Thou art Parzival*.' The interpretation here given of the hero's name betrays clearly its French origin, *Perce-val*. In the Krône of Heinrich von Türlin the writer explains *Val* as *Thal*=valley, or *Furch*=furrow. Wolfram seems to have understood it in this second sense, and has given the name a symbolic meaning peculiar to himself. In Chrêtien's poem no derivation or interpretation of the name is given, and the hero himself guesses his name; nor do the special terms of endearment, evidently quoted by Wolfram from a French source, occur in Chrêtien's version of the story.

Page 80, line 497—''*Twas a churl*.' Wolfram's aristocratic contempt for peasants may be noted in other passages, cf. Book II. p. 43, and VII. p. 219.

Page 81, line 517—'*Herr Hartmann von Aue*.' Hartmann von Aue was a famous German poet of the twelfth century. If not absolutely the first to introduce the Arthurian legends into Germany (Eilhart's *Tristan* is earlier than Hartmann's works), he was the writer who first rendered them popular in that country. His principal poems are *Erec*, written about 1191; and *Iwein* 1202, both of which are frequently referred to by Wolfram. They were founded on two poems by Chrêtien de Troyes, *Erec* and *Le Chevalier au Lyon*, but Hartmann was not a mere translator; he handled his materials with considerable skill, and with an insight into the characters and motives of his *dramatis personæ* which is distinctly a feature of the German presentment of these legends. Enid and her mother Karnafite are characters in the *Erec*. The story of another of Hartmann's poems, *Der arme Heinrich*, is well known to English readers through Longfellow's version of it in *The Golden Legend*.

Page 82, line 534—'*No Kurwenal was his teacher*.' Kurwenal is the friend and tutor of Tristan. In Malory we find the name 'Gouvernail,' and it seems probable that here again we have a term denoting an office converted into a proper name.

Page 82, line 549—'*Ither of Gaheviess*.' Ither = Welsh *Idêr*; Gaheviess = *gas-vies*, old wood. Chrêtien calls him '*de la forêt de Kinkerloi*.'

Page 82, line 544—'*The Red Knight*.' This character is evidently one of the traditional features of the story; though the circumstances of the meeting differ, there is no version without its 'Red Knight.' In those romances of the Grail-cycle in which Perceval has been deposed from his original position as hero in favour of Galahad, we find the latter wearing the armour, and bearing the title, of the Red Knight. Here again Wolfram is the only writer who names him, but it is somewhat startling to find the king of *Cumberland* claiming *Brittany*. From Book IX. pp. 273 and 285, we learn that he was Parzival's kinsman. It may be interesting here, and may help to the better understanding of the poem, if we describe the armour of a knight at the end of the twelfth century. The principal piece of defensive armour was the Hauberk (Halsberg), a coat formed of rings of steel which reached to the knee, and had sleeves ending in iron gauntlets. Attached to this, and forming one piece with the Halsberg, was the Härsenier, a cap of chain mail which was drawn over the head below the helmet. The upper part of the face was protected by the 'Nasen-band,' a band of iron provided with eye-holes; and the lower part by the 'Fintäle,' a part of the 'Härsenier' which passed round and over the chin; above this the helmet was fastened. (The use of the word 'visor' in the translation is an anachronism, as the visor proper was not introduced till later, but there was no other word which would express what was meant with equal brevity and clearness.) Foot and leg were clad in hose of iron, and the knee and elbow were specially protected by plates of iron or *schinnelier*. Over this harness many knights wore the *Waffen-rock*, a long sleeveless garment of silk on which the badge of the knight was embroidered in gold and jewels. The sword was girt above this garment. The knight would also bear his distinguishing badge on helmet, shield, and the truncheon of his spear. The shield was of wood, strengthened with bands of metal, and often decorated with precious stones, cf. the description of Feirefis' shield in Book XV. The shield was long-shaped, three-cornered, and was held in the left hand close to the body, the spear was carried in the right, so that the horse was guided by the *knee*, not by the *hand*, of the rider. The spear was a blade of steel, set into a long heft of wood, or reed, *Röhr*, probably Bamboo, sometimes even the rough trunk of a young tree, as in Book IV. p. 519. Shield and spear were alike painted in the same colours as the robe of the knight, and the horse had a like covering of silk beneath the saddle and over the coat of mail with which it was protected. The description given by Wolfram of the arms and accoutrement of the Red Knight of Parzival, Book IV. p. 19, and Orilus, Book V. pp. 147-148, *seq.*, will give a very clear idea of the appearance of a knight in full battle-array.

Page 83, line 570—'*To the Table Round I came*.' Here we find an allusion to two methods of laying claim to a property. There seems a difference of opinion as to the first; Simrock holds that the pouring out of the wine constituted the claim; Bartsch, that the point of the action lay in carrying off some part of the property claimed. This seems the more probable interpretation, the pouring out of the wine then, as well as the sprinkling the queen, would be accidental. In Chrêtien the indignation of king and queen at the insult is far more strongly emphasised. The burning of a wisp of straw, as a declaration of rights claimed, is mentioned by Grimm in his *Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer*.

Page 83, line 586—'*Iwanet*.' The diminutive of Iwein, the well-known hero of Hartmann's poem (the Owain, son of Urien of Rheged, of Welsh tradition).

Page 83—'*Parzival at the court of King Arthur*.' There are some distinctive features in Wolfram's version of this incident. Parzival's behaviour towards the King, though unconventional, is far less discourteous than that ascribed to him either by

Chrêtien or by the English 'Sir Percyvelle.' In Chrêtien's poem, Perceval rides into the hall, where he finds the king and courtiers plunged in grief at the insult offered to them by the Red Knight. The king does not reply to Perceval's greeting, and the lad rides so close to him that his horse's head knocks off the king's cap. A reason for the failure of the Knights of the Round Table to avenge the insult offered by the Red Knight is suggested in the fact that they are already wounded in battle. [The student of Irish heroic saga cannot fail to recall the strange disability under which the knights of Conchobor's court suffered at times and which completely prostrated them. The province of Ulster would have lain defenceless were it not that the Cuchulainn alone was free from the disability, and single-handed defied the men of the rest of Ireland. There are many points of contrast between the *enfances* of Cuchulainn and those of Perceval—A.N.] The kindly feeling shown both by Arthur and Guinevere towards Ither is not paralleled in Chrêtien, where the Red Knight is represented as Arthur's deadliest foe, and Guinevere is like to die of shame and wrath at the insult offered to her. Chrêtien also places Perceval's refusal to dismount here, whereas Wolfram places it on his arrival at Gurnemanz' castle. In Chrêtien the hero tells the Red Knight of his intention to demand his armour from Arthur, and there is no trace of the courteous and poetical greeting which Ither here addresses to Parzival. The confusion of the Red Knight with the hero's own personal foe is of course due to the introduction of the Lähelein episode which is peculiar to Wolfram; but Chrêtien has a most curious passage connected with Perceval's inability to disarm his dead antagonist:

> 'Ains auroie par carbonées
> Trestout escarbelliè le mort,
> Que nule des armes enport;'

which as it stands is decidedly difficult of interpretation; while in the English Sir Percyvelle we find the hero saying:

> 'My moder bad me,
> Whenne my dart solde brokene be
> Owte of the irene brenne the tree,'

which evidently indicates the source of Chrêtien's curious remark. An examination of the different versions seems to show that, while the German is the fuller and more poetical, the French is here closer to the original form of the story.

Pages 85 and 86, lines 635, 658—'*Kay the Seneschal*.' The character of Kay is one of the problems of the Arthurian legends. In all the tales he is represented as filling the office of Seneschal, and in all he is represented as a man of rough manners, violent temper, and bitter tongue. The Seneschal (*Senes-schalh*), the oldest servant, was master of the ceremonies, one of the chief personages of a royal household, and not unfrequently the trusted confidant of the king; but such a chastisement as Kay here, and in other versions, inflicts upon Kunnewaaré, was distinctly *outside* his office, and, taking into consideration the standing of Kunnewaaré and Antanor, quite inconceivable. Here, as in other instances, we have traces of an original tradition dating from a time when a far rougher code of manners and customs obtained. Wolfram, while adhering closely to his source, and to the traditional representation of Kay's character, was evidently extremely puzzled by the undignified and discourteous part allotted to him, and in Book VI.

(p. 169) he diverges from the story in order to explain what he feels to be a difficulty, and to defend Kay at some length. The Northern French poets apparently felt the same, and as Kay is generally represented as Arthur's foster-brother they invented the fable that the unknightly traits in his character were due to his having been committed to the care of a peasant nurse when his mother took charge of the infant Arthur.

Page 85, line 652—'*The maiden Kunnewaaré*.' The 'laughing damsel' seems to be an archaic and misunderstood element in the Grail romances. A common incident of folk-tales is for the hero, fool, lout, or tatterdemalion, to win to wife a princess who has not laughed or spoken for years by inducing her to do either of these things. Some such incident has apparently been woven into an heroic romance, the main outlines of which were already fixed, so that the actual conclusion, marriage of the hero with the laughing damsel, has been disturbed. Note, however, the homage paid by Parzival to Kunnewaaré, and her evident affection for him (Book VI. pp. 181-185). Her name too is suggestive, it has been derived from *la pucele a la gonne vaire* (the maiden with the coloured robe), but in its present form it is suspiciously like Kondwiramur, and it should be noted that it is the rejected lover of this queen whom Kunnewaaré eventually marries. Is it possible that the Perceval romance from which both Chrêtien and 'Kiot' drew contained doublets of this personage? In the one case in her original, in the other in a modified form. An instructive parallel may be adduced from the saga of Cuchulainn. He is the hero of an Andromeda episode and should by rights wed the delivered heroine, but the story being already fixed before the episode was assimilated, the heroine is passed on to a companion of the hero.—[A. N.]

Page 89, line 766—'*Maestricht, or e'en Cologne*.' German art, in the early Middle Ages, reached its highest level in the Rhenish provinces, especially at Cologne.

Page 91, line 828—'*Gurnemanz of Graharz*.' The old knight who instructs the hero in knightly duties is a traditional part of the story, and belongs to most of the versions. In Peredur, he is identified with the Fisher King, Perceval's uncle. In Chrêtien his name is given as Gonemans of Gelbort; in Gerbert, Chrêtien's continuator, he is, *Gornemant* (one of several points of contact between Gerbert and Wolfram's source).

Page 91, line 847—'*He bade them lead the guest in*.' This is one of the many passages which afford an interesting glimpse of the manners and customs of a bygone age. It may be well to summarise here what we know of the reception and treatment of a guest in the Middle Ages. If a strange knight rode into the courtyard of a castle he was received by squires and pages, who held his bridle and assisted him to dismount. The guest was then conducted to a chamber where he was disarmed and provided with suitable robes. In every important household there was a *Kleider-kammer*, or wardrobe, presided over by a chamberlain, whose office it was to see that all guests were provided with garments fitted to their station. The preparation of these dresses was the work of the women of the household, and it can have been no light task, as even if a whole company arrived they would all expect to be provided with the requisite dress. The guest, being robed, was then conducted to the great Hall, which was in the upper story of the castle. Half-way on the staircase leading to it, he would be met, and welcomed with the kiss of greeting, by both host and hostess (cf. Book IV. p. 107), and led by them into the Hall where he would receive the greeting of the assembled company. When all were seated the guest would say who he was, and whence he

came, but, if he kept silence on this point, it was not etiquette to ask him till the next morning (cf. Book III. p. 95). The evening meal then followed, after which, on occasions of great festivity, such as that recounted in Book XIII. (marriage feast of Gawain and Orgeluse) there would be dancing, otherwise the time seems to have been spent in conversation till the appearance of the wine-cup, *Nacht Trunk*, gave the signal for separation. Then knights conducted the guest to his chamber, where pages disrobed him, and apparently waited with lighted tapers till he fell asleep. The account given here of Parzival's visit to Gurnemanz gives a very good idea of how the following day would be spent, indeed Wolfram's love for detailed description, and accuracy of statement render this poem peculiarly valuable to a student of the manners and customs of the Middle Ages.

From various hints in the Gawain episodes, notably Books X. and XI., it seems as if the privilege extended to a guest might on occasion be construed with a freedom decidedly repellent to modern ideas.

Page 96, lines 984, 985—'*Full five shall thy senses be*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 200.

Page 98, line 1055—'*The prince bade his daughter hither*.' The introduction of Gurnemanz' daughter, and her incipient love affair with Parzival is peculiar to this version. There is a curious discrepancy to be noted between the apparent susceptibility of the hero here and in Book IX. pp. 260, 261, and his indifference to feminine charms displayed elsewhere, notably in his rejection of Orgeluse's advances and neglect of the Château Merveil adventure. The latter presentment seems most in accordance with Parzival's character; is the susceptibility to be ascribed to the *poet*?

Page 99, line 1080—'*I lose once more a son*.' The sons of the old knight are mentioned in other versions, but Wolfram alone names them. The circumstances of Schenteflur's death are recounted in Book IV. p. 121; the account given of the other two sons is largely borrowed from Hartmann's *Erec*, where the strife for the hawk at Kanedig, and the venture, Schoie-de-la-kurt (which is not a person, but an expedition), is fully recounted. Brandigan is Klamidé's kingdom, cf. Book IV.; Mabonagrein, his cousin, Book IV. p. 123. Mahaut is another form of the name Matilda. From *Titurel* we learn that Gurzgrei and Mahaut were the parents of Schionatulander, Siguné's lover, cf. also Book VIII. p. 245 and note.

BOOK IV
TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Arrival at besieged city; maiden of the castle beseeches the hero's aid; overthrowal of her enemies and final marriage with maiden.	Chrêtien and his continuator Gerbert; Peredur; Sir Percyvelle.

Name of the maiden; Chrêtien, Blanche-fleur; Sir Percyvelle Lufamour; Peredur unnamed.

Page 103, line 17—'*Who rideth astray, etc*.' According to Simrock this passage in the original contains a play upon words which cannot be reproduced in translation: Slegel—schlegel, the word employed for *axe* here, signifying, in some parts of Germany, 'a fallen tree.'

Page 104, line 26—'*The city of Pelrapär*.' In Chrêtien the name of the city is 'Beaurepaire,' of which this is evidently the German rendering. The substitution of *p* for

b is still a distinguishing mark of German pronunciation of French. In *Sir Percyvelle* it is 'the maiden land.'

Page 104, line 38—'*The King Klamidé*.' This character is named by Wolfram and Chrêtien only; in *Peredur* he is the Earl; in Sir Percyvelle, 'Sowdane.' Chrêtien calls him 'Clamadex,' and it is worthy of note that in *Perceval li Gallois* the son of the Red Knight slain by Perceval is called 'Clamadas,' evidently a variant of the same name.

Page 105, line 78—'*My lord the Count of Wertheim*.' Wertheim is in Lower Franconia. Bartsch thinks either Poppo I. or his son Poppo II. is referred to here. From the expression used, 'my lord,' it seems as if Wolfram had at one time been in his service.

Page 106, line 89—'*Trühending*.' There are three places of this name in the neighbourhood of Eschenbach: Hohen, Alten, and Wasser-Trühending. The latter is still famous for its *krapfen*, a kind of pancake.

Page 107, line 119—'*Kiot of Katelangen* (*i.e.* Catalonia) *and Manfilot*.' Kiot is the father of Siguné, and appears again in Book XVI. The account of his marriage with Schoisianè, her death, and his subsequent adoption of the life of a hermit will be found in Book IX. p. 274. From Wolfram's unfinished poem of *Titurel* we learn that Manfilot was his companion.

Page 107, line 133—'*The twain Isoldé*.' An allusion to Isoldé la Belle, the wife of King Mark of Cornwall, and mistress of Sir Tristan; and Isoldé of the white hand, Tristan's wife.

Page 109, line 208, *seq.*—'*Till the cry of heart-sorrow woke him*.' This nocturnal visit of the Lady of the castle to the hero's chamber seems to be part of the original tradition, and it is evident by the apologetic manner in which Wolfram tells the story that he is somewhat puzzled by Kondwiramur's conduct. From the Introduction to Book VII., and also from the blame he bestows on Chrêtien for having done a wrong to the story, *Diese Märe unrecht gethan*, we gather that Wolfram set a high value on fidelity to his source, and these and similar apologetic passages must be explained by the unwillingness of the poet to depart from the traditional form of the legend, while, at the same time, the story, representing as it did the manners and customs of an earlier and ruder period, was somewhat distasteful to him.

Page 110, line 243—'*Kingron the Seneschal*.' This character is Aguigrenons in Chrêtien, elsewhere he is unnamed. Mr. York Powell points out that Wolfram's form presupposes an Aguigrenons, which would either indicate that the existing MSS. of Chrêtien, or Chrêtien himself, misread *u* for *n*, or that Wolfram did *not* get his version by ear as he maintains (or that Wolfram was following a source other than Chrêtien).

Page 114, line 365, seq.—'*The marriage night*.' A similar account is given by Gerbert, one of the continuators of Chrêtien. (Chrêtien himself does not record the marriage, which takes place on a later visit of the hero to Beau-repaire.) In Gerbert's version we have an indication of later influence, as the motive-power is the recognition by both Perceval and his bride of the superiority of virginity to the married state. Wolfram's version seems far more in accordance with the character of the hero, and is probably closer to the original form of the story.

Page 116, line 420—'*Galogandres, Duke of Gippones*.' This character and Count Narant only appear here. Uckerland is probably a corruption of Oultreland, as noted in Book III.

Page 118, line 505—'*Gringorz*.' The French *Gringoire*—Gregory. All this account of Klamidé's arms, charger, etc., is peculiar to Wolfram; whose fondness for minute and descriptive detail is a noticeable characteristic.

Page 121, line 598—'*Dianasdron*.' Dinaderon en Gales in Chrêtien, who does not mention Karminöl. In the roll of King Arthur's knights we find such names as Sir Dinas, Sir Dinant, Sir Dinadan; all of which seem to come from the same root. The name is probably Keltic, and belongs to the original version of the story.

Page 123, line 660—'*Mabonagrein*.' Cf. Book III. p. 108 and note.

BOOK V
TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Hero meets with the Fisher King; visits the Grail Castle, sees the Grail, lance, etc., but asks no question, and is therefore reproached by maiden with dead knight.	Chrêtien and continuators: Peredur; Perceval; Perceval li Gallois. (Sir Percyvelle omits everything connected with the Grail.)

(The reader will find all this part of the legend, the varying forms of the visit to the Grail Castle, the Fisher King, the Grail, etc., fully discussed in Mr. Alfred Nutt's *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*.)

Page 131, line 58—'*Abenberg's field*.' Castle and town of Abenberg, in the neighbourhood of Eschenbach.

Page 131, line 75—'*Repanse de Schoie*.' This name appears to signify 'Thought of joy.' The Grail maidens are not named in other versions.

Page 132, line 87—'*Then one to the host would call him*.' This was evidently the Court Jester, always a privileged person.

Page 132, lines 109, 110—'*Lignum Aloe*.' Bartsch holds this to be a mistake of the poet, who has misunderstood the old French word *Aloer*. Chrêtien has simply *seces boises*. 'Wildberg' was the home of the poet, who is here making allusion to his poverty, as in Book IV. p. 106.

Page 132, line 111—'*And the host had bid them lay him*.' 'The Maimed King' invariably figures in the Grail Romances, whether they deal only with the Quest, as here, or with the early history of the Grail. He is generally wounded through the thighs, either with a lance, or with a sword, but the circumstances under which he receives the wound vary greatly. In most of the versions he is met with while engaged in fishing, and is known as the Fisher King, or the 'Rich Fisher.'

Page 132, line 125—'*The bleeding lance*.' This is a feature in most of the Grail Romances, and seems to have been an original feature of the story, though it had not the close connection with the *Grail*, which the fully developed Christian legend has given to it. In the earlier versions of the story it is the weapon with which the Maimed King was wounded; finally, it became the spear with which our Lord's side was pierced on the cross. Wolfram, who never appears to connect the Grail with the Passion, gives it the first meaning. The visit to the Grail Castle is told in varying forms, but the King, the Grail, Sword, and Lance almost invariably

appear, and the hero is either Perceval or his companion Gawain, but Perceval is, undoubtedly, the original hero of the Quest.

Page 133, line 137 and *seq.*—'*The Grail Procession*.' In Chrêtien this is much more simply treated. There are two squires bearing candlesticks, and two maidens, one of whom carries the Grail, the other a silver dish, *tailleor*. Wolfram has evidently seized the opportunity to give play to his love of detailed description, and his account of the Grail Feast and the Grail Maidens is far more elaborate than any given elsewhere.

Page 136, line 223—'*The food-supplying powers of the Grail*.' In other romances of the cycle we find similar powers attributed to the Grail. Malory, who borrowed largely from the *Queste* and *Grand S. Graal*, gives a like account. There is evidently a connection between this feature of the Grail, and the food-supplying talismans which figure largely in the legendary lore of most countries.

Page 137, line 247—'*A squire who a sword did bear*.' Cf. p. 144, lines 472 and *seq*. This incident also occurs in Chrêtien, and in varying form in most of the versions. In this poem the meaning and use of the sword are somewhat inexplicable. In Chrêtien that sword will break in *one* peril, known only to its maker, and then can be made whole by dipping it in a *lake*. Wolfram's account seems to be based on a misunderstanding of a French original. In some of the other versions the sword is already broken, and can only be made whole by the achiever of the Quest. In Wolfram the sword is a very puzzling feature of the story, with which indeed it seems to have little or no connection. The sword, which breaks in Parzival's deadly combat with his unknown brother, is not *this* sword, but the one taken from Ither of Gaheviess.

Page 137, line 267—'*The fairest of old men ancient*.' Titurel, cf. Book IX. p. 287.

Page 137, line 273—''*Tis a symbol good, the bowstring*.' Introduction to Book I., line 9, and note.

Page 139, line 325—'*The garden of Paradise*.' This is one of the allusions which seem to connect the Grail in Wolfram's version with an Oriental source, cf. p. 135.

Page 141, line 371—'*A hidden hand drew the rope taut*.' Chrêtien has the incident of the drawbridge rising, but in no other version are the reproaches addressed to the hero immediately on his leaving the castle, they are invariably put into the mouth of the maiden with the dead knight. In the *Perceval* the maiden's words, 'The Lord hates thee,' recall Wolfram's *Ihr sult varen der sunnen has*, which Bartsch says is an ancient formula of declaring a person accurst, and unworthy of the light of day.

Page 141, line 381—'*Doubled the throw of sorrow*.' Cf. Book III. p. 100; Book II. p. 47. Similes borrowed from games of chance are not unusual in this poem.

Page 141, line 397—'*A woman's voice make moan*.' This meeting with the maiden *after* the visit to the Grail Castle is in most versions the only one. In Chrêtien she now tells the hero his name which he learns or guesses for the first time. It was not improbably this incident which led either Wolfram, or his source, to place a first meeting earlier in the story while still retaining one in the original position. Wolfram, with characteristic love for detail, follows up the history of Siguné far more fully than other writers of the cycle.

Page 142, line 427—'*Monsalväsch*.' Probably 'Mont Sauvage,' in allusion to its wild and lonely position. A full account of the Grail and its keepers is given in Book IX.

pp. 270, 271.

Page 143, line 463—'*Lunete*.' A character in Hartmann's *Iwein*, from which the episode is quoted. Cf. Book IX. p. 252, and opening of Book XII.

Page 144, line 475—'*Trebuchet*.' This name is also given in Chrêtien; he is alluded to again p. 147, and in Book IX. p. 281, in connection with the knives of silver mentioned in line 498 of this book.

Page 147, line 595—'*Tenabroc*.' Also p. 133, line 146. This name is borrowed from Hartmann's Erec. Chrêtien has 'Danebroc.'

Page 147, line 601—'*Beàlzenan*.' According to Bartsch this name is combined from Provençal, *beal*, fair; *enan*, height='the fair height,' which would suit very well with the position of Angers, the capital of Anjou.

Page 152, line 760—'*Wild Taurian, Dodine's brother*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 265. Taurian does not seem to have been identified, but *Dodine* appears, in many of the Arthurian romances, always with the title of 'Le Sauvage.' So we find him named in Malory. Wolfram seemed to have transferred the characteristic from one brother to the other.

Page 155, line 849—'*Iofreit the son of Idöl*.' This is the French name Geoffrey. Mentioned again in Book VI. line 168. Most critics identify this character with Chrêtien's *Giflès li feus Do*.

BOOK VI
TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Blood drops on the snow and love-trance of hero.	Chrêtien: Peredur.
Overthrows Kay and Segramor.	(Perceval Li Gallois relates a similar incident of Gawain.)
Hero is cursed by Grail messenger for his failure to ask the question.	Chrêtien: Peredur. (In Perceval there is a cursing by Merlin.)

Page 159, line 2—'*From Karidöl and his kingdom*.' Karidöl=Carduel or Cardoile, the Anglo-Norman form of Carlisle. This is undoubtedly Arthur's original capital, but throughout this poem Nantes seems to be regarded as the royal city. Curiously enough we find the two names combined in Gautier de Doulens, one of the continuators of *Li Conte del Graal*, who introduces, as one of his *dramatis personæ*, Carduel of Nantes.

Page 160, line 29—'*Whitsuntide*.' An examination of the Romances will show this statement to be correct; Pentecost and Christmas seem to have been the two feasts held in especial honour at King Arthur's court.

Page 160, line 49—'*Blood-drops on the snow*.' Both Wolfram and Chrêtien insist only on the *two* colours, red and white, and the fact that they are puzzled by, and think it necessary to explain, the presence of snow at Whitsuntide shows that they are taking over the incident from an older source. As a matter of fact it is to be found in tales unconnected with the Arthurian cycle, and of varying nationality. In Peredur (Welsh) a raven has settled upon the body of a wild goose killed by a falcon, and the hero thinks of *three* colours (black, for hair; white, for skin; red, for cheeks); in the *Fate of the Sons of Usnech*, an Irish tale written down before the middle of the twelfth century, and probably centuries older, these three colours

are likewise present, but it is a calf instead of a wild goose that is slain, and it is the heroine, not the hero, who is fascinated by the colours. The incident has always been a favourite one with Celtic story-tellers (cf. *Argyll Tales*, M'Innes and Nutt, pp. 431-34), and curiously it is the slain-*bird*, instead of the slain-*calf* version which predominates, although the *Fate of the Sons of Usnech* is probably the most famous of all Irish stories, and no traceable literary influence of the Welsh tale upon Irish romance is known. Those familiar with Grimm's fairy tales will remember a similar incident in the story of *Snowdrop*, where the queen pricks her finger, and wishes for a daughter with hair as black as the ebony window-frame, skin as white as the snow, and cheeks as red as the blood; but here, of course, the 'fascination' element is absent. I have attempted to show ('the *lai* of Eliduc and the mürchen of Schneewittchen,'*Folk Lore*. iii. I), that the Gaelic version of the Schneewittchen type of story represents the earliest attainable form of the story. —[A. N.]

Page 162, line 87—'*Segramor*,' or Saigremors. This knight is a familiar figure in the Arthurian Romances, and the episode is quite in accordance with his general character. Chrêtien calls him 'Le Desreè' (uncurbed, impetuous). In Malory he is 'Le Desirous.' Cf. also Book VIII. p. 241.

Page 163, line 121—'*To seek for the magic pheasant*.' Simrock thinks this an allusion to a popular folk-tale, in which a magician, condemned to death, contrives to escape by setting his judges and executioner to seek for the fallen bird, by the irresistible strains of his magic pipe.

Page 166, line 235—'*Heinrich of Veldeck*.' A German poet who lived towards the end of the twelfth century. His translation of the *Æneid*, founded on a French version of the poem, was extremely popular, and Wolfram frequently refers to it in his *Parzival*.

Page 169, line 321—'*Herman of Thuringia*.' This Landgrave of Thuringia is well known to history as a generous patron of the literature of his day. His court at the Wartburg was the resort of all the leading poets, and it filled a place in the literary life of the twelfth century only comparable to that taken by the neighbouring court of Weimar six hundred years later. The terms in which Wolfram speaks of the guests at the Wartburg is quite in keeping with what is known of the Landgrave's lavish hospitality.

Simrock renders a passage from Walther von der Vogelweide which describes the tumultuous life of the court as follows:

> 'Wer in den Ohren siech ist oder krank im Haupt,
> Der meide ja Thuringen's Hof, wenn er mir glaubt.
> Käm er dahin, er würde ganz bethöret;
> Ich drang so lange zu, dass ich nicht mehr vermag,
> Ein Zug fährt ein, ein andrer aus, so Nacht als Tag,
> Ein wunder ists, dass da noch Jemand höret.'

The *Wartburg-krieg*, a poem of the end of the thirteenth century, in which the principal poets of the age are represented as competing in song before the Landgrave, supposes this contest to take place in 1207, and is doubtless an echo of what was no unusual incident at that date. Wolfram's poem of *Willehalm* was composed at the wish of the Landgrave, and in it he speaks of the death of his patron. Herman died in 1216, and the brilliant life at the Wartburg came to an

end; his successor Ludwig, the husband of S. Elizabeth, having little taste for literature.

Page 169, line 325—'*And so Knight Walter singeth*.' Walther von der Vogelweide, one of the most famous of German lyric poets, was of knightly birth but small means; he seems to have supported himself by his art, leading a wandering life at the principal courts of his day. Of his connection with Wolfram nothing is known, save the fact of their being together at the court of the Landgrave Herman in the early years of the thirteenth century. The line here quoted does not occur in any of Walther's extant poems.

Page 169, line 328—'*Heinrich of Rispach*.' Nothing seems to be known of the character here referred to. From the fact that there is a Rispach in the neighbourhood of Eschenbach, Bartsch conjectures that it was some one personally known to Wolfram.

Page 171, line 385—'*The time when the knife's sharp blade*.' Wolfram is here quoting from an unknown source. No such adventures are recorded in any Romance that has come down to us; but they are quite in keeping with Gawain's character.

Page 176, line 529—'*The right of the Round Table*.' This custom is alluded to in other Arthurian Romances, and we meet with it again in Book XIII. Here Wolfram seems to imply merely that the king did not eat in public with his knights, *i.e.* at the Round Table, before they had heard of some knightly venture; in Book XIII. he speaks as if no meal might be partaken of by any of the courtiers till this came to pass. The first rendering seems to be the correct one. [The whole incident is thoroughly in keeping with the conventions of early Irish romance, in which the personages are invariably subject to strict rules and obligations, *geasa*, to use the Irish word.—A.N.]

Page 177, line 585—'*The Grail Messenger*.' This incident occurs in both Chrêtien and Peredur, but the messenger is unnamed, or simply termed 'The Loathly Damsel.' Such a damsel is met with in the *Perceval*, but when she reaches King Arthur's Court she is transformed into a maiden of surpassing beauty. It will be noted that one of the queens imprisoned in Château Merveil also bears the name of Kondrie (p. 189). Mr. Nutt, in his *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, suggests this was originally the Loathly Damsel released from the transforming spell. (It may be noted that Wagner has kept this idea, and in the first act his Kundrie is the Loathly Messenger; in the second, 'Kondrie la Belle.') Chrêtien's description of Kondrie's appearance is even more repulsive than Wolfram's. In Book X. we have a curious account of the origin of these strange people.

[The 'Loathly Damsel' is one of those personages that most clearly testify to the reliance of the romance-writers upon a traditional popular basis, and also in this instance to the specific Celtic origin of that popular basis. A commonplace of folk-tales of the 'task' class is that the hero is helped by a personage having private ends of his or her own to serve, as, until the hero achieves the Quest (which he never does unaided), the helper cannot be released from a spell, generally of transformation into an animal, but sometimes into a shape of surpassingly hideous ugliness. The oldest European variant of this latter type with which I am acquainted is to be found in an Irish folk-tale imbedded in the so-called Cormac's Glossary, a compilation of the tenth century. I have given this in full (*Argyllshire Tales*, M'Innes and Nutt, pp. 467, 468). In its *outré* horror the description of the

bespelled king's son strikingly recalls that of Kundrie. Such a task story, in which the hero is helped by a transformed personage, who cannot be delivered until the Quest is achieved, is one of the main staples of the Perceval cycle, but it is only in the Welsh tale of *Peredur* that the incident appears in a straightforward and intelligible form. The sudden transformation from foulness to radiant beauty is met with in another connection earlier in Ireland than elsewhere in Europe: the incident of the Perilous Kiss, in which the embrace of a courteous knight frees a bespelled damsel from loathly disguise, an incident frequently associated with Gawain, is, as I have shown (*Academy*, April 30, 1892), of early occurrence in Ireland. Another element which goes to the complex individuality of Kundrie can be paralleled from early Irish romance. As the female messenger of the fairy dynasty of Mazadan, she corresponds to Leborcham, the female messenger of the semi-mythic King Conchobor, the head and centre of the oldest Irish cycle of heroic romance. Like Kundrie, Leborcham was of startling and unnatural hideousness, and she is brought into special connection with Cuchulainn the chief hero of the Ulster cycle, as Kundrie is with Perceval the chief hero of one group of the Arthur romances.—A.N.]

Page 181, line 697—'*Château Merveil*.' The adventure of this magic castle, achieved by Gawain, is related at length in Book XI.

Page 184, line 806—'*Kingrimursel*.' The name of this character in Chrêtien is Guigambresil, of which this is evidently the German rendering. Here, again, Wolfram either heard or read Gingambresil.

Page 185, line 839—'*Tribalibot*.' This is India.

Page 186, line 859—'*The heathen queen of Ianfus*.' The name of this queen, we find from line 1009, was Ekuba; one of the few classical names we find in this poem.

Page 189, line 977—'*The Greek, Sir Klias*.' This is Cligès, the hero of Chrêtien's poem of that name, son of the Greek Emperor Alexander and Surdamour, sister to Gawain, cf. Book XII. Malory has Sir Clegis, probably the same name.

Page 190, line 1002—'*Twelve spears of Angram*.' Angram was probably in India, and noted for its steel. Oraste-Gentesein seems to be the name of the country from which the reed, or bamboo, was brought. Cf. Book VII. pp. 218, 219.

BOOK VII
TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Meeting with army of Meljanz of Lys; Gawain takes part in the tournament, and overthrows Meljanz.	Chrêtien: Perceval relates the same incident, with the difference that Perceval overcomes both Gawain and Melians.

Introduction, line 1-16—This passage is somewhat obscure, but the meaning appears to be that the poet thinks he may possibly be blamed for leaving the history of Parzival, his chief hero, to follow the fortunes of Gawain; and would excuse himself for so doing by the plea of fidelity to his source. Very few of the romances of this date can be considered *original* works in the sense in which we would now employ that term; they were mostly a re-statement, or re-combining of traditional material, and it was a point of honour to adhere closely, in the march of incident, to the original form, though the poet was free to do as Wolfram has done, and introduce personal and contemporary allusions, or give his own

interpretation of the meaning of the tale. The fact that Wolfram here so strongly blames those who depart from the traditional form of the story, and at the end of his poem specially accuses Chrêtien of having sinned in this way, seems a strong argument against the theory that Chrêtien, and Chrêtien alone, was Wolfram's source of information.

Page 195, line 2—'*Gawain*.' *Gauvain* (French), *Gwchlmai* (Welsh). In all the earlier versions of the Grail story this knight plays a part only secondary to that of the chief hero Perceval. Certain episodes of which he is sole hero, in Chrêtien as in Wolfram, break the course of the Perceval story, though Wolfram, with considerable skill, has brought them into close connection with the main thread of the legend. With Chrêtien's continuators, too, Gawain is an important character, he also visits the Grail Castle and fails to ask the question; and a German version of the Grail legend, *Diu Krône*, by Heinrich von Türlin, makes him the chief hero, it is he who achieves the Quest and heals Anfortas. It is noticeable that none of the earlier versions know anything of either Lancelot or Galahad as Grail-seekers; Wolfram does mention the former, but only incidentally, and throughout his poem he evidently looks upon Gawain as the typical Arthurian knight, the pride and glory of the Round Table. It is curious that, though he feels himself compelled to apologise for some of the characters, to make an elaborate defence for Kay, and find excuses for Kondwiramur, Wolfram never has a word of blame for Gawain, and strong as the contrast is between his morality and that of Parzival, he certainly never draws a comparison to the disadvantage of the former; as husband of Orgeluse and lord of the Château Merveil, Gawain's lot in life is brilliant enough to awaken the envy of Kay who is jealous for King Arthur's honour. The whole presentment of Gawain in the poem is an eloquent commentary on the moral teaching of the original Arthurian legend, of which he is the oldest representative. Later compilers seem to have felt this, and as the legend gradually became ecclesiasticised, and assumed the form of a religious romance, so the original heroes of the story were gradually supplanted by others, whose characters, in the opinion of monkish compilers lent themselves more to purposes of moral edification. Thus Perceval the married man was forced to yield to Galahad the celibate, and, though he was never driven out of the story, was relegated to a secondary position; and Gawain, whose character in the early romances defied any attempt at converting him into a moral example, became merely a foil to the superior virtue of his companions, while the adventures originally ascribed to him were passed over to the repentant sinner Lancelot. The order of Grail heroes seems to have been as follows: Perceval, Gawain; Perceval, Gawain, Lancelot; Galahad, Perceval, and Lancelot. It is in this last order that they have come down to us through Malory's redaction of the legends.

Page 196, line 34—'*The steed from Monsalväsch came*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 273, where Parzival's possession of a Grail-steed leads to his being mistaken for Lähelein.

Page 198, line 96—'*Meljakanz*.' Cf. Book III. p. 72 and note.

Page 198, line 105—'*Meljanz of Lys*.' It will be seen, from the list of traditional events given above, that this character appears in other versions of the Perceval legends. Though the context is different, the name with but little variation appears in other of the Grail romances, Malory has Melias de Lile, in every instance the name indicates a French origin.

Page 198, line 119—'*Lippaut*.' The name of this character in Chrêtien is Tiebaut of Tintaguel, the German is evidently a rendering of this French name. Tintaguel

seems to point to a Keltic original.

Page 199, line 124—'*Obie and Obilot*.' Bartsch considers that both these names are derived from a French source, Obie, from the verb *obier*, signifying excitable, passionate; Obilot, from the French *belot*, a fair child. In Chrêtien the sisters are unnamed, but the younger is called *La pucièle as mances petites*.

Page 199, line 136—'*Galoes and Annora*.' Here we learn, for the first time, the name of Galoes' love, cf. Book II. p. 46 and note. Annora is the same name as Eleanor.

Page 200, line 168—'*Lisavander*.' The French has several variations of this name, Teudaves, Travezdates, Trahedavet.

Page 205, line 318, and p. 219, line 781—'*A charger the king bestrode*.' This is an allusion to the captivity of Queen Guinevere and her rescue by Lancelot. Kay was among her would-be liberators, and was smitten by Meljakanz: 'enbor ûs dem satele hin, daz in ein ast der helm gevienc, und bi der gurgelen hienc.' This incident is related in Hartmann's *Iwein*; but the subsequent freeing of the queen by Lancelot, referred to on p. 219, is taken from Chrêtien's *Chevalier de la Charrette*. The adventure is again alluded to in Book XII.

Page 210, line 493—'*Gawain and Obilot*.' Though Chrêtien and Wolfram agree here in the main outline of the story, yet the details differ completely, and the episode as related by the German poet is far more graceful and poetical in treatment. In Chrêtien the elder sister strikes the younger in the face, and it is in order to avenge this insult that the child begs Gawain to fight for her. It is the father, and not the child herself, who suggests presenting the knight with a token; he bids Gawain at first pay no attention to her request, and there is no trace of the pride and affection with which Lippaut evidently regards both his daughters, or of the confidence between father and child which is so charming a feature in Wolfram's poem. Gawain, according to Chrêtien, does not present his little lady with the captured monarch, but only with his steed, a compliment she shares too with his hostess and her daughters. In the French poet we have nothing of the amusing assumption of maiden dignity by the child Obilot, or of the graceful courtesy, half serious, half laughing, with which Gawain falls in with her whim, and sustains his part in the pretty play. Critics have bestowed much praise on this book, and on the character of the child Obilot, and some have thought that, in the picture of father and child, and in the words put into Lippaut's mouth, we have a glimpse of the home life of the poet, and an expression of personal feeling. In *Willehalm*, Wolfram refers to his daughter's dolls, and throughout his poems he frequently alludes to children, their ways, and their amusements. However that may be, nowhere else in the poem does *Gawain* appear to so much advantage as in this episode.

Page 211, line 522—'*Parzival*.' Cf. Book VI. p. 188, line 941.

Page 216, line 668—'*Even now shall the Erfurt vineyards*.' *etc.* An allusion to the siege of Erfurt by the Landgrave Herman in 1203. As the poet speaks of the traces of strife as being yet visible, this book of the Parzival must have been written not long after that date.

Page 217, line 715, and *seq.*—'*The captive Breton knights*.' It is doubtful to what romance Wolfram here makes allusion. Chrêtien, in his *Chevalier la Charrette*, relates the capture of some of Arthur's knights by King Bagdemagus-Poidikonjonz, when Meljakanz carried off Guinevere, but they were released by

Lancelot. Wolfram seems to have known another version of the story, as he evidently did know a romance dealing with the fate of Arthur's son, Ilinot, of whom we know nothing. He refers to this at length in Book XII. Cluse seems to betoken an enclosed space, a ravine, Chrêtien calls it *Le passage des pierres*—The Gampilon was a fabulous beast of the dragon type, also mentioned in the *Gudrun*.

Page 218, line 733—'*The Red Knight*.' It is worth noticing that, throughout the Gawain episodes, Wolfram never loses sight of his principal hero; if Parzival does not appear personally, as he does in this book, he is always alluded to in direct connection with the development of the story, *e.g.*, Book VIII. pp. 242, 243. This is not the case in Chrêtien, where the Gawain episodes are entirely independent. Some critics have evolved an elaborate theory to account for the importance assigned to Gawain in this and following books, and maintain that Wolfram felt that while Parzival was a prey to spiritual doubt and despair, it was more artistic to keep him in the background than to make him the hero of a series of chivalrous adventures. The more probable solution seems to be exactly the opposite, viz., that the Gawain episodes were already introduced into the legend, that Wolfram, or his source, felt it a flaw that they should have so little connection with the main thread of the story, and therefore conceived the idea of introducing the principal hero, and, by keeping him always more or less *en évidence*, making it possible to weave the Gawain adventures into the fabric of the legend, instead of leaving them an excrescence on its surface—a conception which was finally perfected by the connection of Orgeluse, Gawain's lady-love, with both Parzival and Anfortas, thereby bringing all the different elements of the tale into touch each with the other.

BOOK VIII
TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Arrival of Gawain at castle; committed to care of lady to whom he makes love; is attacked by her people and defends himself with a chess-board.	Chrêtien: Peredur.

The *Perceval* gives an account of an adventure with a lady and a chess-board of which Perceval is the hero, but the circumstances differ entirely, being similar to those of an episode found in *Gautier de Doulens* and also in *Peredur*.

Page 229, line 14—'*Askalon*.' The name of this city in Chrêtien is Escavalon, apparently a variant of Avalon. The name in Wolfram may be either a misunderstanding of the French original, or it is not impossible that Askalon, being well known to the Crusaders of that time, was purposely substituted for a similar sounding-title.

Page 230, line 26—'*Æneas and Dido*.' An allusion to the *Æneid* of Heinrich von Veldeck, to which Wolfram often refers. We learn from line 121 that the writer was already dead. Cf. note, Book VI.

Page 230, line 41—'*Where Mazadan reigned as Monarch*.' Cf. Book I. p. 31, and Book IX. p. 263. There is evidently a confusion here between the fairy and her kingdom. Fay-Morgan is, of course, the fairy-queen, and the name seems later to have been transferred to Arthur's sister, who is called Morgan le Fay in Malory. Terre-de-la-schoie, given in Book I. as the name of the lady, is her kingdom; the confusion probably arises from a misunderstanding of the French source. We find, on p. 240, that the mother of King Vergulacht, Fleurdamur, was sister to Gamuret,

consequently Parzival and Vergulacht are first cousins, and we are meant to understand that Gawain, who, as a lad, had seen Gamuret at Kanvoleis (Book II. p. 39), was struck by the king's likeness to his uncle and cousin, though he evidently knows nothing of the relationship; cf. Appendix A for notes on the supposed origin of the Angevin race.

Page 231, line 58—'*Not such as in Karidöl*.' This is the longest of the many allusions to the *Erec* of Hartmann von Aue, and refers to the same incident as Book III. p. 81, cf. note on passage.

Page 232, line 106—'*The Margravine of Heitstein*.' This name varies greatly in the MSS., but both Lachmann and Bartsch give the reading in the text. The Margravine mentioned is identified with the wife of Berchtold von Chamm and Vohburg, who died in 1204.

Page 233, line 146—'*Of my father's sister*,' *etc.* This line is curious as giving a very early instance of a play upon words familiar to us in modern puzzles. Gawain, of course, simply states that he is 'his father's son,' and gives the queen no information whatever as to his birth.

Page 234, line 181, and *seq.*—'*At length did she chance on some chess-men*,' *etc.* It should be noted that chess-men, in the Middle Ages, were often of a very large size, and would form no despicable weapons. In Chrêtien's version of the incident he specially speaks of these as ten times larger than other chess-men, and of very hard ivory. Adventures in which a chess-board plays a part are of not infrequent occurrence in the Grail romances.

Page 234, line 190—'*The Burger maids of Tollenstein*.' Tollenstein is a town in the neighbourhood of Eschenbach; the allusion is evidently to some kind of Carnival sports held there. Mock Tournaments, in which women took part, are often alluded to in old French and German poems. The point of the allusion evidently is that they fought for mere sport, while Antikonie fought in defence of her guest, and her action is therefore held the more praiseworthy.

Page 235, line 221—'*The knight who to battle bade him*.' Cf. Book VI. p. 184 and note.

Page 236, line 257—'*With a lance-thrust by Ekunât*.' Ekunât has been already named in Book III. p. 99. It seems doubtful whence Wolfram derived this incident.

Page 238, line 316—'*As Kiot himself hath told us*.' This is the first time Wolfram names the source whence he drew his poem. It has already been noted in the Introduction that the existence of this Kiot is a matter of debate, as no poem of his has come down to us, and apparently no other writer mentions his name. This passage should be compared with Book IX. p. 262, where the nature of the MS. in which Kiot found the story of Parzival and the Grail is stated. It certainly seems clear that Wolfram *had* a source of information other than the poem of Chrêtien de Troyes; his other statements as to contemporary events and contemporary literature are perfectly accurate, and we do not find him inventing feigned names for other writers of the day; it therefore seems somewhat unreasonable to conclude, simply because we know nothing of Kiot's work, that Wolfram here, and in other passages, is, to put it mildly, inventing an elaborate fiction. The fact of the great popularity obtained by Chrêtien's version of the Grail legend is quite enough to account for the disappearance of a version which, for some reason or other (very probably its curious account of the Grail), had failed to attract the popular fancy.

Page 240, line 363—'*If Turnus thou fain wouldst be*.' An allusion to the *Æneid* of Heinrich von Veldeck, where Turnus reproaches Tranzes for cowardice, and is answered in much the same strain as Liddamus answers Kingrimursel.

Page 240, line 387—'*Nay, why should I be a Wolfhart?*' This passage to line 398 is an allusion to the great German epic, the *Niebelungenlied*, the various lays composing which seem to have been brought into order and welded into a literary whole about this time. Wolfram's version of the cook's appeal to Gunther varies slightly from the received text and probably represents an older form.

Page 241, line 407—'*Sibech ne'er drew a sword*.' This is an allusion to the story of Dietrich von Berne, parts of which were incorporated in the *Niebelungenlied*, where, however, this special incident is not to be found. Ermenrich was uncle to Dietrich and Emperor of Rome; Sibech, who seems to have been as faithless as he was cowardly, to avenge a personal injury, counselled the Emperor to a course which brought about the ruin of himself and his people.

Page 242, line 452—'*The wood Læhtamreis*.' Tamreis, as we find from Book XII., is the name of a tree, this proper name seems to be combined from *Læh*, old French *les* = near, and *tamreis* (tamarisk?). The knight is, of course, Parzival. Chrêtien has not this incident; which is a proof of Wolfram's superior skill in controlling the thread of his story.

Page 245, line 541—'*At Schoie-de-la-Kurt*.' Cf. note to Book III., where we find the account of this venture, and of the death of Gurzgrei, son of Gurnemanz. Gandelus is the brother of Schionatulander, Siguné's love.

Page 247, line 597—'*To the Grail must his pathway wend*.' It is a very curious feature, both in this poem and in that of Chrêtien, that the Grail Quest, undertaken by Gawain, is allowed to drop into oblivion. Wolfram only makes one more allusion to it, Book XI., and Chrêtien apparently ignores it altogether. In other versions of the story, and notably in Chrêtien's continuators, the achievement of the Grail Quest by Gawain is an important feature. It is true that Chrêtien's portion of the *Conte* breaks off short before the end of the Gawain episode, and that those who maintain that Wolfram had no other source than Chrêtien point to this as a proof of their theory, urging that had Chrêtien finished the poem he would undoubtedly have brought Gawain to Monsalväsch, and that Wolfram, deserted by his source at this point, carried the Gawain Quest no further. But it must be noted that Wolfram, who, according to this theory, has hitherto followed Chrêtien with remarkable fidelity, shows no embarrassment at the loss of his guide, but, by bringing Gawain promptly into touch with Parzival, finishes his poem in a thoroughly coherent and harmonious manner, his conclusion agreeing, in certain peculiar features, with his Introduction, which, also, is unknown to Chrêtien. The simplest solution appears to be that *both* Chrêtien and Wolfram were in possession of a common source, wherein the Gawain episodes were presented in an incomplete and abbreviated form. Mr. Nutt points out that the Gawain Quest, as related by Chrêtien's continuators, not only fails to agree with Chrêtien's commencement, but also presents features more archaic than those of the Perceval Quest.

BOOK IX
TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Hero meets with pilgrims who | Chrêtien: Peredur: Perceval

reproach him for bearing arms on Good Friday, and direct him to a hermit, who points out his sins and gives him absolution.

Introduction to line 25. This spirited opening, with its invocation of the embodied 'Frau Aventiure,' is peculiar to Wolfram. The entire episode is much more briefly treated by Chrêtien, who brings his hero at once in contact with the pilgrims, and has neither the meeting with Siguné nor the combat with the Grail knight.

Page 251, line 5—'*Frau Aventiure*.' This is a personification of the 'story' and of the spirit of romantic story-telling. Grimm (*Kl. Sr.* i. 83-112) claims that we have here a survival of the personifying instinct which led the northern poets to make 'Saga' a daughter of Odin. The word itself is simply taken over from French romance where *or dist l'Aventure* is a standing initial formula, in which *Aventure* exactly renders the *maere* of the opening quatrain of the *Niebelungenlied*.—[A. N.]

Page 251, line 6—'*Whom Kondrie, to find the Grail*.' Cf. Book VI. p. 187.

Page 252, line 34—'*The sword that Anfortas gave him*.' Cf. Book V. pp. 137 and 144, and note.

Page 252, line 47—'*Schionatulander and Siguné*.' This is Parzival's third interview with his cousin, who has a much more important rôle assigned to her in this poem than in the other romances. The hero meets her at every important crisis in his life; on his first entrance into the world, Book III. p. 79; after his visit to the Grail Castle, Book V. p. 141; now, previous to his interview with the hermit; and finally, in Book XVI. after he has won the Grail kingdom and been reunited to his wife, he finds her dead, and buries her with her lover. Siguné's parentage is fully given on p. 274 of this book.

Page 257, line 204—'*The Templar bold*.' This identification of the knights of the Grail with the Templars (Templeisen) is a marked peculiarity of Wolfram's poem. Nothing at all answering to the Grail kingdom and its organisation, as described in the Parzival, is to be found elsewhere. The introduction of this spiritual knighthood, chosen by Heaven, and, with special exceptions, vowed to celibacy, seems intended as a contrast with, and protest against, the ideal of worldly chivalry and lax morality portrayed in Arthur's court. Are we to attribute this feature of the poem to Wolfram himself or to his source? Judging from the value Wolfram placed upon fidelity to tradition it seems scarcely probable that he would have departed so far from his model as to introduce such an entirely new and striking element into the story; nor have we any trace of the poet-knight's connection with the order of Templars; but if the writer of the admitted French source was an Angevin, who had been in the East during the Angevin rule in Jerusalem, the connection is easily explained. Certainly, to judge from the freedom with which the introduction to the story has been handled, 'Kiot' does not seem to have been hampered with an undue respect for the traditional form of the legend.

Page 258, line 223—'*Nor Lähelein, nor Kingrisein, etc*.' Kingrisein is the father of Vergulacht, supposed to have been slain by Gawain, cf. Book VIII. p. 240. King Gramoflanz plays an important part in the poem from Book XII. onward. Count Laskoit, cf. Book III. p. 99.

Page 258, line 230, and *seq*.—'*One turning the ground was snow-clad*.' Cf. reference to spring snow in Book VI. p. 160. The pilgrim train met by Parzival differs in the versions. The Montpellier MS. of Chrêtien has three knights and ten

ladies; other MSS. one knight and twenty ladies. Wolfram's account is more natural and more poetical.

Page 259, line 263—'*Dost thou mean Him, etc*.' The address of the knight in Chrêtien is longer and conceived in quite a different spirit. It contains one remarkable passage; speaking of the Crucifixion the knight says: '*Li fol Juis—c'on devroit tuer comme ciens*,' a speech entirely out of keeping with the spirit of love and charity characterising Wolfram's Old Knight, and Hermit. The German poem is, throughout, remarkable for the wide spirit of tolerance displayed towards those outside the Christian pale; note, *e.g.*, Book I. and especially the character of Feirefis as depicted in the two closing books of the work. The religious teaching in this ninth book is not only fuller than in Chrêtien, but seems based on a much clearer realisation of the position of the *individual* soul towards its Creator. The elementary truths of Christianity are much more fully stated, and display a familiarity with the theological speculations of the day which renders them peculiarly interesting. There is no parallel, either, in Chrêtien to the fine speeches which Wolfram puts into the mouth of his hero. The whole episode in the French poem lacks the dignity and impressiveness which stamp it in the German version; it is in this book, and in the account of Parzival's boyhood, that Wolfram's poetical genius touches its highest point, and his superiority to Chrêtien is most clearly seen.

Page 261, line 337—'*Towards Fontaine Sauvage*,' *etc.* Cf. Book V. p. 151.

Page 261, line 348—'*Kiot*.' Cf. note to Book VIII. It is noticeable that there is no corresponding passage to this in Chrêtien; the explanation of the Grail mystery given in the *Conte du Graal* is due to Chrêtien's continuators, and occurs in the later part of the poem.

Page 262, line 359—'*Flegetanis*.' A curious contradiction will be noted here. A few lines above we read that no heathen skill could have revealed the mysteries of the Grail, and yet apparently it was a heathen who first wrote of them. The whole account of the Grail reads like a not-too-successful attempt to Christianise a purely pagan legend.

Page 263, line 383—'*And in Britain, France, and Ireland, etc*.' Cf. Appendix A and note on Mazadan, Book VIII. Nevertheless, the connection of the Grail race with the House of Anjou, save through Herzeleide's marriage with Gamuret, is nowhere stated, nor how Titurel was descended from Mazadan, the ancestor alike of Arthur and of Gamuret.

Page 265, line 465—'*The altar and shrine*.' Wolfram appears to be absolutely correct here; during the Middle Ages, a shrine, or reliquary, was generally placed on the altar, the use of a cross was of comparatively late date. It is curious that Chrêtien, otherwise more ecclesiastical in his details than Wolfram, has missed the characteristic feature of the stripped altar; on the other hand, he notes that Perceval spends *Easter* with the Hermit, and receives the Sacrament, while Wolfram passes Easter over without mention. (It is rather odd to find Chrêtien's Hermit saying *Mass* on Good Friday!)

Page 267, line 531—'*Ashtaroth*.' Bartsch says that these names are derived from Talmudic tradition; Belcimon being Baal-Schemen, a god of the Syrians; Belat, the Baal of the Chaldeans. Rhadamant is, of course, the Greek ruler of the under-world.

Page 267, line 533, and *seq.*—'*When Lucifer and his angels*.' The belief that the creation of man was directly connected with the fall of the rebel angels was very widespread, though the relation of the two as cause and effect was sometimes the reverse of that stated here. None of the editions of the Parzival give a direct reference to the source of the curious 'riddling' passage which follows, but the theory of the maidenhood of the earth was a favourite one with Mediæval writers.

Page 268, line 572—'*Plato and the Sibyls*.' A curious proof of the belief of the Mediæval Church in the Christian nature of the Sibylline prophecies is found in the first line of the *Dies Iræ*:

> 'Dies Iræ, Dies Illa,
> Solvet sæclum in favilla
> Teste David cum Sibylla.'

Page 270, line 615, and *seq.*—'*The Grail*.' The account of the Grail given by Wolfram is most startling, differing as it does from every other account which has come down to us. Wolfram evidently knows nothing whatever of the traditional 'vessel of the Last Supper,' though the fact that the virtue of the stone is renewed every *Good Friday* by a *Host* brought from Heaven seems to indicate that he had some idea of a connection between the Grail and the Passion of our Lord. Various theories have been suggested to account for the choice of a precious stone as the sacred talisman; Birch Hirschfeld maintains that it arose entirely from a misunderstanding of Chrêtien's text, the French poet describing the Grail as follows:

> 'De fin or esmeree estoit;
> Pieres pressieuses avoit
> El graal, de maintes manieres,
> Des plus rices et des plus cieres
> Qui el mont u en tiere soient.'

But how Wolfram, who, in other instances appears to have understood his French source correctly, here came to represent an object of gold, adorned with *many* precious stones, as *a* precious stone, does not appear. And it must be noted that this importance assigned to a jewel is not out of keeping with the rest of the poem. From the jewel of Anflisé, the ruby crown of Belakané, and the diamond helmet of Eisenhart in the first book, to the long list of precious stones adorning the couch of Anfortas in the last, the constant mention of jewels is a distinct feature of Wolfram's version, and cannot be paralleled by anything in Chrêtien. Moreover, in two other instances, viz. the armour of Feirefis in Book XV., and the couch of Anfortas already mentioned, mystical and strengthening powers are attributed to them. The MSS. vary in their spelling of the stone, giving *Lapis*, *Lapsit*, *Jaspis*, *exillis*, *exilix* or *erillis*; and it is impossible to identify the stone of the Grail with any known jewel. The fact that Wolfram alone of all the writers of this cycle gives this version of the legend, seems to point rather to a peculiarity in his source than to a genuine tradition of the origin of the Grail-myth. In any case it is most probable that the responsibility for the statement rests with the author of Wolfram's French source rather than with Wolfram himself.

Page 271, line 665—'*They who took no part in the conflict*.' This account of the neutral angels is partially contradicted by Trevrezent in Book XVI. during his last interview with Parzival, when he openly admits that he had spoken untruly in

order to induce Parzival to give up his Quest for the Grail. This contradiction introduces a good deal of uncertainty as to what really is the moral aim of the poem.

Page 273, line 711—'*The white dove I see on its housing*.' This, the badge of the Grail knights, is peculiar to the German poem. Those familiar with Wagner's *Parsifal* will not need to be reminded that the dove and the swan are represented by him as the sacred birds of the Grail. The connection with the swan will be found in Book XVI.

Page 273, line 737—'*O thou son of my sister*.' The relationship of uncle and nephew between the hermit and the hero of the Quest obtains in most of the versions. The relationship with the wounded king varies, sometimes he is the hero's grandfather.

Page 274, line 759—'*Thou wast the beast that hung*,' *etc.* Cf. Book II. p. 58. This incident of the mother's dream is peculiar to Wolfram.

Page 274, line 771—'*Repanse de Schoie*.' Cf. Book V. p. 135 and Book XVI. She finally marries Feirefis, Parzival's half-brother.

Page 375, line 785—'*But if love the Grail King seeketh*.' This explanation of the wound of Anfortas as the punishment of unlawful love is peculiar to Wolfram, and is in accordance with the superior depth and spirituality of his treatment of the legend. In the other versions the king is wounded in battle or accidentally. The various remedies tried for the wound, related on pp. 276, 277, give a curious idea of the surgical skill of the Middle Ages, and seem drawn from a mixture of Oriental and classical sources. The names in line 830 are derived from the Greek, and signify various serpents, with the exception of Ecidemon, which we learn in Book XV. was an animal greatly feared by snakes, perhaps the Ichneumon. The reference to Æneas and the Sibyl is from the *Æneid* of Heinrich von Veldeck.

The legend of the pelican is well known, and the first part of the passage referring to the unicorn, its love for a spotless maiden, was a widespread fiction of the Mediæval times, but the assertion that the carbuncle is found under the unicorn's horn seems peculiar to Wolfram, and illustrates what has been said above as to his employment of precious stones.

On p. 281 we find a full account of the influence of the planets upon the wound.

Page 278, line 867—'*A knight should come to the castle*.' This promised healing of the king by means of a question put by the hero is a marked 'folklore' feature of the tale. Mr. Nutt points out in his *Studies* that in the Grail legend we have a version of the well-known visit to a magic castle influenced by two distinct formulas familiar to folklore students, (*a*) where the object of the hero is to avenge the death, or wounding, of a relative—the Feud-quest; (*b*) to release the inhabitants of the castle from an enchantment—the un-spelling quest. The bleeding lance seems to be connected with the first (perhaps also the sword, but its employment both in Wolfram and Chrêtien is so enigmatic that it is difficult to know what import to attach to it), the question with the second. The form of the question differs here; in all the other versions it is connected with the Grail: 'Whom serve they with the Grail?' Here, directly with the wounded king, 'What aileth thee, mine uncle?' Birch Hirschfeld maintains, first, that the question was a 'harmless invention' of a predecessor of Chrêtien's (thus ignoring the archaic character of the incident); secondly, that Wolfram, having misunderstood Chrêtien's account of the Grail, was naturally compelled to invent a fresh question.

Of the two, Wolfram's question seems distinctly the more natural, and the more likely to occur to the mind of a simple youth like Parzival; and he has also made much better use of the incident. It is Parzival's failure in the spirit of charity, in the love due 'as a man to men,' that constitutes the sin of the omitted question. Mr. Nutt well remarks that 'It is the insistence upon charity as the herald and token of spiritual perfection that makes the grandeur of Wolfram's poem.'

Page 283, line 1038—'*If a land be without a ruler*.' Here we have the germ of the well-known story of Lohengrin, related in Book XVI. We learn from this passage that Lohengrin's mission was no isolated instance, but a part of the office of the Grail knights. Wolfram's whole presentment of the Grail kingdom, as won by an act of love to a fellow-man, and used for the benefit of others, offers an ideal, not only curiously modern in tone, but in striking contrast to the glorification of spiritual selfishness which we find in other Grail romances. Elsewhere, the aim of the achiever of the Quest is purely to save his *own* soul, and, the task accomplished, he passes away leaving the world none the better for his work. If we look at the concluding lines of the poem, Book XVI., we shall find that Wolfram had quite a different idea of a man's duty to the world of his day.

Page 283, line 1045—'*King Kastis wooed Herzeleide*.' Cf. Book II. p. 48.

Page 284, line 1070—The account of Trevrezent's wanderings is curious, as it mixes up fabulous places such as Agremontin, the home of the Salamanders, and Fay-Morgan, with such well-known names as Seville, Sicily, and Aquilea. Rohas has been identified with a range of mountains in Styria; Celli is also in Styria. The derivation of 'Gandein' from a Styrian town is very curious. Whether the name was in Wolfram's source or not, we cannot decide, but the connection can only have been introduced by the German poet.

Page 286, line 1127—'*Two mortal sins*.' It is curious that in no other version of the story is the slaying of the Red Knight regarded as a sin. Here, however, it is quite in keeping with the pronounced knightly character of the poem. Ither is Parzival's near kinsman, apparently both cousin, and uncle by marriage (lines 1108 and 1119), and to fight with one connected either by the tie of blood or of friendship is regarded throughout as a breach of knightly faith, cf Books XIV. and XV. where Parzival fights, unwittingly, with Gawain and Feirefis. In Chrêtien the hermit tells Perceval that it is his sin in causing the death of his mother which has sealed his lips before the Grail; Wolfram seems to regard his silence independently, and, as noted above, the sin, there, seems to be failure in charity and in recognising the bond of universal brotherhood; which failure, indeed, is at the root of the 'two mortal sins.'

Page 287, line 1159—'*Titurel*.' The father of the Fisher King is not named in Chrêtien, and indeed is only alluded to in an obscure and enigmatical passage as being nourished by the Grail. This statement is peculiar to these two writers, and seems to indicate that they were in possession of a common source.

Page 287, line 1169—'*An thou wouldst that thy life be adornèd*.' The passage which follows here to line 1180 should be noted, as it seems to be an interpolation; it has no connection whatever with the context, and is in quite a different tone from the knightly and unecclesiastical character of the rest of Trevrezent's teaching.

PARZIVAL

A KNIGHTLY EPIC

BY

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH

TRANSLATED BY

JESSIE L. WESTON

VOL. II

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
X.	ORGELUSE	1
XI.	ARNIVE	29
XII.	EIDEGAST	47
XIII.	KLINGSOR	71
XIV.	GRAMOFLANZ	101
XV.	FEIREFIS	133
XVI.	LOHENGRIN	163
	APPENDICES	189
	NOTES	201

BOOK X
ORGELUSE

ARGUMENT

Book X. relates how Gawain, after various adventures, fell in with a maiden and a wounded knight, how he succoured the knight and rode to Logrois. How he met with Orgelusé and wooed her, and how she repaid him with scorn. How the squire Malcréature mocked Sir Gawain, and how the knight Urian stole his charger. How Lischois Giwellius fought with Gawain and was conquered, and of the tribute due to the Master Boatman. How Gawain came to Terre de Merveil, and was well entreated by the Boatman and his daughter Bené.

BOOK X

ORGELUSE

Now tell we of strange adventures thro' which joy shall be waxen low,
And yet pride shall grow the greater, of the twain doth this story show.

Now the year of truce was ended, when the strife must needs be fought
Which the Landgrave unto King Arthur at Plimizöl had brought.
At Schamfanzon he challenged Gawain to meet him at Barbigöl,
Yet still unavenged was Kingrisein at the hand of Kingrimursel—
In sooth, Vergulacht, he rode there, and thither had come Gawain,
And the whole world was 'ware of their kinship nor might strife be betwixt the twain;
For the murder, Count Eckunât did it, and Gawain must they guiltless hold,
At rest did they lay their quarrel and friends were those heroes bold.

Then they parted for both would ride thence, Vergulacht and the knight Gawain,
Tho' both for the Grail were seeking yet apart would they ride, those twain.

And many a joust must they ride now, for he who the Grail would see
Sword in hand must he draw anigh it, and swift must his seeking be!

Now all that befell to Gawain, the lot of that blameless knight
Since he rode forth from fair Schamfanzon, if he oft on his way must fight,
Ye shall ask of those who there saw him, since naught may I tell ye here,
Yet hearken, and heed the story and the venture that draweth near.
One morning Gawain rode gaily o'er a grassy plain and green,
When a shield, in the sun fair shining, with lance-thrust pierced thro' was seen,
And a charger stood beside it that bare women's riding-gear,
And the bridle and aye the housing were of costly stuff and dear—
And the charger and shield beside it were bound to a linden tree.
Then he thought, 'Who shall be this woman? for valiant I ween is she,
Since she beareth a shield so knightly—If she thinketh with me to fight,
How, then, may I best withstand her? Were it better to here alight?
If too long she wrestle with me perchance I were overthrown,
If hatred or love I shall win here I will fight her on foot alone;
Yea, e'en an she were Kamilla, who before Laurentium fought—
Did she live still to battle with me, as awhile she for honour sought,
I would face her, nor fear her prowess, if here she my foe would be,
Tho' ne'er with a maid have I foughten and the chance seemeth ill to me!'

Battle-hewn was the shield and dinted, as Gawain right well espied
The nearer he rode unto it, and pierced with a lance-thrust wide.

Such token by joust is painted, little payment his skill should know
Whose hand erst the shield had fashioned an he thought him to paint it so!
By the trunk of the mighty linden sat a maid on the grass so green,
And sore did she weep and bewail her, and joyless, I wot, her mien.
Then around the tree rode Gawain, and lo! on her knee she bore
A knight, and she wept above him, and grieved with a sorrow sore.

Fair greeting Sir Gawain proffered, she thanked him and bowed her low,
And hoarse was her voice thro' weeping and weakened thro' force of woe.
Then down to the ground sprang Gawain, for the knight he was like to choke,
Since the blood welled within his body, and unto the maid he spoke,
And he asked if the knight were living, or should now in the death-throe be?
And she spake, 'He dieth surely, yet but now alive was he,
God hath sent thee unto my succour, now help me with word and deed,
Such wounds shalt thou oft have looked on, give counsel in this my need!'

'Yea, gladly I'll aid thee, Lady, from death shall thy knight be freed,
And healing I well might win him an there were but at hand a reed.
Thou shalt see him, and hearken to him, nor his life shall be waxen less,
The wound is not all too dangerous, but the blood on his heart doth press.'
Then he stripped from a bough of the linden the bark, and did wind it round,
(No fool he in art of healing,) and he set it unto the wound,
And he bade the maiden suck it till the blood should toward her flow—
And strength came again and hearing, and the voice of the knight they know,
And he looked on Gawain, and he thanked him, and said he should honoured be

In that from his woe he had freed him, and he asked of him,
whence came he?
Rode he hither in search of knighthood? 'From far
Punturtois I came
In search of such knightly venture as should win for me
meed of fame,
Yet sorely must I bewail me for the ill that I here have won,
Sir Knight, an thy senses fail not, 'twere better this way to
shun!'

'Such evil I little looked for—'Twas Lischois Giwellius
Who hath wounded me so sorely, and down from my
charger thrust:
Fair was the joust and knightly, and he pierced me thro'
shield and side,
On her steed this maiden helped me, and hither hath been
my guide!'
Then he prayed Gawain to abide there, but he spake, he the
place would see
Where such evil had chanced unto him, 'If Logrois thus near
shall be,
Perchance I shall yet o'ertake him, he shall answer to me, I
trow,
For the deed he hath done, and his reason for vengeance
on thee I'll know!'
But the wounded knight spake, 'Not so, for true are the
words I say,
And no child's play shall be this journey, great perils beset
the way.'

With the band from the maiden's tresses Gawain the wound
did bind,
And spake o'er it spells of healing, and he bade them their
comfort find
In God, since He cares for all men—With blood was their
pathway red,
And crimson the grass besprinkled as a stag had its life-
blood shed;
Thus he rode not astray, and in short space did Logrois
before him stand—
A fortress so fair and stately, its praise was in every land.

'Twas a stately Burg well builded, and it wound the hillside
round,
From afar as a mighty circlet the fortress the summit
crowned.

E'en to-day men this honour give it, its wall shall be stormed in vain,
For it openeth its gates to no foeman, whose hatred soe'er it gain!
And a garden lay green around it, 'twas planted with trees so fair,
Olive, pomegranate, fig-tree, and the vine which its grapes doth bear,
And gaily they grew and flourished—as Gawain rode that garden bright
He saw there what wrought him sorrow, yet filled him with all delight!

A streamlet gushed forth from the hillside, there he saw that which grieved him naught,
A lady so fair to look on that gladly her face he sought.
The flower was she of all women, save Kondwiramur alone
No fairer form nor feature might ever on earth be known.
So sweet and so bright to look on, so courteous and royal of mien,
Orgelusé, was she, of Logrois, and men say that in her was seen
The charm that desire awakeneth, a balm for the eyes of care,
For no heart but was drawn toward her, and no mouth but would speak her fair!

Gawain gave her courteous greeting, and he spake, 'If such grace I ǵain
That thou willest I should alight here and awhile at thy side remain,
If I see that my presence please thee, then sorrow be far from me,
And joy in its stead dwell with me, no knight e'er might gladder be!
May I die if the truth I speak not, no woman e'er pleased me more—'
'It is well, yet methinks I knew that,' then the knight for a space she saw;

And her sweet lips spake thus unto him, 'Now make of thy praise an end,
For well might it work thee evil, and I care not that foe or friend,
Whoever he be that cometh, his judgment on me shall speak,

For sure if all lips shall praise me my fame it but waxeth
weak!
If the wise praise me e'en as the foolish, the false as the
pure and true,
Then my fame shall be e'en as another's, for the many shall
drown the few.
But my praise do I hold, and but wisdom shall speak that
which she doth know—
Who thou mayst be, Sir Knight, I know not, but 'tis time
thou thy way shouldst go!'

'Yet o'er thee will I speak my verdict, if thou dwellest anear
my heart
Then thy dwelling is not *within* it, for *without* shalt thou
have thy part.
And say thou my love desirest, how hast thou rewarding
won?
From the eyes swiftly shoot the glances, yet a sling, when
the work is done,
Smiteth gentler than looks which linger on that which doth
sorrow wreak,
Thy desire is but empty folly, thou shouldst other service
seek!
If thine hand for love's sake shall battle, if adventure hath
bidden thee
By knighthood win love's rewarding, yet thou winnest it not
from *me*.
Nor honour shall be thy portion, but shame shalt thou win
alone—
Now the truth have I spoken unto thee, 'twere best thou
shouldst get thee gone!'

Then he quoth, 'Truth thou speakest, Lady, since mine eyes
thus mine heart have brought
In danger, for *they* beheld thee, and thy fetters around me
wrought.
But now, since I be thy captive, I prithee entreat me well,
Without thine own will hast thou done this, in silence I
owned thy spell:
Thou shalt loose me, or thou shalt bind me, for my will it
shall be as thine,
And gladly all woes I'ld suffer if so I might call thee mine!'

Then she quoth, 'Yea! so take me with thee, if thou countest
upon thy gain,
And the love that shall be thy guerdon, thou shalt mourn it
in shame and pain.

I would know if a man thou shalt be who bravely for me would fight—
And yet, if thou prize thine honour, thou wilt flee from this strife, Sir Knight!
And should I yet further rede thee, and thou shouldst to my word say yea,
Then seek thou elsewhere a lady—For, if thou my love dost pray,
Then joy and fair love's rewarding fall never unto thy share,
But sorrow shall be thy portion if hence I with thee shall fare!'

Then answered Gawain, 'Without service, who thinketh true love to win?
An one did so, then here I tell thee, 'twere counted to him for sin,
For true love ever asketh service, yea after as aye before!'
Then she quoth, 'Wilt thou do me service? shame waiteth for thee in store,
Tho' thy life be a life of conflict—No coward as my knight I'll own;
See thou yonder path, 'tis no highway, o'er the bridge doth it wend adown
To the garden, take thou the pathway, for there shalt thou find my steed—
Many folk shalt thou see and shalt hearken, but take thou of their words no heed,
Nor stay for their dance or singing, for tambour, or harp, or flute,
But go thou to my horse, and loose it, that I go not with thee afoot!'
Gawain sprang from off his charger—Yet awhile he bethought him well
Where his steed might abide his coming: by the waters that rippling fell
Was no tree unto which to bind it, and he knew not if he this dame
Might pray, would she hold his charger till once more with her own he came.
Then she quoth, 'I see well what doth vex thee, thine horse shalt thou leave with me,
I will guard it until thy coming tho' small good shall that be to thee!'

Then Gawain took his horse's bridle, 'Now hold this for me, I pray;'

'Now indeed art thou dull and foolish,' spake the lady,
'where *thou* dost lay
Thine hand, thinkest thou *I'll* hold it? such deed would
beseem me ill!'
Then the love-lorn knight spake gently, for fain would he do
her will,
'Further forward I never hold it!' Then she quoth, '*I* will hold
it there,
And do thou my bidding swiftly, bring my steed and with
thee I'll fare;'
Then he thought this a joyful hearing, and straightway he
left her side,
And over the bridge so narrow to the garden gate he hied;
There saw he many a maiden, and knights so brave and
young,
And within that goodly garden so gaily they danced and
sung.

And Gawain he was clad so richly, with helmet and harness
fair,
That all must bewail his coming for naught but true folk
dwelt there.
They cared for that lovely garden, on the greensward they
stood or lay,
Or sat 'neath the tents whose shadow was cool 'gainst the
sunlight's ray.
Yet they ceased not to bemoan him, and to grieve for his
sorrow sore,
Yea, man alike and maiden, and in this wise their plaint they
bore,
'Alas! that our lady's cunning will to danger this knight
betray!
Alas! that he fain will follow, for she rideth an evil way.'

And many stepped fair towards him, and their arms around
him threw,
And bade him a friendly greeting—to an olive tree he drew,
For the steed was fast beneath it, so rich was its gear, I
ween,
That the cost of the goodly trappings full thousand marks
had been.
And an old knight he stood beside it, well-trimmed was his
beard and grey,
And upon a staff he leant him, and salt tears he wept alway.
And the tears, they were shed for Gawain, as he to the steed
drew near,
Yet his words of kindly greeting fell soft on the hero's ear.

Then he spake, 'Wilt thou hearken counsel? Lay not on this steed thine hand,
And herein shalt thou show thy wisdom—tho' none here thy will withstand,
Yet, indeed, it were best to leave it! Accurst be our lady queen,
For of many a gallant hero, I wot, she the death hath been!'
Yet Gawain he would do her bidding—'Then, alas! for woe draweth near,'
Spake the knight, and he loosed the halter, ''Twere best not to linger here,
The steed shalt thou take, and shalt leave us, and may He Who made salt the sea,
In the hour of thy need, and thy peril, thy strength and thy counsel be:
And see thou that our lady's beauty, it bringeth thee not to shame,
She is sour in the midst of sweetness, 'mid the sunlight a shower of rain.'

'God grant it,' then quoth Sir Gawain, and straightway he took his leave
Of the old knight and of his comrades and sorely the folk did grieve.
And the horse went a narrow pathway, and it passed thro' the garden gate,
And it crossed o'er the bridge, and he found her who there did his coming wait,
The queen of his heart, and the ruler was she of that land so fair,
Yet altho' his heart fled towards her yet grief thro' her deed it bare.

Her hand 'neath her chin soft-rounded had loosened the wimple's fold,
And flung it aback on her head-gear,—(if a woman ye thus behold,
Know ye that for strife she longeth and mischief she hath in mind)—
Would ye know how else she had robed her ye naught in my song shall find,
For how might I tell her raiment and name ye her robes aright,
When mine eyes, on her fair face gazing, saw naught but her beauty bright?

As Gawain drew near the lady, she hailed him with scornful mien,
'Now welcome, thou goose! for of all men most foolish art thou, I ween,
All too bent shalt thou be on my service, wert thou wise thou wouldst let it be—'
Then he quoth, 'Yet shalt thou be gracious who now art so wroth with me,
For so harshly thou dost chastise me thou in honour must make it good,
And my hand shall be fain to serve thee till thou winnest a milder mood;
Ask thou what of me thou willest—Shall I lift thee upon thy steed?'
But she quoth, 'I will no such service, for methinks all too great such meed
For a hand that is yet unproven—Ask thou for a lesser grace!'
On the flowery sward she turned her, and she looked not on Gawain's face,
But she laid her hand on the bridle, and she light to the saddle sprung,
And she bade him to ride before her, and she spake with a mocking tongue,
'Now indeed would it be great pity did I stray from so brave a knight,
By God's grace will we keep together, so ride thou within my sight!'

Now he who my rede would follow his peace shall he hold awhile,
Lest he speak but the word of folly, till he know if she wrought of guile,
For as yet the truth ye know not, nor the thing that was in her heart.
And were it the time for vengeance, then I too might bear my part,
And take from this lady payment for the wrong she hath done Gawain;
Nor of that she shall do hereafter shall aught unavenged remain.

But Orgelusé, that lovely lady, bare herself in no friendly wise,
For she rode in the track of Gawain, and so wrathful, I ween, her guise

That were I in the stead of Gawain little comfort my soul might take
That she from my care would free me, and with fair love atonement make.
Then they rode on an open moorland, and a herb did Sir Gawain see
Whose root had the power of healing, and down to the ground sprang he,
And dug up the root, and swiftly he sprang on his steed again.
And the lady she looked upon him, and she spake in a mocking vein,
'Now in sooth if this my companion can at one-while be leech and knight,
For starvation he need not fear him if his salve-box he bear aright!'
Quoth Gawain, ''Neath a mighty linden a wounded knight I saw,
Methinks, if again I find him, this herb shall the poison draw
From his wounds, and new strength may give him!' She spake, 'Now I well were fain
To look on thy skill, for who knoweth what knowledge I thence may gain!'

Now a squire he rode swift behind them, 'twas the lady's messenger,
Fain was he to do her bidding—As the horse-hoofs they drew anear
Gawain would await his coming, and his steed for a space he held,
Yet he deemed him he saw a monster when first he the squire beheld,
For Malcréature did they call him, and Kondrie was his sister fair,
And e'en such a face as the sister, I ween, did the brother bear.
From his mouth, as the tusks of a wild-boar, stood the teeth out to left and right,
Unlike was his face to a man's face, and fearful in all men's sight.
And the locks of his hair were shorter than those which from Kondrie hung
Adown on her mule, stiff as bristles, and sharp, from his head they sprung.
And beside the river Ganges, in the land of Tribalibot,
Dwell such folk, if awhile ye hearken ye shall learn how befell their lot.

Now Adam, of all men father, from God did he learn such skill,
All beasts, wild and tame, he knew them, and he namèd them at his will.
And he knew the stars and their pathway, as they circle the silent sky,
And the power of the seven planets, how they rule men from heaven high,
And he knew of all roots the virtue, and the ill that was theirs of yore—
When his children were grown to manhood, and daughters and sons they bore,
From evil desires he warned them; and his daughters he oft did rede
Of certain roots to beware them, that wrought ill with the human seed,
And would change their face, and their aspect, and dishonoured the race should be;
And he spake, 'Then shall we be other than erst God did fashion me,
And therefore do ye, my children, give heed to the words I say,
Nor be blind to your bliss, lest *your* children they wander too far astray.'

But the women, they did as women, in forbidden ways they went,
And they wrought out the lust and the evil on which their desire was bent,
And the shape of men was changèd, such rewarding their fault must win,
And tho' firm stood the will of Adam yet sorely he mourned their sin—
Now the fair Queen Sekundillé, her body, her crown, and land,
Feirefis had won as his guerdon by the power of his knightly hand,
And there, in her far-off kingdom (no lie is the tale I tell)
Full many of this strange people since the days that are gone do dwell,
And their faces are ill to look on, and the birth-marks are strange they bear.
And once of the Grail men told her, and Anfortas' kingdom fair,
That on earth was naught like to his riches, and a marvel she thought his land—

(And the waters within her kingdom bare jewels instead of sand,
And many a golden mountain shall rear its crest on high.)
And the queen she thought, 'How may I win speech of his majesty,
Who ruleth the Grail?' she bethought her, and rich presents she sent the king,
Of jewels fair, and beside them, they should to his kingdom bring
Of this folk, so strange to look on, the twain of whom now I tell,
Kondrie and the squire, her brother—and in this wise the chance befell
(Much treasure beside she sent him whose cost might of none be told,)
That Anfortas, the gentle monarch, who was courteous as he was bold,
For the love he bare Orgelusé sent this squire unto her grace,
By the sin and the lust of women set apart from the human race!

Now this son of the herbs and the planets loud mocked at the gallant knight,
Who, courteous, would wait his coming; no charger he rode of might,
But a mare so feint and feeble and halting in every limb,
And oft to the ground it stumbled 'neath its rider so harsh and grim.
I wot well e'en Dame Jeschuté rode a better steed that day
When Parzival's hand avenged her, and her shaming was put away!

The squire he looked well upon Gawain, and thus in his wrath he spake,
'If thou be a *knight*, I think me, and my lady with thee wilt take
Thou shalt sorely repent the journey—A fool thou in truth must be,
And such peril shall be thy guerdon as winneth great praise to thee,
If so be that thou canst withstand it—Yet, if but a *servant* thou,
Of buffets and blows, I think me, full soon wilt thou have enow!'

Then out quoth Gawain, 'My knighthood such chastisement
ne'er might feel,
'Tis good but for worthless youngsters who shrink from the
touch of steel;
But *I* hold me free of such insults, and e'en if it so shall be
That thou and this lovely lady your mock'ry shall pour on
me,
Then *one* sure shall taste my vengeance, nor think thou that
I wax wroth
For ill tho' thou be to look on I hold thee but light in troth!'
With that by the hair he gripped him, and he swung him
from off his horse,
The squire glared wrathful on him, and his bristles, so sharp
and coarse,
Took vengeance sore on Gawain, his hand did they cut and
tear
Till the blood dripped crimson from it—then loud laughed
the lady fair,
'Now in sooth this is good to look on, to see ye twain in
wrath!'
So rode the twain, the squire's horse came halting upon
their path.

So came they unto the linden where the wounded knight
they found,
On his side the herb of healing the hand of Gawain bound;
Quoth the knight, 'Now, how went it with thee since first
thou didst find me here?
Thou leadest with thee a lady who plotteth thine ill, I fear!
'Tis thro' her I so sore am wounded; at the Perilous Ford, I
ween,
Did she force such a joust upon me as well-nigh my death
had been!
So, if thou thy life now lovest, I warn thee to let her be,
And turn thee aside, nor ride with her, but warning to take
by me—
And yet may my wounds be healèd, if rest for awhile I gain,
And, Sir Knight, thereto canst thou help me!' 'That will I,'
quoth knight Gawain.
Then the wounded knight spake further, 'A spital shall stand
near by,
And if I but now might reach it for awhile I in peace might
lie,
Thou seest my lady's palfrey, it can carry, methinks, the
twain
If she rideth afore, I behind her, so help me its back to gain.'

From the bough of the mighty linden Sir Gawain he loosed
the steed,
And the bridle he took that the palfrey he might to the lady
lead—
'Away from me!' cried the sick man, 'thou treadest on me I
trow!'
Then he led it apart, and the lady she followed so soft and
slow,
For she knew what her lord did purpose; as the maid to her
horse he swung,
Up started the knight, and swiftly on the charger of Gawain
sprung!
And, methinks, an ill deed he did there—With his lady he
rode away,
And I ween that with sin was tainted the prize that he won
that day!

Then sore did Gawain bemoan him, but the lady laughed
loud and clear;
(And, were it a jest, he thought him such mirth were
unfitting here,)
As his charger was taken from him her sweet lips in this wise
spake,
'First wert thou a *knight*, then, in short space, I thee for a
leech must take,
Now art thou become my *footman*! yet thou shouldst in no
wise despair,
Such skill sure should bring thee comfort! Wouldst thou *still*
in my favours share?'

'Yea, Lady,' then quoth Sir Gawain, 'an I might thy favor
hold,
The whole earth hath nothing fairer were the tale of its
riches told;
And of crownèd heads, and uncrownèd, of all who may
joyful win
The highest meed of glory, did they bid me to share therein,
Yet still my heart would rede me to count all such gain as
naught
If thy love were but weighed against it, such bliss had thy
favour brought!
If thy love may not be my guerdon then a swift sad death I'll
die,
'Tis thine own this thing that thou scornest when thou
dealest thus mockingly.
Tho' a free man born thou shalt hold me thy vassal, if such
thy will,

Call me knight, or slave, or servant, the *name* it shall please me still!
Yet, I think me, thou doest not rightly—When my service thou thus wilt shame
Thou drawest down sin upon thee, and thou shamest thine own fair fame.
If my service doth bring me honour thou hast naught withal to scorn,
And such words shall but ill beseem thee tho' they lightly by me be borne!'

Then back rode the knight, sore wounded, and he quoth, 'Is it thou, Gawain?
For that which erewhile I owed thee here dost thou full payment gain,
Since thine hand in bitter conflict, me, thy foeman, did prisoner make
And unto thine uncle Arthur thou didst me thy captive take,
And four weeks long must I dwell there, and four weeks long I fed
With the dogs—I shall ne'er forget it till the days of my life be sped!'

Then he quoth, 'Is it thou, O Urian? If now thou art wroth with me,
Yet guiltless am I, the king's favour at that time I won for thee,
For thy folly so far betrayed thee that men spake thee an outcast knight,
And thy shield it was taken from thee, and forfeit thy name and right;
Since thou ill didst entreat a maiden, and the peace of the land didst break,
With a rope had the king repaid thee, but to him for thy life I spake!'

'Howe'er that might be, here thou standest, and the proverb thou well mayst know,
"Who saveth the life of another, that other shall have for foe."
And I do as a wise man doeth—'Tis better a child should weep
Than a full-grown man, and bearded,—this charger mine hand shall keep!'
Then he spurred him amain, and he rode thence, as fast as his steed might fly,

And wroth was Gawain at his dealing, and he spake out right angrily;

'Now it fell out in this wise, Lady, King Arthur his court did hold
At Dianasdron, and with him rode many a Breton bold.
Then as messenger to his kingdom a maiden must take her way,
And this fool, for venture seeking, he crossed her path that day,
And both to the land were strangers—He burnt with unholy fire,
And fierce with the maid he wrestled till he bent her to his desire.
As she cried for help we heard her—then the king "To arms" did call,
In a wood the thing had chanced thus, thither rode we one and all,
And I rode of all the foremost, and I saw the sinner's track,
And I made him perforce my captive, and to Arthur I brought him back.'

'And the maiden she rode beside us, and sorely did she bemoan
That to *force* she must yield the guerdon that to *service* was due alone.
Of her maidenhood had he robbed her—Yet but lowly his fame shall stand
Who vaunteth himself the victor o'er a woman's unarmèd hand—
And wrathful, I ween, was King Arthur, and he spake, 'Ye my servants true,
Ye shall hold this deed for accursèd, and the day of its doing rue.
Alas! for the woful dawning and the light that this thing hath seen,
Alas! that I here am ruler, for the judgment is mine, I ween!'
And he spake to the weeping maiden, 'Hast thou wisdom, thy cause then plead.'
She spake fearless, e'en as he bade her, and the knights they must list her rede.

'Then Prince Urian of Punturtois stood before the Breton king,
And against his life and his honour, her plaint did the maiden bring,

And she spake so that all might hear her, and with weeping words did pray
The king, for the sake of women, her shaming to put away.
And she prayed by the honour of women, and by the Round Table's fame,
And the right which as message-bearer she thought of all men to claim,
If he sat there that day for judgment he should judge her with judgment true,
And avenge her of this dishonour which her soul must for ever rue.
And she prayed they would do her justice, those knights of the Table Round,
Since in sooth she had lost a treasure which might never again be found,
Her maidenhood fair and unstainèd! Then all men, with one accord,
Spake him guilty, and for his judgment called loudly upon their lord!'

'Then an advocate spake for the captive, (Small honour was his I trow.)
And he spake as he might in his favour, yet it went with him ill enow,
For of life and of honour forfeit did they judge him, the headsman's sword
Should ne'er be his death, but a halter should they twine him of hempen cord.
Then loud in his woe he prayed me, since he yielded him to mine hand,
For mine honour should sure be stainèd if wrought were the king's command.
Then I prayed of the weeping maiden, since she saw how that I in fight
Had avenged upon him her shaming, to pardon the traitor knight.
For sure 'twas the spell of her beauty that had wrought upon him for sin,
And the love of her form so shapely—"For aye if a knight doth win
Sore peril for love of a woman, she should aid him, and hear his prayer,
So I prithee to cease thine anger, and have pity on his despair."'

'Then the king and his men I prayed them, by what service I e'er had done,

They should loose me from stain of dishonour which I by his death had won,
And the knight should live, as I sware him.—Then the lady, his gracious queen,
I prayed by the bond of kinship, since my friend she hath ever been,
(From my childhood, King Arthur reared me and my love doth toward them flow,)
That she of her kindness help me—as I asked, it was even so,
For she drew on one side the maiden, and she spake to her soft and kind,
And it was thro' the queen, I wot me, that the knight did his pardon find.
Thus free from his guilt they spake him, yet his sin must he sorely rue,
For the life that was granted to him stern penance he needs must do.
With the hounds of the chase and the house-dogs from one trough he needs must eat
For the space of four weeks, thus the maiden found avenging as it was meet!'

'For this cause is he wroth with me, Lady'—'Yet his judgment it went astray,
If my love ne'er shall be thy guerdon, in such wise I'll his deed repay
That ere he shall leave my kingdom he shall count it to him for shame!
Since King Arthur avenged not the evil that was wrought on that maid's fair fame
It falleth unto mine office, and judge am I o'er ye twain,
Tho' who ye may be I know not, yet I to this task am fain!
And well shall he be chastisèd for the wrong that he did the maid,
Not for *thine*, for I ween such evil is better by blows repaid.'

To the mare now Sir Gawain turned him, and lightly he caught the rein,
And the squire he followed after, and the lady she spake again,
And in Arabic spake she to him, and she gave him to know her will—
Now hearken unto my story, how Sir Gawain he fared but ill:
Then Malcréature, he left them—and Gawain his horse beheld,
Too feeble it was for battle, the squire, as his way he held

Down the hill, from the peasant-owner had taken the sorry steed,
And Gawain for his charger must have it, tho' but ill it might serve his need.

In mocking and hatred spake she, 'Wilt still ride upon thy way?'
Quoth Gawain, 'I will take my journey e'en in such wise as thou shalt say.'
She quoth, 'Wilt abide my counsel? It shall reach thee I ween too late!'
Quoth he, 'Yet for that will I serve thee, tho' o'er-long I thy rede shall wait!'
Quoth she, 'Then a fool I think thee, for unless thou shalt leave this mind,
Then sorrow instead of gladness and repentance for joy thou'lt find!'
Then he quoth, of her love desirous, 'Yet thy servant I still abide,
If joy be my lot or sorrow, be thy love and thy will my guide.
Since thy love laid its spell upon me in thy bidding my law I see,
And ahorse or afoot I'll follow, I care not where'er it be!'

So stood he beside the lady, and awhile he beheld the mare,
Who to joust with such steed had ridden his gold were o'er-keen to spare!
For the stirrups of hemp were twisted, and ne'er had this gallant knight
Such saddle, I ween, bestridden, it would serve him but ill for fight.
For e'en as he looked upon it, he thought, 'If on *that* I ride,
The girths sure will break asunder, nor the saddle my weight abide!'
And so weak was the steed and ill-shapen, had one dared on its back to leap
Of a sooth would the back have broken—On foot he the road must keep!

And in this guise he took his journey: the horse by the rein he held,
And his spear and his shield he carried; and the lady his grief beheld,
And she mocked him with ringing laughter, fain was she to work him woe—
Then his shield on the mare he fastened, and she spake, 'In such guise wouldst go,

And carry thy wares thro' my kingdom? A strange lot is mine, I ween,
Since *footman*, and *leech*, and *merchant* in turn hath my comrade been!
Of the toll hadst thou best beware thee, or else, as thou goest thy way,
It may chance they who take the toll here on thy merchandise hands may lay!

And tho' sharp, I ween, was her mocking yet her words was he fain to hear,
Nor rued he the bitter speeches that rang sweet to his longing ear.
And as ever his eyes beheld her his sorrow it fled away,
For fair was she to his thinking as blossoms in month of May!
A delight of the eyes, and heart-sorrow, his gain and his loss was she,
And languishing joy did she quicken—Her freeman and captive he!

This hath many a master taught me, that Amor, and Cupid too,
And Venus, of both the mother, make all men their deeds to rue;
For with darts and with fire they kindle desire in the longing heart,
But such love seemeth me but evil that is lighted by torch or dart.
And the true heart it loveth ever, be its guerdon or joy or woe,
And in honour the love is rooted which alone shall abiding know!

'Gainst me have thy darts, O Cupid! I ween ever missed their mark,
Nor Amor with spear hath smote me, nor fell on my heart a spark
From the torch of thy mother Venus—Tho' love 'neath your rule shall be,
If love be my lot, not from *passion* but from *faith* shall it bloom for me!

And if I with wit and wisdom 'gainst love's spells might a hero aid,
Gawain had I gladly aided, nor asked that I be repaid.

And yet no shame need he think it if love's fetters him
captive hold,
And if he of love be vanquished, for her captives are aye the
bold.
And yet so strong was he ever, and so knightly, to face the
foe,
That 'tis pity so brave a hero by a *woman* should be laid
low!

Now well let us gaze upon thee, thou power which true love
doth wield,
Such joy hast thou taken from us that barren and reft the
field,
And thou makest a road of sorrow across it, both long and
wide,
And if thy goal had been other than the high heart I would
not chide.
For folly methinks and lightness love all too old shall be,
Or shall we to childhood reckon the evil love worketh free?
For better are ways unseemly in youth, than if age forget
Its wisdom—much ill love worketh, unto which shall the
blame be set?
For the mind of youth ever wavers, and changeth as
changing winds,
And if love shall be thus unsteadfast, little praise may she
hope to find.
Nay, better shall be my counsel, for the *wise* praise true love
alone;
Yea, and maiden and man shall join me, and all who love's
power have known.

When true love unto true love answereth, undarkened by
thought of guile,
And it vexeth them not that love turneth the key on their
heart awhile,
For they fear not nor think of wavering, then high as the
heaven above
O'er the earth, o'er the love that changeth, is such true and
steadfast love.

Yet, gladly as I would free him, to Frau Minne Gawain must
bow,
And his joy shall awhile be darkened—Small profit my
words, I trow,
And the wisdom I fain had taught him, for no man may love
withstand,

And love alone giveth wisdom, and nerveth with strength the hand!

And to Gawain she gave this penance, afoot must he wend his way
While his lady she rode beside him—To a woodland they came alway,
And he led the steed to a tree-trunk, and the shield that awhile it bare
He hung round his neck as befitting, and lightly bestrode the mare,
And scarcely the steed might bear him—Then they came to a builded land,
And a castle so fair and stately he saw there before him stand,
And his heart and his eyes bare witness no fortress was like this hall,
So knightly and fair the palace, and so countless its turrets tall.
And many a maiden looked forth from its casements, he thought to see
Four hundred and more, o'er all others, I ween, *four* might fairest be.

Then the lady and her companion they rode a well-trodden road
To a water whose waves ran swiftly, and ships sailed the flood so broad.
By the landing there lay a meadow, where men jousts were wont to ride,
And the towers of that stately castle rose fair on the further side.
Then Gawain, that gallant hero, saw a knight who rode swift and near,
As one who for combat lusted, and he spared not or shield or spear.

Quoth the lady, fair Orgelusé, and haughty her tone and proud,
'In what else thou mayst gainsay me in this be my truth allowed,
For other I ne'er have told thee save that shame shall thy portion be,
Now here, if thou canst, defend thee, since no better is left to thee.
Methinks he who cometh hither shall fell thee beneath his thrust—

If thy garments perchance be riven, and thou bitest, ashamed, the dust,
Then those women above shall mourn thee, who look for some deed of fame,
Seest thou how they gaze from the lattice? How, then, if they see thy shame?'
Then the boatman across the water he came at the lady's will,
From the shore to the boat she stepped there, and Gawain it but pleased him ill;
For, mocking, fair Orgelusé spake thus to the gallant knight,
'Thou com'st not with me, I leave thee on this shore as a pledge for fight!'
Then sadly his voice rang after, 'Say, Lady, wilt leave me so?
Shall I never again behold thee?' Then she spake, 'I would have thee know
If victory be thy portion thou shalt look on my face again,
Yet but small is the chance I think me.' So sailed she from knight Gawain.

Then up rode Lischois Giwellius, 'twere a lie if I said he *flew*,
And yet little other did he for the earth scarce his footprints knew.
And for this must I praise the charger, who the greensward with such swift feet
Had trodden—Gawain bethought him how he best might his foeman meet;
He thought, 'Should I here await him afoot, or this steed bestride?
If his horse's speed he check not he surely o'er me will ride,
And this fate must o'ertake his charger, to fall o'er my fallen steed;
But, if he for combat lusteth, afoot on this flowery mead
Will I face him and give him battle, since battle he doth desire,
Tho' never I win her favour who hath brought on me need so dire.'

Fight they must, and they fought as heroes, he who came and he who did wait,
For jousting he made him ready, and the lance-point Gawain held straight,
And he rested it on the saddle, (for thus did he counsel take,)
Then e'en as the joust was ridden the spears did in splinters break,

And the knights, the one as the other, they fell in that goodly fray,
For the better charger stumbled and by Gawain its rider lay.
Then the twain to their feet upspringing their swords from the scabbard drew,
Since alike they were keen for combat, and their shields in pieces flew,
For each hewed at the shield of the other till a hand's breadth alone, I ween,
They held, for the pledge of conflict the shield it hath ever been.

Flashed the sword-blades, fire sprang from the helmets, a venture brave I trow
Was his who should here be victor, tho' stern conflict he first must know.
Long space did they fight, those heroes, on the flowery meadow wide,
And as smiths, who all day have laboured, as it weareth to eventide
Grow faint with their toil and weary with the mighty blows they smite,
So weary and faint were those heroes who here did for honour fight.

But for this none methinks shall praise them, unwise do I hold the twain,
No cause had they here for battle, 'twas fame that they thought to gain;
And strangers unto each other, each other's life they sought,
And yet, had they made confession, each owed to the other naught!

Now Gawain was a gallant wrestler, and his foe to the ground would bring
If in spite of the sword he might grip him, and let but the mighty ring
Of his arms his foeman circle, he forced him where'er he would.
Now must he with force defend him, and he fought as a hero good,
And his courage waxed ever higher, and the youth in his arms he caught,
And he bare him to earth beneath him tho' e'en as a man he fought.

And he quoth, 'Wilt thou live, thou hero, thou must yield thee unto mine hand!'
Yet Lischois, he was all unready to follow so stern command;
For never his pledge had he given, and he deemed it a wondrous thing
That the hand of a knight should o'erthrow him, and him in such peril bring
That against his will he must yield him, who had ever the victor been,
For in sooth full many a combat his foeman o'erthrown had seen.
Full oft he from them had taken what he cared not to give again,
Nay, rather his life would he forfeit; and he spake unto knight Gawain,
And he said, 'Let what would befall him, his pledge to no man he'd give;'
Nay, death would he rather suffer, since no longer he cared to live!

Then sadly, he spake, the vanquished, 'Thou hero, is victory thine?
So long as God bare me favour such honour was ever mine;
But now hath my fame an ending, and thy right hand hath laid me low,
And if maiden and man must hearken to the tale of my overthrow
Whose glory once rose to the heaven, then death shall my portion be
Ere my kinsmen shall hear the story, and shall sorrow and mourn for me!
Yet Gawain still prayed him yield him, but his will and his mind were so
That he prayed God would rather take him, or slay him by this his foe.
Thought Gawain, 'I am loth to kill him, if he swear but to do my will
Unharmed he may go'—yet the young knight withheld him his promise still.

Then, ere he his hand had given, the hero he bade him rise,
On the flowery mead they sat them: then Gawain he bethought him wise,
(For his sorry steed it vexed him) the horse of his vanquished foe
With spur and with rein would he test there, if 'twere good for his need or no.

('Twas armed as beseemed a warhorse, and the covering
was fair to see,
Of velvet and silk was it fashioned, what trapping might
better be?)
Since the venture such prize had brought him, who should
hinder him in his need
If for his own use he took it? so he vaulted upon the steed:

And he joyed in the free, swift movement, and he cried,
'Now, how shall this be?
Of a sooth it is thou, Gringuljet, that false Urian stole from
me.
He knoweth best how he took it, and shameful I count his
deed.
Now, who thus for battle armed thee, since thou art of a
truth my steed?
Sure 'tis God who hath sent thee to me, and this fair gift
shall end my woe.'
Then he sprang to the ground, and he sought him the token
he well might know,
On its shoulder the Grail-Dove branded—In a joust did
Lähelein slay
Its rider, the knight of Prienlaskors, and the charger he bare
away.
Then Orilus was its master, and he gave it to knight Gawain
On Plimizöl's shore—greatly joyed he when the charger he
won again.

Blithe was he, and high of courage, who awhile was sad and
sore,
Yet love unto ruth constrained him, and the service so true
he bore
To the lady who yet would shame him, and his thoughts
ever toward her flew.
Then up sprang proud Lischois lightly, and his good sword
he gripped anew,
For it lay where Gawain had cast it when he wrested it from
his hand:
And the ladies look down on the heroes, as for combat once
more they stand.

The shields were so hacked and riven that the knights they
must cast them by,
And, shieldless, to strife betake them, and they bare them
right gallantly.
And a crowd of fair maidens o'er them from the palace
window saw

The strife that below was foughten: and fierce anger awoke once more,
For too nobly born I wot me was each man that he might brook
That his fame should be lightly yielded, and maids on his shaming look.
And helmet and sword were smitten, for shields 'gainst cold death were they,
He who saw the heroes strive there had mourned for their toil that day.
Lischois Giwellius bare him, that fair youth, as knight so brave,
True courage, and deeds undaunted, the counsel his high heart gave.
And many a swift blow dealt he, as quick on Gawain he sprung,
And lightly avoided from him, and his blade round his head he swung.
But Gawain stood firm and undaunted, and he thought him, 'Now, let me hold
Thee once in mine arms, I'll repay thee thy dealings, thou hero bold!'

And fiery sparks might ye look on, and the flash of the glittering blade
Well wielded by hand of hero—Nor one in his station stayed,
For they pressed each one on the other, backward, forward, to either side,
Yet this conflict so fierce, I wot me, did ne'er of revenge betide,
And no hatred they bare to each other—Then the arms of Gawain at last
He clasped round his gallant foeman, and the knight to the ground he cast.
And I think, an I friendship sware here, I would shrink from such fond embrace,
E'en tho' brotherhood it were sealing—Nor with ye would such clasp find grace!

Then Gawain he bade him yield him, yet Lischois, who against his will
Had striven when first he felled him, was all unready still.
And he quoth, 'Wherefore thus delay thee, 'tis needless, take thou my life,
For better to die than to yield me—Since I wot well that in this strife

The fame that was mine aforetime hath vanished beneath thy blow,
Of God must I be accursèd, since my glory such goal doth know!
For the love of fair Orgelusé have I served her with knightly hand,
And many a knight have I felled here, for none might my arm withstand.
Now shalt thou be heir to my glory, for it falleth to thee of right
If thou, who my fame hath ended, here endeth my life, Sir Knight.'

But King Lot's son he thought in this wise, 'To this deed have I little mind,
My name, it shall gain small honour if this man here his death shall find,
If for no sin of his I slay him, who is true and valiant knight —
'Twas *her* love that spurred him 'gainst me, for whose favour I too would fight;
'Tis her beauty that doth constrain me, 'tis she that doth work me woe,
Then why not, for the sake of my lady, show mercy to this my foe?
If perchance for mine own I win her, if mine own such bliss may be,
Then *he* cannot take her from me since stronger am I than he!
And if o'er our strife she watcheth, then she must of a surety own
That I, who for love would serve her, true service and good have shown!'
Then out spake the gallant Gawain, 'I were loth thy life to take,
But hence will I let thee, scatheless, for fair Orgelusé's sake!'

Weary were they, small wonder, then the fallen knight arose,
And down on the grassy meadow apart sat those gallant foes.
Then the master boatman stepped forth from the water unto the land,
And a grey and yearling falcon he carried upon his hand.
This right was his o'er the meadow, who jousted upon the plain,
The charger of him who was vanquished he did as his tribute gain.

From his hand, who was there the victor, should he take, as a gift, the steed,
And bowing, thank him fairly, nor stint of his praise the meed.
And such payment he oft had taken on the flowery meadow green,
Nor otherwise had his living; save at whiles, when such chance had been,
That a bird in his falcon's clutches had fluttered in grief and pain.
Nor plough drave he thro' those furrows, for enough did he deem his gain.
And son of a folk so knightly was he born to a knight's estate,
And courteous, I ween, his bearing who there on Gawain did wait.

So came he unto the hero, and with courteous word and fair
He prayed of his hand the tribute, and the steed that should be his share.
Quoth Gawain, the gallant hero, 'No merchant methinks I be
To pay here or toll or tribute, from such tax do I hold me free!'
Then he spake out, the master boatman, 'Sir Knight, since full many a maid
Hath seen thee stand here the victor, by *thee* be my tribute paid.
My right o'er the plain must thou own here, in knightly joust thine hand
Hath won for mine own this charger; nor thy fame shall the lower stand,
For he, whom thine hand o'erthrew here, the world with his praises rung,
And with truth, unto this day's dawning, have men of his glory sung;
But now he of God is stricken, and his joy hath an ending found,
But *thou*, in his stead, I think me, with honour and fame art crowned!'

Quoth Gawain, 'He first o'erthrew me, and I but that deed repaid.
If tribute for joust be due here, by *him* be that tribute paid!
Look well on this mare, he won it, thou canst take it if such thy will.
The charger that standeth by me, as mine own will I claim it still—

Tho' never a steed be thy portion, on *that* steed I hence will go,
Thou speakest of *right*, wouldst thou take it, then first I would have thee know
(Yea, thou thyself wilt own it) 'tis unfitting I take my way
Afoot, and right sore 'twould grieve me if that charger were thine alway!
For to-day in the early morning it was *mine* without doubt or fear,
And childish thou art if thou thinkest thus lightly to win it here!
'Twas Duke Orilus, the Burgundian, who gave me the steed of old,
Which Urian stole this morning, and the tale thou for truth shalt hold.
And the foal of a mule shalt thou win thee ere thy prize be this steed of mine—
Yet a fair gift in sooth will I give thee, for the *steed* shall the *knight* be thine,
Thou accountest him honour-worthy—if he say thee or yea or nay,
And if well or ill it doth please him I abide by my word alway!'

Then joyful I ween was the boatman, and with smiling lips he spake,
'Now methinks that a gift so costly it hath ne'er been my lot to take,
And I deem myself all unworthy—Yet, Sir Knight, be he mine indeed,
Then the guerdon is more than I asked for and o'er my deserts my meed.
For his praises they rang so clearly that five hundred steeds all told,
Swift-footed and strong for battle, too low for his price I'ld hold!
If a rich man thou thus wilt make me, then this thing shalt thou do for me,
To my boat shalt thou captive bring him, that I hold him as pledge from thee.'
King Lot's son he spake in answer, 'Yea this will I do, and more,
To thy boat first, and then from out it will I lead him within thy door,
And there will I yield him captive'—'And there will I welcome thee!'

Spake the boatman, and low he bowed him, and thanks spake he fair and free.
And he quoth, 'Dear my lord and master, if it please thee to be my guest,
And abide in my house till the morning, then softly I'll bid thee rest.
Nor won boatman e'er higher honour, and blest be the eventide
That seeth a knight so gallant 'neath the shade of my roof-tree bide.'

Then out quoth Gawain, 'That will I, for in truth I had prayed this grace,
For weary am I with battle, and fain would I rest a space.
She who to this sorrow led me, her sweetness she maketh sour,
And heart's joy shall be dear to purchase, and sorrow doth crown each hour,
And the guerdon for this her service unlike to herself shall be—
Alas! I had found a treasure, yet but loss hath it brought to me!
And one breast thro' that loss now sinketh that awhile swelled so proud and high,
When joy was from God my portion, for a heart did beneath it lie.
Now I think me that heart hath vanished, and where shall I comfort seek?
Shall I helpless abide that Frau Minne her wrath upon me shall wreak?
Yea, had she the heart of a woman she would give me my joy again
Who maketh her sweetness bitter, and turneth my bliss to pain!'

Then the boatman he heard how he wrestled with sorrow, by love constrained,
And he quoth, 'So is here the custom, in the forest as on the plain,
As far as Klingsor ruleth, be he coward or valiant knight,
"Sad to day, to-morrow joyful," So it goeth for peace or fight.
Perchance the truth thou knowst not? This land is a wonder-land,
And ever by day and by night-time if good luck shall not aid thine hand

Little good may thy manhood do thee! See thou how the sun sinks low,
I think me, Sir Knight, it were better that we should to my vessel go!'
Then Lischois he was led by Gawain, and never a word he spake,
And the boatman he followed after and the steed by its rein did take.

So sailed they across the water, and they came to the further coast,
And the boatman he prayed Sir Gawain, 'Be thou in mine house the host.'
And so rich was the house and stately, that scarce in King Arthur's land,
E'en in Nantes that noble city, did a fairer dwelling stand.
And he led Lischois thro' the doorway, and he gave him unto the care
Of the host and his folk—Then the boatman spake thus to his daughter fair,
'Fair times and a goodly lodging be the lot of this noble knight
Who standeth here, go thou with him, for I deem me it shall be right,
And tend him as best shall seem thee, nor stint thou in aught thy care,
For great good hath he brought unto us, and 'tis meet he thy grace should share!'

To his son's care he gave the charger—-Then the maiden her sire's behest
Fulfilled as right well became her, for she led the noble guest
To a chamber fair, where the flooring was hid 'neath a carpet green
Of rushes and fresh-plucked blossoms, as the way of the land had been.
There the gentle maid unarmed him—quoth Gawain, 'God show grace to thee,
For had not thy sire thus bade thee too great were thy care for me!'
And she quoth, 'For my father's bidding I do not this deed, Sir Knight,
But rather that this my service may find favour before thy sight.'

Then a squire, the host's son, must bear there soft cushions, a goodly store,
And along the wall he laid them, and over against the door.
And a carpet he spread before them that Gawain he might seat him there;
And as one who knew well his office a cushion so rich he bare,
With a covering of crimson sendal, that down on the couch he laid;
And a seat like unto the other for the host he beside it made.
Came another squire and he carried fresh linen the board to spread,
(For thus gave the host commandment,) and he bare with the linen bread.
And the hostess she followed after, and she looked well upon Gawain,
And she gave him a heartfelt greeting, and she spake, 'Now such grace we gain
From thine hand we are rich henceforward as we never have been before,
Sir Knight, sure our good luck waketh since such fortune it hither bore!'

Then when they had brought him water, and the host sat beside his guest,
With courteous mien Sir Gawain this prayer to his host addrest,
'Now I pray let this maid eat with me,' 'Sir Knight, ne'er was she allowed
To sit with knights, or eat with them, lest she wax of their grace too proud.
And yet so much do we owe thee, loth were I to say thee nay.
So, daughter, sit thou beside him, and as he shall speak obey!'

Then she blushed for shame all rosy, yet she did as her father bade,
And down on the couch by Gawain sat Bené the gracious maid.
(And two stalwart sons had the boatman beside that maiden sweet)
Three game-birds, I ween, that even were slain by the falcon fleet,
And all three did they bear unto Gawain, and a broth with herbs beside,

And the maiden she courteous served him as she sat by the hero's side;
For she carved for him dainty morsels, and laid them on bread so white
With her slender hands, and gently she spake to the stranger knight,
'Wilt thou send a bird to my mother? for else hath she none, I ween.'
Then gladly he told the maiden his will e'en as hers had been
In this thing as in all other—to the hostess the bird they bare,
And they honoured the hand of the hero, nor the boatman his thanks would spare.

Purslain and lettuce brought they, in vinegar steeped, I ween
Had he sought here his strength to nourish little good might such food have been;
And if one should o'er-long feed on it then the colour it waxeth pale,
Such pallor as truth betrayeth, if the mouth to its speaking fail.
And if with false red it be hidden, it fadeth, and bringeth shame,
But she who is true and steadfast she winneth the higher fame.

If one by goodwill were nourished, then Gawain, he right well had fed,
To her child naught the mother grudgeth, and as free gave the host his bread.
Then they bare away the tables, and the hostess she bade him rest,
And bedding I ween in plenty they brought for the gallant guest.
And one was of down, and the covering above it of velvet green,
Yet the velvet was none of the richest tho' fair had its fashion been.
And a cushion must serve for cover, beneath it should Gawain lie;
Nor the silk had with gold been purchased, 'twas won in far Araby.
Of silk, too, the cunning stitching, and the linen was fair, and white

As snow that they laid above it, and a pillow they brought
the knight.
And a cloak of her own she lent him, for wrapping, that
maiden fair,
'Twas new, and of ermine fashioned, and such as a prince
might wear.

Then leave the host courteous prayed him ere he laid
himself down to sleep,
And men say that alone with Sir Gawain the maiden her
watch did keep,
And I think if he more had prayed her she never had said
him Nay—
Then he slept, for he well might slumber, God keep him till
dawn of day!

BOOK XI
ARNIVE

ARGUMENT

Book XI. tells how Gawain would brave the venture of the Château Marveil, and how the boatman and his daughter strove to withhold him. How Gawain came to the Castle, and of the Lit Merveil and its perils. How Gawain slew the lion, and ended the enchantments of the castle, and how he was healed of his wounds by the Queen Arnivé.

BOOK XI

ARNIVE

Weary he closed his eyelids, and he slept in a slumber deep
Till the light of the early morning must waken him from his sleep.
And many a window saw he within that chamber wall,
And clear glass was before each window—Thro' a doorway the light did fall,
'Twas open, without was an orchard, thither gat him the gallant knight
For the air, and the song-birds' music, and to see what might meet his sight
And but little space had he sat there, when the castle he saw again
As at eventide he saw it when he fought on the grassy plain.
And he saw from the hall of the palace full many a maiden gaze,
And many were fair to look on; and he thought, with a great amaze,
That a wondrous watch they must keep there, since they wearied not thro' the night,
And little might they have slumbered, for as yet scarce had dawned the light.

Then he thought, 'For the sake of these ladies will I lay me to sleep once more.'
Then again to his couch he gat him, and for covering he drew him o'er
The mantle the maid had lent him—Did no man his slumber break?

Nay, sorely the host had vexed him, if one should his guest awake.
Then of true heart bethought the maiden, who soft by her mother lay,
And she roused her from out her slumber, and she took to the guest her way,
And again he slept so sweetly—Then she thought her, that gentle maid,
That fain would she do him service, and she sat her beside his bed,
Fair was she, and sweet to look on, and but seldom at eventide,
Or in hour of the early dawning, such venture has sought my side!
Short space ere Gawain awakened and beheld how she watched him there,
And he looked and he laughed upon her, 'God reward thee, thou maiden fair,
That thou breakest for me thy slumber, on thyself dost thou vengeance take,
Since nor service nor joust so knightly have I ridden for thy sweet sake!'
And she answered, that gracious maiden, 'On thy service no claim have I,
But look thou with favour on me, and thy will do I willingly,
And all who are with my father, yea, mother alike and child,
Do hail thee their lord and master, for love of thy dealings mild!'

Then he quoth, 'Is it long since thou camest? Had I of thy coming known
Fain would I have asked a question, perchance thou the truth hadst shown:
Yestreen and again this morning fair ladies have looked on me
From a mighty tower, of thy goodness now tell me who may they be?'
But the maiden she shrunk in terror, and she cried, 'Ask me not, Sir Knight,
Since ne'er may I give an answer—I prithee to hear aright,
If I knew, yet I might not tell thee, nor do thou my silence chide,
But ask thou what else shall please thee and my lips naught from thee shall hide,
But on this thing alone keep silence, and follow thou what I say!'
But Gawain, he would ever ask her, and ever an answer pray,

What ladies were they who sat there, and looked from that stately hall?
And the maiden she wept full sorely, and aloud in her grief did call.

'Twas yet in the early dawning, and her father he sought her side,
Nor I deem me had he been wrathful if here did such chance betide
That Gawain with the maid had striven, and had forced her unto his will,
And the maiden, so fair and gentle, in such wise did she hold her still,
For beside the couch was she seated—Then her father he mildly spake,
'Now weep not so sore, my daughter, for if one a jest doth make
Whereof thou at first art wrathful, yet I ween ere the time be long,
Shall thy sorrow be changed to gladness, and thy wailing to joyful song!'

Quoth Gawain, 'Nay, mine host, naught hath chanced here save that which thine eye may see;
This maiden I fain would question, but naught would she tell to me,
For she thinketh, 'tis my undoing, and silence hath she implored:
But now if it shall not vex thee let my service here find reward,
And tell me, mine host, if it please thee, how it stands with those ladies there,
For I know not the place or the country where I looked on such maidens fair,
So many there are, and their raiment showeth clear to my wondering sight!'
Then the host wrung his hands for sorrow, and he spake, 'Ask me not, Sir Knight,
In the name of God, ask no question—For wherever thy foot shall speed,
Or whatever thine eyes shall light on, no need shall be like their need!'

'Then soothly I'll mourn for their sorrow,' quoth Gawain, 'but mine host now say
Why vex thee so sore for my question? Thine answer why thus delay?'

'Sir Knight, for thy manhood mourn I, if thou wilt not thy question spare
Then strife sure shall be thy portion, and sorrow thine heart shall bear.
And thy sorrow of joy shall rob us, myself and my children three,
Who were born for thy gallant service true service to yield to thee.'
Quoth Gawain, 'Yet for this thou shalt tell me, or if thou still say me, Nay,
And I learn not from thee the story yet the truth will I know alway!'

Then the host he spake out truly, 'Sir Knight, I must sorely rue,
The question thou here dost ask me—Thou goest to strife anew,
Arm thee well, and a shield I'll lend thee—In "Terre Merveil" thou art,
And the "Lit Merveil" shall be here—And ne'er hath a knightly heart
Withstood all the many dangers that in Château Merveil shall be!
Turn aside, ere thy death o'ertake thee, for life should be dear to thee!
For wherever thine hand shall have striven, or what ventures soe'er it found
As child's play have been thy perils to those which beset this ground!'

Quoth Gawain, 'Yet 'twould sorely vex me, if I, but to save me pain,
Rode hence, doing naught, and those ladies had looked for mine aid in vain.
Long since have I heard of this castle, and since it so near doth stand
No man from the task shall bring me; to the venture I set my hand!'
Then the host he did sore bemoan him, and he spake to his guest so true,
'Now as naught is all other peril, what perils around thee drew,
To the peril of this adventure, to its awe, and its anguish dire,
And naught but the truth am I speaking, for no man ever spake me liar!

But that gallant knight, Sir Gawain, for naught would he turn aside,
But he quoth, 'Now mine host give counsel how the strife I may best abide,
If thy words be the words of wisdom, and God give me the strength thereto,
Thy will and thy rede I'll follow, and knightly the deeds I'll do!
Sir Host, of a sooth it were ill done, did I fail here a blow to strike,
And coward should I be accounted of foeman and friend alike.'
Then first did the host bemoan him, such sorrow he ne'er might know,
And he quoth to his guest, 'If it may be that Heaven such grace shall show
That death be not here thy portion, then this land unto thee shall fall.
And the stake is full many a maiden fast bound in a magic thrall,
No man ere this day hath freed them—And with them many noble knights
Shall lie as yet imprisoned; and if thou with hand of might
Shall loose them, thou winnest glory, and God showeth grace to thee,
And joyful, o'er light and beauty, king and ruler thou sure shalt be!
And maidens from many a country shall honour thee as their king.
Nor think, if thou now dost ride hence, such deed shame on thee should bring,
Since on this field Lischois Giwellius hath yielded him to thine hand,
And left unto thee his honour; who erstwhile in every land
Hath done gallant deeds of knighthood, of right may I praise his name,
No knight showed a higher courage, or won him a fairer fame.
And in no heart the root of virtue it showeth such fair increase
In blossom and flower of God's planting, save in Ither of Gaheviess!'

'And he who at Nantes slew Prince Ither my ship bare but yesterday,
Five steeds hath he given unto me, (God keep him in peace alway,)

Princes and kings once rode them, but now they afar must fare,
And tidings of him who o'erthrew them must they carry to Pelrapär.
For thus have they sworn the victor—His shield telleth many a tale
Of jousting so fair and knightly—He rode hence to seek the Grail!'

Quoth Gawain, 'Say, whence came he hither? Mine host, since he rode so near,
Knew he naught of the wondrous venture? Or did he the marvel hear?'
'Sir Knight, ne'er a word hath he heard here, I guarded me all too well,
Lest unseemly my deed be reckoned if unasked I the tale should tell.
And hadst thou thyself not asked me thou never from me hadst known
The venture that here awaits thee, wrought of terror and pain alone.
If thou wilt not forego this peril, and thy life shall the forfeit pay,
Then never a greater sorrow have we known than we know to-day.
But if thou shalt here be victor, and over this land shalt reign,
Then my poverty hath an ending, and my loss shall be turned to gain;
Such trust in thy free hand have I, I shall joy without sorrow know
If thy glory here winneth glory, and thy body be not laid low!'

'Now arm thee for deadly warfare!'—unarmed was as yet Gawain,
'Now I prithee bring here my harness!' and the host to his will was fain.
And from head to foot she armed him, the maiden fair and tall,
And her father he sought the charger—Now a shield hung upon the wall,
And the wood it was tough and well hardened, (else Gawain ne'er this tale might tell,)
And the shield and the horse were brought him—and the host he bethought him well;

And, as once more he stood before him, he spake, 'List thou well, Sir Knight,
I will tell thee how thou shalt bear thee, and guard thee thy life in fight:'

'My shield shalt thou carry with thee! Of war shall it bear no trace
For but seldom I strive in battle, nor I count it me as disgrace.
When thou comest, Sir Knight, to the castle, do this, it shall serve thy steed:
At the doorway a merchant sitteth, buy of him that which thou shalt need,
Then give him thy steed, he will hold it, nor care thou what thou shalt buy,
As a pledge will he hold thy charger, and will give it thee joyfully
If unhurt from the Burg thou comest!' Quoth Gawain, 'Say, shall I not ride?'
'Nay, nay, for sore peril neareth, and the maidens their faces hide!'

'Thou shalt find that fair palace lonely, deserted by great and small,
And no token of living creature shalt thou see in that stately hall.
And may God's grace watch o'er thy footsteps, and His blessing go with thine hand
When thou comest into the chamber where the "Lit Merveil" shall stand.
And the couch, and the rollers beneath it, in Morocco they first were made
For the Ruler of all the Faithful; and were it in the balance weighed
'Gainst all treasures of crown and kingdom it still would outweigh them all.
And I wot, there shall ill o'ertake thee, and God knoweth what shall befall,
But I pray that the end be joyful! Yet hearken, Sir Knight, to me,
This sword and this shield that thou holdest, in thine hand must they ever be,
For surely when thou shalt think thee that the peril hath done its worst,
Then *first* mayst thou look for conflict, and *then* shall the storm-cloudburst!'

Then mournful I ween was the maiden, as Gawain to the saddle sprung,
And all they who stood around her they wept and their hands they wrung,
Then he quoth to his host, 'God grant me that hereafter I may repay
The care and the kindly counsel I have won from thy lips to-day.'
Then leave did he pray of the maiden, and her sorrow was sore to see,
He rode hence, and they whom he left here they mourned for him bitterly.
And now, if ye fain would hearken what unto Gawain befell,
The tale of his wondrous venture right gladly to ye I'll tell.

And in this wise I heard the story—As he came to the castle gate,
A merchant with merchandise costly without did his coming wait.
And so rich were his wares, and precious, that in sooth I were glad at heart
If I, in so great a treasure, my portion might bear and part.
Then, Sir Gawain, he sprang from his charger, for ne'er had he seen before
Outspread in the open market such goods as were here in store.
And the booth was of velvet fashioned, four-square, and both wide and high,
And that which lay there for purchase no monarch might lightly buy.
The Baruch of Bagdad scarcely had paid that which lay therein;
Nor the Patriarch of Rankulat might think him such prize to win.
Yea, and great as shall be the treasure that was found but awhile ago
In the land of the Greeks yet their Emperor such riches might hardly know!
And e'en if these twain had helped him the price he had failed to pay
That a man must count for the treasure that here before Gawain lay.

Then the knight greeted well the merchant as he looked on the wondrous store
Of marvels that lay before him, but he stayed not to turn it o'er,

But bade him show clasp and girdle; then he quoth to the hero bold,
'For many a year have I sat here, yet no man doth my wares behold;
None but ladies have looked upon them! yet if manhood shall nerve thine hand
Of all here shalt thou be the master; they were brought from a distant land,
If here thou shalt be the victor, (for in sooth hast thou come for fight,)
And the venture shall well betide thee, I will deal with thee well, Sir Knight!
For all that my booth containeth is thine if thou win the day!
So trust thou in God and His mercy, and take to the Burg thy way.
Plippalinòt in sooth hath sent thee, and thy coming well praised shall be
Of many a gracious maiden if thy prowess shall set her free!'

'Now wouldst thou withstand this venture leave here for awhile thy steed,
If thou trust it unto my keeping, I will give to the charge good heed.'
Quoth Gawain, 'Yea, I'll gladly do so, if unseemly be not the task,
Too greatly I fear thy riches such grace from thine hand to ask,
For ne'er since I rode upon it such keeper my steed hath known'—
Out quoth the merchant freely, 'Sir Knight, all shall be thine own,
Myself, and the wares I guard here, (nor further of them I'll speak,)
They are his, who in safety faceth the danger thou here dost seek!'

And so bold was I ween the hero that on foot did he go straightway,
Undaunted, to face the peril untold that before him lay.
And, as I before have told ye, the Burg it stood high and wide,
And its bulwarks so stoutly builded did guard it on either side.
If for thirty years they stormed it, not a berry or leaf would yield,
However the foe might threaten; in the midst was a grassy field,

(Yet the Lechfeld I ween is longer,) many turrets they towered on high,
And the story it tells that Gawain, as the palace he did espy,
Saw the roof shine all many-coloured, as peacock's plumes its glow,
And so bright it was that its glory was dimmed nor by rain nor snow.

And within was it richly furnished, and decked to delight the eye,
And the pillars were richly carven, and the windows were arched on high,
And many a fair couch costly had they set there against the wall,
Nor touched they the one to the other, and rich covers lay over all.
And but now had the maidens sat there, but each one had taken thought,
And no one of them all remained there, and of welcome Gawain found naught.
Yet their joy came again with his coming, and the day of their bliss was he,
And 'twere well they had looked upon him, none fairer their eyes might see.
Yet none there might dare behold him, tho' to serve them he aye was fain,
And yet in this thing were they guiltless—Thro' the palace strode knight Gawain,
And he looked on this side and the other, and he sought well the chamber o'er,
If to left or to right I know not, but he saw there an open door,
And wherever that door might lead him the hero was fain to go,
If high fame he might gain for his seeking, or die there a death of woe!

So stepped he within the chamber, and behold! the shining floor,
As glass it lay smooth beneath him, and the Lit-Merveil he saw,
The wonder-couch; and beneath it four rollers as crystal clear,
And fashioned of fire-red rubies: as the swift wind afar and near
Did it speed o'er the shining pavement, no floor might fairer be,

Chrysolite, sardius, jasper, inwrought there the eye might see.
For so had Klingsor willed it, and the thought it was his alone,
From far-off lands his magic had brought to the Burg each stone.

So smooth 'neath his feet the pavement, scarce might be his footing hold,
Then fain would he seek the venture, but, so is the marvel told,
As ever he stood before it the couch from its station fled,
And swift as the winds of heaven o'er the glittering floor it sped.
(And Gawain he found all too heavy the shield that his hand gripped fast,
And yet did his host give counsel it should ne'er on one side be cast.)
Thought Gawain, 'Now, how may I reach thee, since still thou dost fly from me?
Methinks thou shalt have a lesson, it may be I may spring to thee!'
Then still stood the couch before him, and straight from the ground he leapt
And stood firm in the midst of the marvel, and again o'er the floor it swept,
And hither and thither turning in the four walls its goal it found,
And blow upon blow fell swiftly, till the Burg echoed back the sound.

And many a charge did he ride there, with crash, as of thunder-cloud,
Or as trumpeters blow together when their blasts thro' the hall ring loud,
And the one vieth with the other, and each for a fair prize blows.
Less loud should have been their tumult than the tumult that there arose!
And waken and watch must Sir Gawain, altho' on a bed he lay.
How best might the hero guard him? The noise he was fain to stay,
And his head with his shield he covered—There he lay, and would wait His will
Who hath help in His power, and helpeth all those who entreat Him still,

And shutteth His ear to no man who in sorrow for aid doth pray.
And the man who is wise and steadfast, as dawneth his sorrow's day,
Doth call on the hand of the Highest, that shall ne'er be too short to reach,
And the aid that shall meet their lacking He sendeth to all and each.
And so was it now with Gawain—Thro' Whose grace he had gotten fame,
He called on His power and His mercy to shelter him here from shame.

Then stilled for a space the clamour—The couch stood within the hall,
And an equal space had they measured from its station to either wall.
Yet now waxed his peril greater, for five hundred missiles, swung
With craft from hands yet hidden, were against Sir Gawain flung.
And they fell on the couch as he lay there; but the shield it was hard and new,
And it sheltered him well, and I think me of the blows did he feel but few.
And the stones were as river pebbles, so heavy, and hard, and round,
And in many a place on the surface of the shield might their trace be found.

At length was the stone-shower ended, and never before he knew
Such sharp and such heavy missiles as those which toward him flew.
For now full five hundred cross-bows were bended, their bolts they sped,
And each one was aimed at the hero as he lay on the Wonder-Bed.
(And he who hath faced such peril in sooth he of darts may tell:)
Yet their wrath was soon spent, and silence for awhile on the chamber fell.
And he who would seek for comfort he ne'er on such couch should lie!
Little solace or rest may he find there, but peace from his face shall fly!

And youth would wax grey and agèd, if such comfort should be its share
As fell to the lot of Gawain, when he lay on that couch so fair.
Yet nor weariness nor terror had weakened or hand or heart,
Tho' the stones and the bolts of the cross-bow had done on his limbs their part,
And spite of both shield and corslet, sore bruisèd and cut was he:
And he thought that, this peril ended, the venture should ended be—
But yet with his hand must he battle, and the prize of the victor win,
For a doorway e'en now flew open, and one trode the hall within;
And the man was a mighty peasant, and fearful of face, and grim,
And the hide of the grey sea-otter was his covering on head and limb,
And his hosen were wide, and he carried a club in his strong right hand,
And 'twas thicker I ween than a pitcher that round-bellied doth firmly stand.

So came he unto Sir Gawain, (and his coming it pleased him ill,)
Yet he thought, 'He doth bear no harness, mine arms shall withstand him still,'
Upright on the couch he sat him, as nor terror nor pain he knew,
And the peasant, as he would flee him, a space from the bed withdrew,
And he cried in a voice so wrathful, 'From *me* hast thou naught to fear,
Yet such peril I'll loose upon thee that thy life must thou buy full dear;
The devil himself doth aid thee, else wert thou not still in life,
Bethink thee, for death cometh swiftly, and the ending of all thy strife,
No more can the devil shield thee, that I tell thee ere hence I pass!'
Then he gat him once more thro' the doorway, and Gawain gripped his sword-hilt fast,
And the shafts did he smite asunder of the arrows that thro' his shield

Had passed, and had pierced his armour, nor yet to his hand would yield.

Then a roar, as of mighty thunder, on the ear of Gawain did fall,
As when twenty drums were sounding to dance in the castle hall.
Then the hero, so firm and dauntless, whose courage ne'er felt the smart
Of the wounds that cowardice pierceth, thought thus in his steadfast heart:
'What evil shall now befall me? Must I yet more sorrow know?
For sorrow enow have I seen here, yet here will I face my foe!'
He looked toward the peasant's doorway, and a mighty lion sprang thro',
And its size was e'en that of a warhorse, and straight on Gawain it flew.
But Gawain he was loth to fly here, and his shield he held fast before,
As best for defence should serve him, and he sprang down upon the floor.
And the lion was hunger-ravening, yet little should find for food,
Tho' raging it sprang on the hero, who bravely its rush withstood.

The shield it had near torn from him, with the first grip its talons fierce
It drave thro' the wood, such hardness but seldom a beast may pierce.
Yet Gawain did right well defend him, his sword-blade aloft he swung,
And on three feet the beast must hold him, while the fourth from the shield yet hung.
And the blood gushed forth on the pavement, and Gawain he firmer stood,
And the fight raged hither and thither, as the lion, on the hero good,
Sprang ever with snorting nostrils, and gleaming fangs and white—
And if on such food they had reared it, that its meat was a gallant knight,
I had cared not to sit beside it! Nor such custom pleased Gawain well,

Who for life or for death must fight it—and the strife ever fiercer fell.

So sorely the beast was wounded, the chamber with blood ran o'er;
Fierce sprang the lion upon Gawain, and would bear him unto the floor,
But Gawain a sword-thrust dealt him, thro' the heart the swift blade sped
Till his hand smote full on the breast-bone, and the lion at his feet fell dead.
And now all the deadly peril and the conflict was over-past—
In the same hour Gawain bethought him, 'Where now shall my lot be cast?
Since to sit in this blood I like not, and I must of the couch beware,
For it runneth a race so frantic 'twere foolish to sit me there!'

But yet was his head so deafened with the blows that upon him fell,
And many his wounds, and the life-blood did forth from its fountains well,
And his strength waxed faint, and it left him, and he fell on the chamber floor;
His head lay on the lion's body, and the shield might he hold no more.
And if wisdom and power were his portion, of the twain was he reft I ween,
And tho' fair was the Burg, yet within it full rough had his handling been.

His senses forsook him wholly—no such pillow I ween was his
As that which on Mount Ribbelé Gymele gave to Kahenis;
Both fair and wise was the maiden—and his honour he slept away—
But here honour ran swift-footed to Gawain as he prostrate lay.
For in sooth ye shall well have hearkened, and shall know how such chance befell,
That thus lay the hero lifeless, from the first have ye heard it well.

Then in secret one looked upon him, and the chamber with blood was red,

And the lion alike and the hero they lay as the twain were dead.
'Twas a fair and gracious maiden who saw thro' a loop-hole high,
And her face it grew wan, and the colour from her lips and her cheek must fly.
And youth was so heavy-hearted that old age sore must mourn her tale.
Yet Arnivé was wise, and her wisdom did here o'er the woe prevail,
And still for this deed must I praise her, she drew near to aid Gawain,
And from peril of death she freed him who freedom for her would gain.

Then herself she was fain to behold him, and they gazed thro' the window small,
And naught might they tell, those women, of what waited them in the hall.
Was it news of a joyful future? Or of woe that should last for aye?
And the queen's heart it sore misgave her that the hero had died that day,
(And the thought brought her grief and sorrow,) since he sought him no better bed,
But silent he lay, and rested on the corse of the lion his head.
And she spake, 'From my heart I mourn thee, if thy manhood so true and brave
Hath won thee no better guerdon, and thy life thou hast failed to save.
If death here hath been thy portion for our sake, who shall strangers be,
And thy truth to such fate hath brought thee, then for ever I'll mourn for thee.
And thy virtue I'll praise, tho' the counting of thy years I may never know!'
And she spake to the weeping women, as they looked on the knight laid low,
'Ye maids who shall be baptizèd, and by water have won a place
In God's kingdom, pray ye unto Him, that He show to this hero grace!'

Then she sent below two maidens, and she bade them to seek Gawain,
And softly draw nigh unto him, nor pass from his side again

Till they brought her full assurance how it went with the gallant knight,
If perchance he should yet be living, or had found his death in fight.
So she gave to the twain commandment—Did they weep those maidens fair?
Yea, both must weep full sorely for the grief that was here their share,
When they found the hero lying, for his wounds they ran with blood
Till the shield in blood was swimming—then they bent o'er the hero good,
And with gentle hand the helmet one loosened from off his head,
And she saw a light foam gathered upon his lips so red,
And she waited a space and hearkened, if perchance she might hear his breath,
For but now had she thought him living, yet she deemed it might well be death.
And his over-dress was of sable, and the mystic beasts it bore,
Such as Ilinot the Breton as his badge with great honour wore.
(And courage and fame were his portion from his youth till his dying day.)
From the coat with her ready fingers the sable she tore away,
And she held it before his nostrils, for thus might she better know
If yet he should live, since his breathing would stir the hair to and fro.

And the breath was yet there, and straightway she bade her companion bring
Fair water, the gentle maiden did swift on her errand spring.
Then the maid placed her ring so golden betwixt his teeth closed fast,
And deft was her hand in the doing, and between his lips she passed,
Drop by drop, e'en as he might take it, the water, and little space
Ere he lifted once more his eyelids, and he looked on the maiden's face.
And he thanked them, those two sweet children, and offered them service meet—
Alas! that ye here should find me, unseemly laid at your feet!

If ye will on this chance keep silence, for good will I count the deed,
And courtesy shall ye honour if ye give to my words good heed!'

Quoth the maid, 'Thou hast lain, and thou liest, as one who the prize doth hold,
In sooth thou art here the victor and in joy shall thy life wax old,
To-day is thy day of triumph! But comfort us now I pray,
Is it so with thy wounds that, naught fearing, we may joy in thy joy to-day?'
Then he quoth, 'Would ye see me living, then help shall ye bring to me.'
And he prayed of those gracious maidens that a leech to his wounds should see,
Or one who was skilled in healing, 'But if yet I must face the strife,
Go ye hence, give me here my helmet, and gladly I'll guard my life!'
But they spake, 'Nay, the strife is over, Sir Knight, send us not away,
Yet one shall go, and the guerdon of messenger win straightway.
To the four queens shall she betake her, and shall say that thou livest still,
And a chamber shall they prepare thee, and leechcraft with right goodwill,
And with salves shall thy wounds be tended, and so mild shall their working be
That thy pain shall be swiftly lessened, and healing be brought to thee!'
Then one of the maids sprang swiftly, and she ran with no halting tread,
With the news that the knight was living straightway to the court she sped.
'In sooth shall he be so living, if ever it be God's will,
Rich in joy may we be henceforward and glad without fear of ill,
For naught but good help he needeth,' 'Dieu Merci!' then quoth they all.
Then the old queen wise her maidens did straightway around her call,
And she bade them a bed prepare him, and a carpet she spread before,
And a fire on the hearth burnt brightly, and precious the salves they bore.

And the queen with wisdom mixed them for the healing of cut or bruise.
In that hour from among her women four maids did Arnivé choose,
And she bade them disarm the hero, and his harness bear soft away,
And with wisdom should they deal with him lest he feel himself shamed alway.
'A silk shall ye bear about ye, in its shadow the knight disarm,
If yet he can walk he may do so, if else, bear him in your arms
To where I by the bed await him, for his couch will I rightly care,
If the strife in such wise hath fallen that no deadly wound he bear,
Then I think me I soon may heal him, but if wounded he be to death
Then cloven our joy—with the hero are we slain tho' we yet draw breath!'

And all this was done as she bade them, disarmed was the knight Gawain,
Then they led him where help they gave him who well knew to ease his pain.
And of wounds did they find full fifty, or perchance they were even more,
But the darts had not pierced too deeply since ever his shield he bore.
Then the queen in her wisdom took her warm wine, and a sendal blue,
And Dictam, the herb of healing, and she wiped with her hand so true
The blood from his wounds, and she closed them, and the flow of the life-blood stayed.
And wherever his helm was indented the stones on his head had made
Sore bruises, yet they must vanish 'fore the salves and their healing power,
And the master-skill of Arnivé who tended him in that hour!

And she quoth, 'Ease I well may give thee, whiles Kondrie doth come to me,
And all help that may be in leechcraft of her friendship she telleth free.
Since Anfortas so sore doth suffer, and they seek aid from far and near,

This salve shall from death have kept him, from
Monsalväsch 'twas brought me here.'
When Gawain heard she spake of Monsalväsch, then in
sooth was he glad at heart,
For he deemed it was near—Then this hero, who ne'er had
in falsehood part,
Spake thus to the queen, 'Now, Lady, my senses that far
were fled,
Hast thou won back again, and mine anguish I ween hast
thou minishèd,
What of strength shall be mine, or of wisdom, I owe to thine
hand alone,
Thy servant am I!' But the queen spake, 'Sir Knight, thou
such faith hast shown
That we all must rejoice in thy welfare, and strive for it
faithfully.
But follow my rede, nor speak much, a root will I give to
thee
That shall win thee refreshing slumber, thou shalt care not
for drink or meat
Till the night, then such food I'll bring thee thou shalt need
not ere morn to eat.'

Then a root 'twixt his lips she laid there, and straightway he
fell asleep,
And throughout the day he slumbered, and in coverings
they happed him deep.
Rich in honour and poor in shaming, soft and warm, there in
peace he lay,
Yet he sneezed, and at whiles he shivered, for the salve
wrought on him alway.
And a company of fair women passed within and without
the door,
And fair was the light of their faces, and stately the mien
they bore.
And she bade them, the Queen Arnivé, that silence they all
should keep,
None should call, and no maiden answer, so long as the
knight should sleep.
And she bade them fast close the palace, nor burger, nor
squire, nor knight,
Should hear what had there befallen till the dawn of the
morning light.

But new sorrow drew nigh to the women—The knight slept
till even grey,

Then Arnivé the queen in her wisdom drew the root from his lips away.
And straightway he woke, and he thirsted, and they brought him of drink and meat,
And he raised himself and, rejoicing, as they brought him so would he eat:
And many a maid stood before him, such fair service he ne'er had known,
So courteous their mien and bearing—then he looked at them one by one
And he gazed at each and the other, yet still his desire was set
On the lady Orgelusé, for ne'er saw he woman yet,
In all the days of his lifetime, who so near to his heart did lie;
Tho' many his prayer had hearkened, and *some* did their love deny!
Then out spake the gallant hero to Arnivé, his leech so wise,
'Lady, 'twill ill beseem me, nor deal I in courteous guise,
If these ladies stand here before me, I would they might seated be,
Or if such be thy will it were better shouldst thou bid them to eat with me!'
'Nay, Sir Knight, none I ween may sit here save I, the queen, alone,
And shamed would they surely hold them were such service not gladly done,
For our joy shalt thou be; yet I think me that if this be thy will indeed,
Whate'er shall be thy commandment, we will give to thy words good heed.'
But nobly born were those ladies, and their courtesy did they show,
For all with one voice they prayed him he would e'en let the thing be so,
And while he should eat they would stand there; so waited they on the guest
And passed hence when the meal was ended and Gawain was laid to rest.

BOOK XII
EIDEGAST

ARGUMENT

In Book XII. the poet recounts the valiant deeds done by Gawain's kinsmen for love's sake, and how they were as naught to the perils dared by Gawain.

Of the watch-tower in the castle, and the magic pillar, and how Gawain beheld the coming of Orgelusé and her knight.

How Gawain fought with and overcame the Turkowit, and how he was urged by Orgelusé's mockery to the venture of the Perilous Ford. How he plucked a bough from a tree guarded by King Gramoflanz, and was challenged by that monarch to single combat. Of the repentance of Orgelusé, and her reconciliation with Gawain, and how both were welcomed by the dwellers in Château Merveil. How Gawain secretly sent a squire to the court of King Arthur bidding him, his knights and ladies, to Ioflanz to witness the combat between Gawain and Gramoflanz.

BOOK XII

EIDEGAST

Now he who his rest had broken, if rest he perchance might win,
Methinks they who hear the story had counted it him for sin.
For e'en as the venture telleth, sore toil had the hero known,
And in sooth did he face such peril that his fame thro' all lands hath flown.
Lancelot on the sword-bridge battled, and Meljakanz must sue for grace,
Yet as naught was I ween his danger to the woe that Gawain must face.
And that which is told of Garel, the valiant and knightly king,
Who o'erthrew the lion 'fore the palace and made Nantes with his daring ring—
And he sought the knife too, Garel, but he paid for his deed full dear
In the pillar of marble—greater was the venture ye read of here!
For the darts that were shot against Gawain, as his manly courage bade,

For a mule were too great a burden if they all on its back were laid!
The Perilous Ford hath its dangers; and Erec must sorrow know,
When for Schoie-de-la-kurt he battled, and Mabonagrein would fain lay low,
Yet ne'er had he faced such peril as fell here to knight Gawain.
Nor Iwein, the gallant hero, who water would pour amain,
Nor feared of the stone the venture—Were these perils all knit in one,
He who knoweth to measure danger saith Gawain greater deeds had done!

What peril is this I tell of? If ye will, I the woe will name,
Or too early perchance the telling? Swift-foot Orgelusé came,
And straight to the heart of the hero hath she taken her silent way,
That heart that hath ne'er known trembling, that courage hath ruled alway.
And how came it so stately lady might hide in so small a space?
For narrow I ween was the pathway that led to her resting-place.
And all sorrow he knew aforetime was as nought to this bitter woe,
And a low wall it was that hid her when his heart did her presence know
In whose service he never faltered, but was watchful as he was true.
Nor find ye here food for laughter, that one who ne'er terror knew,
A hero so brave in battle, should yield to a woman's hand.
Alas! woe is me for the marvel that no man may understand!
And Frau Minne she waxeth wrathful 'gainst him who the prize hath won,
Yet dauntless and brave hath she found him, and shall find him, till life be done.
Who harm on a wounded foeman shall work doth his honour stain,
Yet in strength 'gainst his will did Love bind him, and it turnèd to him for gain.

Frau Minne, wouldst have men praise thee? Then this will I say to thee,

This strife shall be not to thine honour, since sore wounded Gawain shall be.
And ever throughout his life-days has he lived as thou didst command,
And he followed in this his father, and the men of his mother's land.
For they yielded thee loyal service since the days Mazadan was king,
Who Terre-de-la-Schoie from Fay-Morgan in thy service did gallant bring.
And this do men tell of his children, no man from his fealty fell.
And Ither of Gaheviess bare it, thy badge, and he served thee well;
And never in woman's presence did one speak of the hero's name
But their hearts yearned in love towards him, and they spake it, nor thought it shame,
How then when they looked upon him? Then the tale first was told aright!
Frau Minne, a faithful servant didst thou lose in that gallant knight!

Slay Gawain if thou wilt, as his cousin Ilinot by thine hand was slain,
Since thy power with the bitter torment of desire did the knight constrain,
Till he strove for the love of his lady all the days of his fair young life,
Florie of Kanedig was she, and he served her in many a strife.
And he fled from the land of his fathers in the days of his youth's unrest,
And was reared by this queen, and Britain ne'er saw him but as a guest.
And the burden of Love weighed on him, and from Florie's land he fled,
Till the day that in true love's service, as I told ye, men found him dead.
And often the kin of Gawain thro' love have known sorrow sore,
And of those by Frau Minne wounded could I name to ye many more.
And why did the snow and the blood-drops move Parzival's faithful heart?
'Twas his *wife* wrought the spell, I think me! Yea, others have known thine art,

Galoes and Gamuret hast thou vanquished, and in sooth
hast thou laid them low,
And the twain for their true love's guerdon must the death
of a hero know.
And Itonjé, Gawain's fair sister, must love Gramoflanz the
king,
And grieve for her love; and sorrow, Frau Minne, thou once
didst bring
On fair Surdamur and her lover: since thou sufferest not
Gawain's kin
To seek them another service, so on him wouldst thou
honour win!

Be mighty towards the mighty but here let Gawain go free,
His wounds they so sorely pain him, and the hale should thy
foemen be!
But many have sung of love's working who never so knew
love's power,
For myself, I would hold me silent—But true lovers shall
mourn this hour
What chanced unto him of Norway, for the venture he faced
right well,
And now, without help or warning, love's tempest upon him
fell!

Quoth the hero, 'Alas, for restless my resting-place shall be,
One couch did so sorely wound me, and the other hath
brought to me
Sore torment of love and longing! Orgelusé must favour
show
Unto me her true knight and servant, or small joy shall my
life-days know!'
As unresting he turned, and he stretched him, the bands
from his wounds were torn,
So restless he lay and wakeful awaited the coming morn.
And at last the day shone on him, and many a battlefield
And sword-strife more rest had brought him than the rest
which his couch might yield.

Would one liken his woe unto Gawain's, and be e'en such a
lover true,
Of his love-wounds let him be healèd, and then smitten by
darts anew,
And methinks he shall find that the sorrow and torment
shall vex him more
Than all the sum of the sorrow he hath borne for love's sake
before!

Nor love's torments alone vexed Gawain—Ever clearer it grew, the light,
Till dark seemed the lofty tapers that erstwhile had shone so bright.
Then up sprang from his couch the hero, and as blood, and as iron, red
With wounds, and with rust, was his linen, yet beside him he saw outspread
Hosen and shirt of woollen, and the change pleased our hero well,
And robes lined with fur of the marten, and a garment that o'er them fell,
(In Arras its stuff was woven, and from Arras 'twas hither sent,)
And boots had they lain beside it, none too narrow for his content.

In these garments anew he clothed him, and forth from the chamber went
Gawain, and hither and thither his steps thro' the palace bent,
Till he found the hall of his venture, no riches he e'er had known
To liken unto the glories within this fair castle shown.
And there at one side of the palace a narrow dome he found,
And it rose high above the building, and a staircase within it wound,
And above stood a shining pillar; nor of wood was it shapen fair,
But so large and so strong that the coffin of Kamilla it well might bear.
And Klingsor, the wise, he brought it from the kingdom of Feirefis,
And his cunning and skill had fashioned both the hall and the stair I wis!

No tent might so round be fashioned; did the Master Geometras will
To raise such a work he had failèd, for unknown to his hand the skill.
'Twas magic alone that wrought it—The venture it bids us know
Of diamond, amethyst, topaz, carbuncle with red-fire glow,
Of chrysolite, emerald, ruby, and sardius, the windows tall,
That each one like to the other encircled this wondrous hall.

And rich as the window columns, and carven, the roof o'erhead,
And herein was a greater marvel than all marvels ye yet have read;

For, the vault below, no pillar was like to that column fair
That stood in the midst of the circle, and wondrous the power it bare,
For so the venture telleth—Gawain fain would gaze around,
And alone did he climb the watch-tower, and precious the jewels he found.
And he saw there a greater wonder, and the sight never vexed his eye,
For he thought him upon the column all the lands of the earth did lie.
And he saw the countries circle, and the mighty mountains' crest
Meet, e'en as two hosts in battle, as one vision the other pressed.
And folk did he see in the pillar, and on horse or afoot they went,
They ran, and they stood: in a window he sat him on seeing bent.

Came the agèd Queen Arnivé, with Sangivé her child, and there
Were two maidens, the gentle daughters that Sangivé erewhile did bear.
And the four queens they came unto Gawain, and he saw them and sprang upright;
And thus quoth the Queen Arnivé, 'Methinks thou shouldst sleep, Sir Knight,
For though rest may no longer please thee, thou art wounded too sore, I trow,
That thou further toil and labour shouldst yet for a season know!'
Quoth the knight, 'Lady mine and my mistress, since thy wisdom hath brought to me
My wit, and my strength, all my lifetime thy servant I fain would be!'

Quoth the queen, 'If I so may read them, the words thou didst speak but now,
And thou ownest me as thy mistress, then Sir Knight, to my bidding bow,
And kiss at my will these ladies, as thou mayest, without thought of shame,

Since nor mother nor maid before thee but a kingly birth may claim!'
Then glad was Gawain at her bidding, and he kissed those ladies three,
And Sangivé was first, then Itonjé, and the third was the fair Kondrie.
And the five sat them down together, and Gawain saw those maidens twain,
Their face and their form so gracious, and he looked, and he looked again;
Yet one woman so worked upon him, for yet in his heart she lay,
That their beauty by Orgelusé's he deemed but a cloudy day.
For he held with the Lady of Logrois none other might well compare,
And his heart and his thoughts were captive to this lady so sweet and fair.

Now 'twas done, and Gawain had been greeted with a kiss by those ladies three,
And so fair were they all that I wot well their beauty would fatal be
To a heart that was yet unwounded—Then he spake to the elder queen,
And he prayed her to tell of the pillar, and the marvels he there had seen.

Quoth Arnivé, 'By day and by night-time that pillar, I ween, doth throw
Its light for six miles around it, so long as its power I know.
And all that within that circuit doth chance on its face we see,
In water, or on the meadow, and true shall the vision be.
The bird and the beast we see here, the guest and the woodman true,
He who to this land is a stranger, or its ways of aforetime knew.
Yea, all may we find within it, and it shineth for six miles round;
And so fast and so firm it standeth none moveth it from the ground,
And no hammer shall ever harm it, and no smith hath, I ween, the skill.
'Twas stolen from Queen Sekundillé, I think me, against her will!'

Now Gawain he saw at this moment on the column a goodly pair,
A knight with a lady riding, and he thought him the maid was fair,
And clearly and well he saw them—and armed were both steed and knight,
And his helmet was plumed and jewelled, and it gleamed in the morning light.
And they rode at a hasty gallop thro' the defile out on the plain:
Tho' I wot well he little knew it, yet they rode but to seek Gawain!

And they came by the self-same pathway that Lischois he rode afore,
The proud knight whom Gawain had vanquished, and in joust from his charger bore.
And the lady she held the bridle of the knight who to joust would ride,
And the sight to Gawain brought sorrow, and swiftly he turned aside,
And behold! 'twas no lying vision, for without on the grassy plain
By the river rode Orgelusé, and a knight at her side drew rein.
E'en as hellebore within the nostril pierceth sharp, and a man doth sneeze,
Thro' his eye to his heart came the Duchess, and she robbed him of joy and ease!

Alas! I wot well 'gainst Frau Minne all helpless shall be Gawain—
Then he looked on the knight who rode there, and he spake to the queen again,
'Lady, a knight I see there, who rideth with well-aimed spear,
Nor will cease from the goal he seeketh—Well! I ween he may find it here,
Since he craveth some deed of knighthood I am ready with him to fight,
But say, who shall be the maiden?' she quoth, ''Tis the lady bright
Who is Duchess and queen of Logrois,—Now 'gainst whom doth she bear ill-will?
For the Turkowit rideth with her, and unconquered shall he be still.

With his spear such fame hath he won him, as were riches for kingdoms three,
And against a hand so valiant 'twere best not to venture thee;
For strife is it all too early, and thou shalt be hurt too sore,
And e'en wert thou whole I should rede thee to strive with him nevermore!'
Quoth Gawain, 'If indeed I be lord here then he who so near shall seek
Deeds of knighthood, shall shame mine honour if vengeance I fail to wreak.
Since he lusteth for strife, O Lady, thou shalt give me mine armour here!'
Then the ladies, the four, bewailed them with many a bitter tear:
And they quoth, 'Wilt thou deck thy glory? wilt thou greater honour know?
Strive not now, shouldst thou fall before him then greater shall wax our woe.
But e'en if thou be the victor, if thou girdest thine harness on
Thou must die who so sore art wounded, and with thee are we all undone!'

Gawain, he was sorely anguished, and the cause have ye heard aright,
For he counted himself dishonoured by the coming of such a knight
And his wounds, they must sorely pain him, yet love's torment it vexed him more,
And the grief of these four fair ladies, and the love they towards him bore.
Then he bade them to cease from weeping, and harness and sword he craved,
And his charger; and those fair women they led forth the hero brave.
And he bade them go forth before him, and adown the steps they wind
To the hall where the other maidens so sweet and so fair they find.

Then Gawain for his perilous journey was armed 'neath the light of eyes
Tear-dimmed, and they secret held it, and none knew save the merchant wise.
And they bade him the steed make ready, and the hero he slowly stept

To the place where his charger waited—nor light on its back he leapt,
But scarcely his shield might he carry, for in sooth was he wounded sore.
And thro' centre and rim was it piercèd, and traces of battle bore!

Then again he bestrode his charger, and he turned from the Burg away,
And he rode to his host so faithful; and never he said him Nay,
But all that he asked he gave him, a spear both strong and new,
(Many such had, I ween, been his tribute from that plain where they jousted true,)
Then Gawain bade him ship him over, in a ferry they sought the shore,
And the Turkowit, who high courage and the thought of sure victory bore;
For so well against shame was he armèd that ill-deeds from before him fled,
And his fame was so high accounted, that they made of the sward their bed
Who would ride a joust against him—From their charger they needs must fall,
And of those who had faced his valour, his spear had o'erthrown them all.
And this was the rule of the hero, that by spear-thrust, and no sword-blade,
Would he win to him fame in battle, or his honour be prostrate laid.
And to him who should face his onslaught, and o'erthrow him, the self-same day
Would he yield, nor defend him further, but would give him his pledge straightway.

And thus heard Gawain the story from him who the pledge did hold,
For his pledge Plippalinòt took there, when the tale of the joust was told.
Did one fall while the other sat still, with goodwill of the heroes twain
Did he take that which one must forfeit, and the other methinks should gain,
Of the charger I speak, hence he led it, for he deemed they enough had fought.

Who was victor, and who the vanquished, from the Burg were the tidings brought,
For the women, they looked on the jousting, and many a conflict saw.
Then he bade Gawain seat him firmly, and the charger he led to shore,
And his shield and his spear he gave him—and the Turkowit swiftly came
As one who his joust can measure, nor too high nor too low his aim.
And Gawain turned his horse against him—of Monsalväsch, Gringuljet,
And it answered unto the bridle, and his spear 'gainst the foe he set.

Now forward!—the joust be ridden—Here rideth King Lot's fair son,
Undaunted his heart—Now know ye where the helm hath its fastening won?
For there did his foeman strike him; but Gawain sought another aim,
And swift thro' the helmet's visor with sure hand the spear-point came,
And plain to the sight of all men was the fate of the joust that day,
On his spear short and strong the helmet from his head Gawain bare away,
And onward it rode, the helmet! But the knight on the grass lay low,
Who was blossom and flower of all manhood till he met with such mighty foe.
But now he in joust was vanquished, and the jewels from his helm were seen
To vie with the dew on the herbage and the flowers on the meadow green.
And Gawain, he rode back unto him, and his pledge did he take that day,
And the boatman he claimed the charger, who was there should say him Nay?

Thou art joyful, and yet hast small reason,' spake the lady of Gawain's love,
(As of old were her words of mocking,) 'Since wherever thy shield doth move
The lion's paw doth follow—And thou thinkest fresh fame to gain

Since the ladies have looked on thy jousting—-Well thou
mayst in thy bliss remain,
Since the Lit Merveil hath dealt gently and but little harm
hath wrought!
And yet is thy shield all splintered as if thou hadst bravely
fought—
Thou art doubtless too sorely wounded to yearn for a
further fray?
And such ill to the 'Goose' be reckoned, that I called thee
but yesterday.
So eager wert thou to vaunt thee, as a sieve hast thou
piercèd thro'
Thy shield, one would deem it riddled with the darts that
toward thee flew.
But *to-day* mayst thou well shun danger—If thy finger shall
wounded be
Ride hence to the maids of the castle, for well will they care
for thee!
Far other strife were *his* portion, to whom I a task would
give,
Did thine heart yet yearn for my favour, and thou wouldst in
my service live!'

Quoth Gawain to the Duchess, 'Lady, tho' deep were my
wounds I trow
They ere this have found help and healing—If such help I
from thee might know
That thou, gracious, wouldst own my service, no peril would
be so great,
But I, for thy love and rewarding, the issue would gladly
wait!'
Quoth she, 'Then shalt thou ride with me new honour
perchance to gain!'
Then rich in all joy and contentment was that valiant knight
Gawain—
And the Turkowit went with the boatman, and he bade him
the tidings bear
To the Burg, and there pray the maidens to have of the
knight good care.

And his spear it was yet unsplintered, tho' both horses they
spurred amain
To joust, his right hand yet held it, and he bare it from off
the plain.
And many a maiden saw him, and wept as he rode away.
Quoth Arnivé, 'Our joy and comfort hath chosen to him to-
day

A joy for the eyes and a sorrow for the heart, yea, both
flower and thorn,
Alas! that he rides with the Duchess, since he leaveth us
here forlorn.
To the Perilous Ford he rideth, and his wounds sure shall
work him ill!'
(Maids four hundred must weep for his going, yet new tasks
would he fain fulfil.)

But yet tho' his wounds they pained him, his sorrow had
taken flight
When he looked upon Orgelusé, so fair was her mien and
bright.
Then she quoth, 'Thou shalt win me a garland of fresh
leaves from off a tree,
And I for the gift will praise thee—If thou doest this deed
for me
Thou shalt find in my love rewarding!' Then he quoth,
'Wheresoe'er it stand,
The tree that shall bring such blessing as reward unto this
mine hand,
If I not in vain bemoan me, but win hearing for this my grief,
Then thy garland, tho' death it bring me, shall lack not a
single leaf!'

And tho' many a blossom bloomed there yet their colour it
was as naught
To the colour of Orgelusé, and Gawain on her beauty
thought
Till it seemed him his grief of aforetime and his anguish had
fled away—
And thus with her guest did she journey a space from the
Burg that day,
And the road it was straight and easy, and it led thro' a
forest fair,
And Tamris I ween and Prisein were the names that the trees
did bear,
And the lord of the wood was Klingsor—Then Gawain the
hero spake,
'Say, where shall that garland blossom which the spell of my
grief shalt break?'

(In sooth he had best o'erthrown her, as oft shall have
chanced I trow
To many a lovely lady.) Then she quoth, 'Thou shalt see the
bough

Whose plucking shall win thee honour!' O'er the field ran a deep ravine,
And so near did they ride to the chasm that the tree from afar was seen.
Then she quoth, 'Now, Sir Knight, one guardeth that tree who my joy hath slain,
If thou bring me a bough from off it, no hero such prize shall gain
As from me shall be thy rewarding! And here must I hold my way,
Nor further may I ride with thee; but make thou no more delay,
God have thee in His safe keeping! Thine horse must thou straightway bring
To the gulf, and with sure hand urge it o'er the Perilous Ford to spring.'

So still on the plain she held her, and on rode the gallant knight,
And he hearkened the rush of water that had riven a path with might
Thro' the plain—it was deep as a valley, and no man its waves might ford;
Then Gawain spurred his steed towards it, and he sprung o'er the flood so broad,
And yet but the charger's fore-feet might light on the further side,
And they fell in the foaming torrent; and the lady in anguish cried,
For swift and wide was the water; yet Gawain he had strength enow,
Tho' heavy the weight of his armour, for he saw where there grew a bough
That hung o'er the foaming torrent, and he grasped it, for life was dear,
And he gained on the bank a footing, and he drew from the waves his spear.

Up and down the stream swam the charger, and Gawain to its aid would go,
Yet so swift was the rush of the water he followed with pain its flow,
For heavy I ween his harness, and his wounds they were deep and sore:
Then he stretched out his spear as a whirlpool bare the charger towards the shore—

For the rain and the rush of the waters had broken a passage wide,
And the bank at the place was shelving, and the steed swept towards the side—
And he caught with the spear its bridle, and drew it towards the land
Till the hero at last might reach it and lay on the rein his hand.

And Gawain, the gallant hero, drew his horse out upon the plain,
And the steed shook itself in safety, nor the torrent as prize might gain
The shield—Then he girt his charger, and the shield on his arm he took:
And if one weepeth not for his sorrow methinks I the lack may brook,
Tho' in sooth was he in sore peril—For love he the venture dared,
For the fair face of Orgelusé, his hand to the bough he bared.
And I wot, 'twas a gallant journey, and the tree it was guarded well,
He was *one*, were he *twain*, for that garland his life must the payment tell.
King Gramoflanz, he would guard it, yet Gawain he would pluck the bough.
The water, men called it Sabbins, and the tribute was harsh enow
That Gawain would fetch when both charger and knight did the wild waves breast.
Tho' the lady was fair, *I* had wooed not! To shun her methinks were best.

When Gawain erst the bough had broken and its leaves in his helm did wave,
Uprode a knight towards him, and his bearing was free and brave.
Nor too few were his years nor too many; and in this he his pride had shown,
What evil so e'er befell him he fought not with *one* alone,
Two or more must they be, his foemen! So high beat his gallant heart,
That whate'er *one* might do to harm him unscathed might he thence depart.
To Gawain this son of King Irôt a fair 'good-morrow' gave,

'Twas King Gramoflanz—'To the garland that doth there in thine helmet wave
I yield not my claim!' thus quoth he, 'Sir Knight, were ye *two* I trow,
Who here for high honour seeking had reft from my tree a bough,
I had greeted ye not, but had fought ye, but since thou alone shalt be,
Thou canst ride hence, for strife unequal I deem it a shame to me!'

And Gawain, too, was loth to fight him, for no armour the king did wear,
And naught but a yearling falcon he did on his white hand bear.
(And the sister of Gawain gave it, Itonjé the maid was hight.)
His headgear in Sinzester fashioned was of peacock's plumage bright,
And green as grass was the mantle of velvet that wrapped him round,
And with ermine lined, and on each side it swept even unto the ground.

None too tall yet strong was the charger on which the king did ride,
From Denmark by land they brought it, or it came o'er the waters wide.
And the monarch he rode unarmèd, nor even a sword would bear.
Quoth King Gramoflanz, 'Thou hast foughten, if thy shield may the truth declare,
For but little unharmed remaineth, and it seemeth sure to me
That the "Lit Merveil" was thy portion, and this venture hath fallen to thee!'

'Now hast thou withstood the peril that myself I were fain to dare,
Had not Klingsor been ever friendly, and warfare with her my share
Who in Love's strife is ever victor, since her beauty doth win the day;
And she beareth fierce wrath against me, and in sooth hath she cause alway!
Eidegast have I slain, her husband, and with him I slew heroes four;

Orgelusé herself, as my captive, I thence to my kingdom bore,
And my crown and my land would I give her, yet what service my hand might yield,

Of all would she naught, but with hatred her heart 'gainst my pleading steeled.
And a whole year long I held her, and a whole year long I prayed,
Yet never she hearkened to me, and ever my love gainsaid.
And thus from my heart I bemoan me, since I know that her love to thee
She hath promised, since here I meet thee, and death wouldst thou bring to me.
If with *her* thou hadst hither ridden, perchance had I here been slain,
Or perchance ye had died together—such guerdon thy love might gain!'

'And my heart other service seeketh, and mine aid lieth in thine hand,
Since here thou hast been the victor thou art lord o'er this wonder-land;
And if thou wilt show me kindness help me now a fair maid to win
For whose sake my heart knoweth sorrow, to King Lot is she near of kin,
And no maiden of all earth's maidens hath wrought me such grief and pain!
Her token I bear—I prithee, if thou seest that maid again
Swear thou to her faithful service—I think me she means me fair,
And for her sake I fight, for her favour I many a peril dare;
For since with true words Orgelusé her love hath denied to me,
Wherever for fame I battled, whate'er might my portion be,
Of joy or of grief, *she* hath caused it, Itonjé, for whom I fight,
Yet alas! I have ne'er beheld her! Now do me this grace, Sir Knight,
If aid thou art fain to give me, then take thou this golden ring,
And unto my lovely lady, I prithee, the token bring.
Thou art free from strife, I fight not till thou bring with thee two or more.
What honour were mine if I slew thee? I ever such strife forbore!'

'Yet in sooth I can well defend me, as a man should,' quoth knight Gawain,
'Thou thinkest small fame will it bring thee if I here at thine hand be slain,
But what honour shall *I* have won me by breaking this bough, I pray?
For none will account it glory if I slay thee unarmed to-day!
But yet will I do thy message—Give me here the finger-ring,
And thy sorrow of heart, and thy service, I will to thy lady bring.'
Then the king he thanked him freely—But Gawain he quoth in this wise,
'Now tell me, Sir Knight, who may he be who doth conflict with me despise?'

'An thou count it me not for dishonour,' quoth the king, 'here my name be told,
King Irôt he was my father, who was slain by King Lot of old.
And King Gramoflanz do men call me, and my heart doth such valour know
That never, for evil done me, will I fight with but one for foe,
Saving one man alone, hight Gawain, of *him* have I heard such fame
That to fight with him I am ready, and vengeance from him I claim.
For his father he dealt with treason, in fair greeting my father slew,
Good cause have I here for mine anger and the words that I speak are true.
Now dead is King Lot, and Gawain, his fame o'er all knights stands high
Of the Table Round, and I yearn still till the day of our strife draw nigh.'

Then out quoth King Lot's son dauntless, 'Wouldst pleasure thy lady still,
If indeed she shall be thy lady, and dost speak of her father ill?
And reckonest to him false treason, and her brother art fain to slay!
Then indeed must she be false maiden if she mourn not thy deeds alway!
If true daughter she were, and sister, for the twain would she surely speak,
And forbid thee, methinks, thine hatred on kinsmen so near to wreak.

If so be that thy true love's father hath broken his troth, yet thou
Shouldst, as kinsman, avenge the evil that men spake of the dead, I trow!
His *son* will not fear to do so, and little methinks he'll care
If small aid in his need he findeth from the love of his sister fair.
He, himself, will be pledge for his father, and his sin be upon *my* head,
For Sir King, I who speak am Gawain, and thou warrest not with the dead!
But I, from such shame to free him, what honour be mine or fame,
In strife will I give to the scourging ere thou slander my father's name!'

Quoth the king, 'Art thou he whom I hated with a hatred as yet unstilled?
For alike with both joy and sorrow thy valour my soul hath filled.
And *one* thing in thee doth please me, that at last I may fight with thee,
And I rede thee to wit that great honour in this hast thou won from me,
Since I vowed but to fight with thee only—And our fame shall wax great alway,
If many a lovely lady we bring to behold the fray.
For I can bring fifteen hundred, and thou art of a fair host king
At Château Merveil; and on thy side thine uncle can others bring
From the land that he rules, King Arthur, and Löver its name shall be,
And the city is Bems by the Korka, as well shall be known to thee.
There lieth he now with his vassals, and hither can make his way,
In eight days, with great joy; so I bid thee to meet me the sixteenth day,
When I come, for my wrong's avenging, to Ioflanz upon the plain,
And the pay for this garland's plucking I there from thine hand shall gain!'

Then King Gramoflanz prayed of Gawain to ride unto Rosche Sabbin,

'For nearer methinks than the city no way o'er the flood thou'lt win!'
But out quoth the gallant Gawain, 'I will back e'en as erst I came,
But in all else thy will I'll follow.' Then they sware them by their fair fame
That with many a knight and lady at Ioflanz they'ld meet for strife
On the chosen day, and alone there would battle for death or life.

And on this wise Gawain he parted for awhile from the noble knight,
And joyful he turned his bridle, and the bough decked his helm so bright.
And he checked not his steed, but spurred it to the edge of the gulf once more,
Nor Gringuljet missed his footing, but he sprang well the chasm o'er,
And he fell not again, the hero—Then the lady she turned her rein
As he sprang to the ground, and tightened the girths of his steed again,
And swiftly to give him welcome, I ween, she to earth did spring,
And low at his feet she cast her, and she spake, 'I such need did bring
Upon thee, Sir Knight, as I wot well was more than thy worth might ask,
And yet have I felt such sorrow, for the sorrow of this thy task,
And the service that thou hast done me, as I deem she alone doth know
Who loveth in truth, and, faithful, doth weep o'er her lover's woe!'

Then he quoth, 'Is this truth, and thy greeting be not falsehood in friendly guise,
Then *thyself* dost thou honour, Lady! For in this shall I be so wise
That I know a knight's shield claimeth honour, and thou didst against knighthood sin,
For so high doth it stand that from no man methinks doth he mocking win,
Who as true knight hath ever borne him—This, Lady, I needs must say,

Whoever had looked upon me had known me for knight alway,
Yet knighthood thou wouldst deny me when first thou my face didst see,
But henceforth that may rest—Take this garland I won at thy will for thee,
But I bid thee henceforth beware thee that never thy beauty bright
Shall again in such wise mislead thee to dishonour a gallant knight,
For I wot, ere such scorn and mocking again at thine hand I bore,
Thy love thou shouldst give to another, I would ask for it nevermore!'

Then she spake as she wept full sorely, that lady so sweet and fair,
'Sir Knight, did I tell unto thee the woe that my heart doth bear,
Thou wouldst own that full sore my sorrow—If I shall discourteous be,
Then he whom I wrong may forgive me of true heart with forgiveness free.
For of such joy no man can rob me as the joy that I lost awhile
In that knight of all knights the bravest, Eidegast, who knew naught of guile!
So brave and so fair my true love, his fame was as sunlight's ray,
And for honour he strove so truly that all others, in this his day,
Both here and afar, born of woman, they owned that his praise stood high
O'er that of all men, and no glory might e'er with his glory vie.
A fountain, for aye upspringing, of virtue, his gallant youth,
And falsehood ne'er shamed his honour nor darkened the light of truth.
Into light came he forth from the darkness, and his honour aloft he bore,
That none who spake word of treason might reach to it evermore.
From the root in a true heart planted it waxed and it spread amain,
Till he rose o'er all men as Saturn doth high o'er the planets reign.

And true as the one-horned marvel, since the truth I am fain to tell,
The knight of my love and desiring,—for whose fate maids may weep full well,
Thro' its virtue I ween it dieth—And I, I was as his heart,
And my body was he! Ah! woe is me, that I must from such true love part!
And King Gramoflanz, *he* slew him, the knight thou but now didst see,
And the bough thou hast brought unto me from the tree of his ward shall be.'

'Sir Knight, did I ill-entreat thee, I did it for this alone,
I would prove if thine heart were steadfast, and my love might to thee atone.
I know well my words did wound thee, yet they were but to prove thee meant,
And I pray thee, of this thy goodness, be thine anger with pity blent,
And forgive me the ill I did thee. I have found thee both brave and true,
As gold that is tried in the furnace shineth forth from the flame anew,
So, methinks, doth it shine, thy courage. He, for whose harm I brought thee here,
As I thought me afore, and I think still, his valour hath cost me dear.'

Quoth Gawain, 'If awhile death spare me, such lesson I'll read the king
As shall put to his pride an ending, and his life in sore peril bring.
My faith as a knight have I pledged him, hereafter, a little space,
To meet him in knightly combat, nor our manhood shall we disgrace.
And here I forgive thee, Lady, and if thou wilt not disdain
My counsel so rough, I'll tell thee wherewith thou mayst honour gain,
What shall 'seem thee well as a woman, nor in aught shall unfitting be,
Here we twain are alone, I pray thee show favour and grace to me!'
But she quoth, 'In an arm thus mail-clad but seldom I warmly lay;
Yet would I not strive against thee, thou shalt on a fitting day

Win rewarding for this thy service—Thy sorrow will I bemoan,
Till thou of thy wounds art healèd and all thought of thine ill be flown;
To Château Merveil I'll ride with thee.' 'Now waxeth my joy indeed!'
Quoth the hero, of love desirous, and he lifted her on her steed,
And close clung his arm around her: 'twas more than she deemed him worth
When first by the spring she saw him, and mocked him with bitter mirth.

Then joyful Gawain he rode hence; yet the lady she wept alway,
And he mourned with her woe, and he prayed her the cause of her grief to say,
And in God's Name to cease from weeping! Then she quoth, 'I must mourn, Sir Knight,
Because of the hand that slew him, the knight of my love, in fight;
For that deed to my heart brought sorrow, tho' I naught but delight had known
When Eidegast's love rejoiced me; yet was I not so o'erthrown
But since then I might seek his mischief, whatever the cost might be,
And many fierce jousts have been ridden that were aimed at his life by me.
And here, methinks, canst thou aid me, and avenge me on him, my foe,
And repay me for this sore sorrow that my heart doth for ever know.'

'For the winning his death I took gladly the service he proffered me,
A king, who of earthly wishes the master and lord should be,
Sir Knight, he was named Anfortas—As his love-pledge to me he sent
That which standeth without thy portals, from Tabronit it came, that tent,
And great I ween is its value—But alas! for that gallant king,
Such reward did he win in my service as all joy to an end must bring
Where fain I my love had given, there must I fresh sorrow know,

For bitter indeed was his guerdon!—As great, or e'en
greater, woe
Than the death of Eidegast brought me, was my lot thro'
Anfortas' fate.
Now say, how shall I, of all women most wretched, in this
estate,
If my *heart* yet be true, be other than of senses and mind
distraught,
Yea, at times have I been beside me when I on Anfortas
thought;
After Eidegast did I choose him, my avenger and love to be
—
Now hearken and hear how Klingsor won that booth thou
erewhile didst see:
When it fell so the brave Anfortas, who this token had sent
to me,
Was of love and of joy forsaken, then I feared lest I shamed
should be;
For Klingsor, such power he wieldeth by the force of his
magic spell,
That maiden or man to his purpose can he force as shall
please him well.
All gallant folk that he seeth, unharmed may they ne'er go
free—
Thus my riches to him I proffered, if so be he sware peace
with me.
And he that should brave the venture, and he that should
win the prize,
To *him* I my love should offer; but if so be that in his eyes
My love were a thing unworthy, the booth should be mine
again.
But now hast thou done my bidding, and it falleth unto us
twain;
And 'twas sworn in the ears of many, for thereby I hoped to
lure
My foe (yet in this I failèd) for the strife he might ne'er
endure.'

'Now courtly and wise is Klingsor; for his honour it pleased
him well
That many a deed of knighthood, at my will, in his land
befell,
By the hand of my valiant servants, with many a thrust and
blow.
All the week, every day as it passes, and the weeks into
years do grow,

My troops in their changing order beset him by night and day,
For at great cost my snares so cunning for Gramoflanz did I lay.
And many have striven with him, yet must him as victor own;
Yet I still for his life am thirsting, and at last shall he be o'erthrown.
And some were too rich for my payment, and but for my love would serve,
Then I bid them for *that* do me service, but reward did they ne'er deserve.'

'And never a man beheld me but his service I swiftly won,
Save *one*, and he bare red armour; to my folk he much ill had done,
For hither he rode from Logrois, and he there did my knights o'erthrow
In such wise that they fell before him, and it pleased me but ill I trow.
And, between Logrois and thy meadow, five knights they followed fair,
And he cast them to earth, and their chargers the boatman from thence must bear.
Then as he my knights had vanquished, I myself did the hero pray
For my love and my land to serve me, but naught would that red knight say,
Save he had a wife who was fairer, and should aye to his heart be dear.
Then wroth was I at his answer, and the name of his wife would hear:
"Wouldst thou know the name of my chosen?—She reigneth at Pelrapär,
And *Parzival* all men call me, and naught for thy love I care,
Other sorrow the Grail doth give me!" Then in anger he rode away;
Now, I prithee, here give me counsel, if evil I did that day,
When I, by heart-sorrow driven, proffered love to that gallant knight?
Should I count my fair fame dishonoured?' Quoth Gawain to that lady bright,
'A gallant knight is he, truly, who thus thy desire hath crossed,
Had he to thy bidding hearkened no fame thou thro' him hadst lost!'

Then Gawain, the courteous hero, and the lady his rein beside,
Gazed lovingly on each other—and so far on their way did ride,
That they drew anear to the castle, where the venture erewhile befell,
And they who looked forth might see them—-'Now, Lady, 'twould please me well
If thou do this thing that I ask thee, from all men my name withhold,
Which the knight who once stole my charger aloud in thine hearing told.
But do this that I say, if any shall pray thee to tell my name,
Say, "I know not the name of my true knight, none spake it when here he came."'
Then she quoth, 'I will keep it secret, since thou wouldst not 'twere spoken here.'
And the knight and the lovely lady they rode to the Burg anear.

Now the knights they had heard of the coming of one who, with valiant hand,
Faced the venture, and slew the lion, and the Turkowit dared withstand,
Yea, and had in fair joust o'erthrown him; and now on the flowery plain,
The meadow of strife, rode the hero, and they looked on the knight Gawain,
From the battlements could they see him; and the forces together draw;
And with ringing blast of trumpet they pass thro' the castle door,
And rich banners on high were tossing, and their steeds o'er the plain they flew,
And he deemed that they came for battle, so swift they towards him drew.
As Gawain from afar might see them to the lady he spake again,
'Do they come here with thought of battle?' But she quoth, 'They are Klingsor's men,
From afar have they seen thy coming, and they ride their new lord to greet,
With joy would they bid thee welcome! Refuse not this honour meet,
Since 'tis gladness that doth constrain them.' There, too, in a vessel fair

Plippalinòt came to meet them, and his daughter with him did bear;
And swift o'er the flowery meadow the maiden towards them stept,
And joyful she hailed the hero for whom she aforetime wept.

Then Gawain gave her courteous greeting, and stirrup and foot she kissed,
And she turned her to Orgelusé, nor the lady her welcome missed.
And she prayed him to 'light from his charger the while that she held the rein,
And then to the ship she led them, the lady and knight Gawain;
And there, in the place of honour, a carpet and cushions lay,
And the Duchess by Gawain sat her, as the maiden the twain did pray.
And her office the maid forgat not, she disarmèd the hero there,
And in sooth it is said that the mantle she did for his robing bear
Which had served him that night for cover, when he did 'neath her rooftree lie,
And now was the hour for its wearing and it wrapped him right royally.
So clad was Gawain in her mantle, and his own robe beneath he wore,
And the harness he laid from off him on one side the maiden bore.

And now as they sat together for the first time the lady fair
Might look on his face and know him—Then unto the twain they bare
Two game-birds that well were roasted, and with them a flask of wine,
And two cakes did the maiden bring them on a cloth that was white and fine—
The birds were the prey of the falcon—but Gawain and his lady bright
Must seek water themselves, if to wash them ere they ate here should seem them right,
And this did the twain; and joyful was the knight that he now might eat
With her, for whose sake he would suffer joy, or sorrow, as seemed her meet.

And oft as the cup she gave him that her sweet lips had
touched, anew
Sprang his joy that he thus drank with her, and his sorrow
behind him drew,
And it halted nor might o'ertake him, and his gladness on
swift foot sped,
So fair was her mouth and so rosy her lips that from grief he
fled.

And no longer his wounds they pained him—Then the
ladies from out the tower
They looked on the feast, and below them there rode in the
self-same hour,
On the further side of the river, brave knights who would
show their skill.
And the boatman alike and his daughter Gawain thanked
with right goodwill,
Ere yet he might ferry them over, and the lady spake with
him there,
For the food and the drink they had brought them—Then
out quoth the lady fair,
'Now what hath that knight befallen, who yestreen, ere I
rode away,
Was o'erthrown in a joust by another? Was he slain, or doth
live alway?'

Quoth the boatman, 'He liveth, Lady, and he spake but this
day with me,
He was given to me for his charger: if thy will be to set him
free,
In his stead will I have the "swallow" that Queen Sekundillé
sent
To Anfortas, be thine the hero, with the harp were I well
content!'

'Both the harp and the other riches that the booth may
within it hold,'
Quoth the lady, 'are his who sits here, he may give them, or
aye withhold,
Let him do as he will! If he love me, Lischois he methinks will
loose,
Nor freedom unto the other, my prince, will he here refuse.
Florand of Itolac is he, of my night-watch was he the chief,
And as he as Turkowit served me, so his sorrow shall be my
grief!'

Quoth Gawain to his lovely lady, 'Ere it weareth to eventide

Thou shalt look on the twain in freedom!' Then they came to the further side,
And the Duchess, so fair to look on, he lifted upon her steed,
And many a noble horseman were waiting them on the mead,
And greeting fair they gave them; and they turned to the Burg again,
And joyful they rode around them and skilful they drew the rein,
And the Buhurd was fair to look on—What more shall I tell ye here?
Gawain, and his lovely lady, at the castle they found good cheer,
In such wise did the ladies greet them at Château Merveil that day,
And good fortune had here befallen that such bliss should be his alway.
Then Arnivé she straightway led him to a chamber, and they who knew
Of such lore his hurts they tended, and they bound up his wounds anew.

Quoth Gawain unto Arnivé, 'Give me, Lady, a messenger!'
Then straightway she sent a maiden, and the maid brought again with her
A footman, both true and manly, as behovèd him well to be.
And an oath did he swear unto Gawain, to serve him right faithfully,
And, were it for joy or for sorrow, his errand to secret hold
From all men, both there and elsewhere, till he came where it might be told.
Then they brought to him ink and parchment, and Gawain, King Lot's fair son,
Wrote clear with his hand the message, and thus did the writing run—
To them who abode in Löver's fair country, King Arthur brave
And his queen, with a faith unstainèd, true service and good he gave;
And he said, had he fame deservèd, and they would not his praise were slain,
They should come to his aid in his trouble, and show to him truth again,
And with following of knights and ladies to Ioflanz their way should wend,

Where he came himself, and his honour would in mortal strife defend.
And further, this thing he told them, the foemen on either side
Had pledged themselves in all honour and pomp to the field to ride;
And therefore he, Gawain, prayed them, both lady alike and knight,
If they bare goodwill towards him, with their king to behold the fight.
For so should it be to their honour. He commended him to them all
Who were of his service worthy, for the strife that should there befall!—

No seal did he put to the letter, yet token enough it bare
Of him who should be the writer. Quoth Gawain to the footman there,
'No longer shalt thou delay thee, the king and the queen abide
In the city of Bems by the Korka; seek the queen in the morning-tide
And the thing she shall bid thee, do thou. But this shalt thou secret hold,
That I in this land am master shall unto no ear be told.
Nor of this thing be thou forgetful, that thou shalt my servant be,
And do thou, without delaying, the errand I give to thee!'

Then the footman from thence he gat him, and Arnivé she softly went,
And she asked of him what was his errand? and whither his road was bent?
And he quoth, 'Nay, I may not tell thee, for an oath have I sworn to-day,
God keep thee, for I must ride hence!' To the army he took his way.

BOOK XIII
KLINGSOR

ARGUMENT

Book XIII. tells of the goodly feast that was holden in Château Merveil, and of the wedding of Gawain and Orgelusé. How Gawain's squire did his bidding; and how King Arthur and Queen Guinevere pledged themselves to ride to Ioflanz to behold the conflict between Gawain and Gramoflanz.

How Gawain fared in Château Merveil; and how Arnivé told him the history of Klingsor, and of his unlawful love.

Of the coming of King Arthur and his host; how they fought before Logrois; and came with great pomp to the plain of Ioflanz.

How Gawain and the dwellers in Château Merveil followed to the plain; of the goodly camp prepared for them; of the wonder of the court and Kay's jealousy; and how the four queens were made known to King Arthur.

BOOK XIII

KLINGSOR

Then wrathful, I ween, was Arnivé that the messenger said her Nay,
Nor told her aught of his errand, nor whither his journey lay.
And in this wise she quoth to the porter, 'Now, whatever the hour may be,
Be it day, be it night, when he cometh, send tidings thereof to me,
In secret would I speak with him; thou art wise, as full well I know!'
Yet wroth was she still with the footman—Then she would to the Duchess go,
And win from her lips the answer, but ready was she of wit,
And the name that he bare, her hero, her mouth spake no word of it.
Gawain he would have her silent, in her hearing his prayer found grace,
And she spake not, nor might Arnivé learn aught of his name and race.

Then the sound as of many trumpets thro' the hall of the palace rang,

And joyful the blasts—Then rich carpets around on each
wall they hang,
And no foot but fell on a carpet would it tread on the palace
floor,
A poor man had surely feared him for the riches that there
he saw.
And many a couch they stood there, around the stately hall,
Soft were they as down, and rich cushions they laid upon
each and all.

But Gawain with his toil was wearied, and he slept tho' the
sun was high,
And his wounds, with such skill they bound them, tho' his
love should beside him lie,
And he in his arms should hold her, he had gotten no hurt I
ween.
And sounder his daylight's slumber than his sleep of the
night had been
When his love had so sorely vexed him; he slept till the
vesper bell,
Yet still in his sleep he battled for the lady he loved so well.
Then rich garments of fair silk fashioned, and heavy with
broidered gold,
Did the chamberlain bear unto him—Then out quoth the
hero bold,
'More robes such as these, and as costly, I ween, shalt thou
hither bear,
For Gowerzein's Duke shall need them, and Florand, the
hero fair,
For in many a land hath he battled, and hath won for him
glory's meed—
Now see that thou make them ready, and do my behest
with speed!'

Then he prayed, by a squire, the boatman send hither the
captive knight,
And Lischois did he send at his bidding by the hand of his
daughter bright.
And the maiden Bené brought him for the love that she
bare Gawain,
And the good that he vowed to her father that morn when
she wept amain,
And the knight he left her weeping, and rode on his
toilsome way—
And the highest prize of his manhood it fell to his lot that
day.

The Turkowit too had come there, and Gawain the twain did greet
In all friendship, and then he prayed them beside him to take their seat
Till their robes should be brought unto them; and costly they needs must be,
For never was fairer raiment than the garb of those heroes three.
For one lived of yore named Sarant, (a city doth bear his name,)
From out of the land of Triande in the days that are gone he came.
In the land of Queen Sekundillé stood a city so great and fair,
(E'en Nineveh or Akraton with its glories might scarce compare,)
And the city, men called it Thasmé; there Sarant won meed of fame,
Since he wove there a silk with cunning, *Saranthasmé* should be its name.
Think ye it was fair to look on? How might it be otherwise,
For much gold must he give for the payment who would win to him such a prize.

Such robes ware these two and Gawain: then they gat them unto the hall,
And on one side the knights they sat them, on the other the ladies all,
And he who a woman's beauty had wisdom to judge aright
Must reckon Gawain's fair lady the first of these ladies bright.
And the host and his guests so gallant they gazed on her radiant glow,
As they stood before Orgelusé; and her knights she again must know,
And her Turkowit, gallant Florand, and Lischois, the young and fair,
Were set free, without let or hindrance, for the love that Gawain must bear
To the lovely lady of Logrois—Then their victor they thanked amain,
Who was dull to all ill, yet had wisdom in all that might true love gain.
As the captives thus free were spoken, Gawain the four queens must see
As they stood by the side of the Duchess, and he spake in his courtesy,

And he bade the two knights go nearer, and with kiss greet
those ladies bright,
The three younger queens, and joyful, I ween, was each
gallant knight.
And there was the maiden Bené, with Gawain had she
sought the hall,
And I think me a joyful welcome she found there from each
and all.

Then the host would no longer stand there, and the twain
did he pray to sit
By the maidens, as best should please them, and it grievèd
them not one whit,
Such counsel it grieveth no man! Then the gallant Gawain
spake,
'Now which of these maids is Itonjé? Beside her my seat I'ld
take!'
Thus in secret he spake to Bené, and she showed him the
maiden fair,
'She, with eyes so clear and shining, and red lips, and dusky
hair!
Wouldst thou speak with the maid in secret? Then thy words
be wise and few:'
Thus quoth Bené the wise in counsel, who Itonjé's love-tale
knew,
And knew that King Gramoflanz loved her, and did service
for her heart's love,
And his faith as a knight unstainèd would fain to the maiden
prove.

Gawain sat him by the maiden, (as I heard so the tale I tell,)
And soft was his speech and gentle, and his words they
beseemed him well.
And tho' few were the years of Itonjé yet great was her
courtesy,
And well did she know how to bear her as a maiden of high
degree.
And this question he asked the maiden, if a lover she aye
had known?
And with wisdom she made him answer, 'To whom might
my love be shown,
For ne'er to a man have I spoken, since the day I first saw
the light,
Save the words which thou now dost hearken as I speak
unto thee, Sir Knight!'

'Yet mayst thou have heard the rumour of one who hath
bravely fought,
And striven for prize of knighthood, and with dauntless
heart hath sought
Fair service for fair rewarding?' In such wise spake the knight
Gawain;
But the maiden she quoth, 'Nay, no hero hath striven *my*
love to gain;
Yon lady, the Duchess of Logrois, hath many a gallant knight
Who serve her for love, or for payment, and hither they
come to fight,
And we of their jousts are witness, yet none shall have come
so nigh
As *thou* hast, Sir Knight, and this conflict thy glory hath
raised on high!'

Then he quoth to the lovely maiden, 'Whose pathway shall
she have crossed
With many a chosen hero? Say, who hath her favour lost?'
'That, Sir Knight, hath the valiant monarch, King Gramoflanz,
he who bore
From aforetime the crown of honour; so men say, and *I*
know no more!'

Quoth Gawain, 'Thou shalt know more of him, since he
draweth the prize anear,
And with steadfast heart doth he seek it; from his lips I this
tale did hear—
Of true heart would he do thee service, if such service shall
be thy will,
And help at thine hand he seeketh that thy love may his
torment still.
It is well that a king face peril, if his lady shall be a queen,
And *thou* art the maid whom he loveth, if King Lot hath thy
father been;
Thou art she for whom his heart weepeth, if thy name shall
Itonjé be,
And sorrow of heart dost thou give him—By my mouth
would he plead with thee.'

'Now if thou be true and faithful of his woe wilt thou make
an end,
And *both* would I serve right gladly—This ring he to thee
doth send,
I prithee to take it, Lady! In sooth do I mean thee well,
And if thou wilt trust unto me no word of the tale I'll tell!'

Then crimson she blushed, the maiden, and e'en as her lips were red
So red grew her cheek, yet the blushes as they came so they swiftly sped.
And she stretched forth her hand so shyly toward the little ring of gold,
For e'en at a glance she knew it, and her hand did the token hold.

Then she spake, 'Now, Sir Knight, I see well, if I freely to thee may speak,
That thou comest from him, whom, desiring, my heart doth for ever seek.
My words shalt thou still hold secret, as courtesy biddeth thee,
This ring have I seen aforetime, for it oft hath been sent to me;
From the hand of the king it cometh, and I know it for token true,
From my hand did he first receive it. What sorrow so e'er he knew,
Of that do I hold me guiltless; what he asked, that in thought I gave,
Had we met I had ne'er withholden the boon he from me did crave.'

'This day have I kissed Orgelusé, who thinketh his death to win,
I ween 'twas the kiss of Judas which all men count to him for sin!
And honour and faith forsook me, when the Turkowit, brave Florand,
And Gowerzein's Duke, fair Lischois, I kissed here at thy command.
From my heart I might not forgive them, for my true love they hate alway—
But speak thou no word to my mother.' Thus the maiden Gawain did pray.

'Sir Knight, it was *thou* didst pray me to take from their lips this kiss,
Tho' no will for forgiveness had I, and my heart sickeneth sore for this!
If joy shall be e'er our portion, our help in thine hand shall be,
And I know well, above all women, the king he desireth me;

And his will shall he have, for I love him o'er all men on earth that live—
God send thee good help and good counsel, that joy thou to us mayst give!'

Quoth Gawain, 'How may that be, Lady? He beareth thee in his heart,
And in thine dost thou ever hold him, and yet are ye twain apart.
If I knew how to give thee counsel that ye twain might in gladness dwell,
Of a sooth no pains would I spare me such rede unto thee to tell.'
Then she quoth, 'Yet in truth shalt thou rule us, myself, and my gallant king,
And naught but thy help and God's blessing our love to its goal may bring,
So that I, poor homeless maiden, his sorrow may put away,
For his joy shall be set upon me! If so be I from truth ne'er stray,
What other can I desire here, or for what shall my true heart yearn,
Save to give him the love he asketh, and his grief unto gladness turn?'

Gawain, he saw well that the maiden would fain to her love belong,
Yet her hatred towards the Duchess as aforetime was fierce and strong;
Thus hatred and love did she bear here, and wrong had he done the maid
Who thus, of a true heart simply, her plaint had before him laid.
Since never a word had he told her how one mother had borne them both,
And King Lot he had been their father—Then he answered her, little loth,
He would do what he might to aid her, and in secret with gracious word
She thanked him who brought her comfort, and her sorrow with kindness heard.

Now the hour it was come, and they brought there for the tables fair linen white,
And bread did they bear to the palace unto many a lady bright,

And there might ye see a severance, for the knights they sat by one wall,
Apart from the maids; and their places Gawain gave to each and all.
And the Turkowit sat beside him, and Lischois ate with Sangivé,
(And that fair queen was Gawain's mother,) and Orgelusé by Arnivé.
And Gawain set his lovely sister by his side at that festal board,
And all did as he bade them gladly, for he was that castle's lord.

My skill not the half doth tell me, no such master-cook am I,
That I know the name of the viands they offered them courteously;
The host, and each one of the ladies, their servers were maidens fair,
To the knights who sat over against them many squires did their portion bear.
For this was the seemly custom, that no squire, in his serving haste,
Brushed roughly against a maiden, but ever apart they paced—
And whether 'twas wine, or 'twas viands, they offered unto the guests,
In naught was their courtesy harmèd, for so did men deem it best.

And a feast they to-day must look on such as no man before had seen,
Since vanquished by Klingsor's magic both lady and knight had been.
Unknown were they yet to each other, tho' one portal it shut them in,
And never a man and a maiden might speech of each other win;
And a good thing Gawain he thought it that this folk should each other meet,
And much he rejoiced in their gladness, and his own lot it seemed him sweet;
Yet ever he looked in secret on his lady and love so fair,
And his heart it waxed hot within him, and love's anguish he needs must bear.

But the day drew near to its closing, and faint waxed the waning light,

And fair thro' the clouds of heaven gleamed the messengers
of the night,
Many stars so bright and golden, who speed on their silent
way
When the night would seek for shelter in the realm of
departing day;
And after her standard-bearers, with her host doth she
swiftly tread—
Now many a fair crown golden in the palace hung high
o'erhead,
And with tapers they all were lighted around the stately hall,
And they bare unto every table a host of tapers tall;
And yet the story telleth that the Duchess she was so fair,
That ne'er was it night in her presence tho' never a torch
were there!
For her glance was so bright and radiant it brought of itself
the day;
And this tale of fair Orgelusé full oft have I heard men say.
He had spoken, methinks, untruly who said that he e'er had
seen
A host so rich and joyous, and joyous his guests, I ween;
And ever with eager gladness each knight and each gentle
maid
Looked well on each other's faces, nor shrank from the
glance afraid.
If friendship they here desirèd, or each other would better
know,
Then naught of their joy would I grudge them, methinks it
were better so!

Tho' I wot well there none was a glutton, yet still had they
ate their fill,
And they bare on one side the tables, and Gawain asked,
with right goodwill,
If here there should be a fiddler? and many a gallant squire
Was skilled on the strings, and gladly would play at the
host's desire,
Yet were they not all too skilful, and the dances were old
alway,
Not new, as in fair Thuringia the dances they know to-day.

Then they thanked their host who, joyful, would give to their
joy its vent,
And many a lovely lady in his presence danced well content,
For goodly their dance to look on, and their ranks, with
many a pair

Of knight and lady, mingled, and grief fled from their faces fair.
And oft 'twixt two gentle maidens might be seen a noble knight,
And they who looked well upon them in their faces might read delight.
And whatever knight bethought him, and would of his lady pray
Reward, if for love he served her, none said to his pleading Nay.
Thus they who were poor in sorrow, and rich in joy's fairest dower,
With sweet words, by sweet lips spoken, made gladsome the passing hour.

Gawain and the Queen Arnivé, and Sangivé, the dance so fleet
Would look on in peace, for they danced not; then the Duchess she took her seat
By the side of Gawain, and her white hand he held in his own a while,
And they spake of this thing and the other, with many a glance and smile;
He rejoiced that she thus had sought him, and his grief it waxed small and faint,
And his joy it grew strong and mighty, nor vexed him with sorrow's plaint.
And great was the joy of the lady o'er the dance, and the merry feast,
Yet less was the sorrow of Gawain, and his joy o'er her joy increased.

Then spake the old Queen Arnivé, 'Sir Knight, now methinks 'twere best
That thou get thee to bed, for sorely, I ween, shall thy wounds need rest
Has the Duchess perchance bethought her to care for thy couch this night,
And tend thee herself, with such counsel and deed as shall seem her right?'
Quoth Gawain, 'That thyself mayst ask her; I will do as shall please ye twain!'
Then the Duchess she spake in answer, 'He shall in my charge remain.
Let this folk to their couch betake them, I will tend in such sort his rest
That never a loving lady dealt better by gallant guest;

And the other twain, my princes, in the care of the knights shall be,
Florand, and the Duke of Gowerzein, for so seemeth it good to me.'

In short space the dance was ended, and the maidens in beauty bright
Sat here and there, and between them sat many a gallant knight;
And joy took her revenge on sorrow, and he who so sweetly spake
Words of love, from his gentle lady must a gracious answer take.
Then the host must they hear, as he bade them the cup to the hall to bear,
And the wooers bemoaned his bidding; yet the host he wooed with them here,
And he bare of his love the burden, and the sitting he deemed too long,
For his heart by love's power was tortured with anguish so fierce and strong.
And they drank the night-drink, and sadly to each other they bade goodnight,
And the squires they must bear before them full many a taper bright.
And the two gallant guests did Gawain commend to them each and all,
And glad were the knights, and the heroes they led forth from out the hall.
And the Duchess, with gracious kindness, wished fair rest to the princes twain,
And then to their sleeping chambers forth wended the maiden train,
And as their fair breeding bade them, at the parting they curtseyed low:
Queen Sangivé and her fair daughters they too to their rest would go.

Then Bené, the maid, and Arnivé, they wrought with a willing hand
That the host he might sleep in comfort, nor the Duchess aside did stand,
But she aided the twain, and Gawain was led of the helpers three
To a chamber fair where his slumber that even should joyful be.

Two couches alone did he see there, but no man to me hath told
Of their decking, for other matters, I ween, doth this story hold.

Quoth Arnivé unto the Duchess, 'Now, Lady, think thou how best
This knight whom thou broughtest hither, shall beneath this roof-tree rest,
If aid at thine hand he craveth, to grant it shall honour thee;
No more would I say, save this only, his wounds they shall bandaged be
With such skill he might bear his armour—But if he bemoan his grief
Then methinks it were good and fitting that thou bring to his woe relief.
If thou wakest anew his courage, then we all in his gladness share—
Now think thou no ill of my counsel, but have for thy knight good care!'
Then the Queen Arnivé left them, (yet leave had she craved before,)
And Bené she bare the taper, and Gawain he made fast the door.

If the twain to their love gave hearing? The tale how should I withhold,
I would speak, were it not unseemly that love's secrets aloud be told,
For courtesy doth forbid it; and he who would tell the tale
Worketh ill to himself, o'er love's dealings true hands ever draw the veil.

Now betwixt his love and his lady had the joy of Gawain waxed small,
An the Duchess would have no pity, then healing might ne'er befall.
They who sat in the seat of the wise men, and knew many a mystic word,
Kancor, and Thèbit, and Trebuchet, the smith who Frimutel's sword
Once wrought, ('twas a wondrous weapon, and men of its marvels tell)—
Nay, all the skill of physicians, tho' they meant to the hero well
And plied him with roots well mingled—Had a *woman* ne'er sought his side,

Then vain were their skill, in his torment methinks had he surely died!

Fain would I make short the story, he the rightful root had found
That helped him unto his healing, and the chain of his grief unbound,
And brought light in the midst of his darkness—(Breton by his mother's side
Was Gawain, and King Lot his father) thus the healing task he plied,
And sweet balsam for bitter sorrow was his lot till the dawn of day.
Yet that which had wrought him comfort it was hid from the folk alway,
But all there, both knights and ladies, they beheld him so gay and glad
That their sorrow was put far from them and their heart was no longer sad.
Now list how he did the message whom Gawain he had sent afar,
Yea unto the land of Löver, unto Bems by the fair Korka,
For there he abode, King Arthur, and his lady, the gracious queen,
With fair maids and a host of vassals; this the lot of the squire had been.

'Twas yet in the early morning, when his message he fain had brought,
And the queen, in the chapel kneeling, on the page of her psalter thought;
Then the squire bent his knee before her, and he gave her a token fair,
For she took from his hand a letter, and the cover must writing bear
That was writ by a hand she knew well, ere yet she the name might know,
From the squire, of him who had sent him, as she looked on him kneeling low.
Then the queen she spake to the letter, 'Now blessed that hand shall be
That wrote thee; for care was my portion since the day that mine eyes might see
The hand that hath writ this writing'—She wept, yet for joy was fain,
And she quoth to the squire, 'Of a surety thy master shall be Gawain!'

'Yea, Lady, he truly offers true service as aye of yore,
With never a thought of wavering, yet his joy it shall suffer sore,
If so be thou wilt not upraise it; and never it stood so ill
With his honour as now it standeth—And more would he tell thee still,
In joy shall he live henceforward if comfort he gain from thee;
And I wot that yet more shall be written than what thou hast heard from me.'

Then she quoth, 'I have truly read there the cause that hath brought thee here,
And service I think to do him with many a woman dear,
Who to-day shall I ween be reckoned to have won to them beauty's prize—
Save Parzival's wife and another, Orgelusé, in all men's eyes,
Thro' Christendom none shall be fairer—Since far from King Arthur's court
Gawain rode, sore grief and sorrow have made of my life their sport.
And Meljanz de Lys hath told me he saw him in Barbigöl—
Alas!' quoth the queen, 'that ever mine eyes saw thee, Plimizöl!
What sorrow did there befall me! Since that day might I never greet
Kunnewaare of Lalande, she hath left me, my friend and companion sweet.
And the right of the good Round Table was broken by words of scorn,
And four years and a half and six weeks have left us, I ween, forlorn,
Since the Grail Parzival rode seeking; and after him rode Gawain
To Askalon—Nor Jeschuté nor Hekuba come again
Since the day that they parted from me, and grief for my friends so true
Hath driven my peace far from me, nor joy since that day I knew!'
And the queen spake much of her sorrow: then the squire would her counsel know,
'Now do thou in this my bidding, in secret thou hence shalt go,
And wait till the sun be higher, and the folk all at court shall be,
Knights, servants, and gentle ladies, and vassals of all degree;

And then to the court ride swiftly, nor think who shall hold thy steed,
But spring from its back, and hasten where the king shall thy coming heed.
They will ask of thee news of venture, but thou, do thou act and speak
As one who from peril flieth, whom the flames would devouring seek,
And they may not prevail to hold thee, nor win from thy lips the tale,
But press thou thro' them to the monarch, and to greet thee he will not fail.
Then give to his hand the letter, and swiftly from it he'll read
Thy tale, and thy lord's desiring; I doubt not the prayer he'll heed!'

'And this will I further rede thee, make thou thy request to me
Where I sit, and, amid my ladies, thy dealings may hear and see;
And beseech us, as well thou knowest, for thy lord wouldst thou hearing gain.
But say, for as yet I know not, where abideth the knight Gawain?'
'Nay,' quoth the squire, 'I may not, ask not where my lord doth dwell,
But think, an thou wilt, that good fortune is his, and he fareth well!'
Then glad was the squire of her counsel, and he took from the queen his way
In such wise as ye here have hearkened, and he came, e'en as she did say.

For e'en at the hour of noontide, not in secret but openly
He came to the court, and the courtiers his garments eyed curiously,
And they thought that they well beseemed him, and were such as a squire should wear,
And his horse on each flank was wounded, where the spurs they had smitten fair.
And, e'en as the queen had taught him, he sprang straightway unto the ground,
And a crowd of eager courtiers pressed, thronging, his steed around.
Mantle, sword, and spurs, e'en his charger might be lost, he would little care

But he gat thro' the crowd to the heroes, and the knights they besought him there,
Brought he news of some gallant venture? For the custom was aye of yore,
That they ate not, nor man nor maiden, save unto the court they bore
The news of some deed of knighthood, and the court might claim its right,
If so be 'twas a worthy venture, and one that beseemed a knight.
Quoth the squire, 'Nay, I naught may tell ye, for my haste doth not brook delay,
Of your courtesy then forgive me, and lead to the king the way,
For 'tis meet that I first speak with him, and mine haste it doth work me ill;
But my tale shall ye hear, and God teach ye to aid me with right goodwill!'

And so did his message urge him he thought not on the thronging crowd,
Till the eyes of the king beheld him, and greeting he spake aloud.
Then he gave to his hand the letter that bade to King Arthur's heart,
As he read it, two guests, joy and sorrow, alike there the twain had part
And he spake, 'Hail! the fair day's dawning, by whose light I have read this word,
And of thee, O son of my sister, true tidings at last have heard!
If in manhood I may but serve thee as kinsman and friend, if faith
Ever ruled my heart, 'twill be open to the word that Sir Gawain saith!'

Then he spake to the squire, 'Now tell me if Sir Gawain be glad at heart?'
'Yea, sire, at thy will, with the joyful I ween shall he have his part,'
(And thus quoth the squire in his wisdom,) 'yet his honour he sure shall lose,
And no man fresh joy may give him, if thine aid thou shalt here refuse.
At thy succour his gladness waxeth, and from out of dark sorrow's door

Shall grief from his heart be banished, if thou hearken his need so sore.
As of yore doth he offer service to the queen, and it is his will
That the knights of the good Round Table as their comrade account him still,
And think on their faith, nor let him be 'spoiled of his honour's meed,
But pray thee his cry to hearken, and make to his aid good speed!'

Quoth King Arthur, 'Dear friend and comrade, bear this letter unto the queen,
Let her read therein, and tell us why our portion hath twofold been,
And at one while we joy and we sorrow. How King Gramoflanz is fain
In the pride of his heart, and his malice, to work ill to my knight, Gawain;
He thinketh for sure that my nephew shall be Eidegast, whom he slew,
Thence grief hath he won; deeper sorrow I'ld teach him, and customs new!'

Then the squire he would pass where a welcome so kindly he did receive,
And he gave to the queen the letter, and many an eye must grieve,
And with crystal tears run over, as with sweet lips she read so clear
The words that within were written, and the need of Gawain they hear,
And his prayer did she read before them; nor long would the squire delay
With skill to entreat the ladies, and aid at their hand to pray.

King Arthur, Sir Gawain's uncle, he wrought with a hearty will
That his vassals might take the journey: nor did she abide her still,
Guinevere, the wise and the courteous, for she prayed them make no delay,
Her ladies, but bravely deck them, and get on their stately way.
Quoth Kay aloud in his anger, 'If ever I dared believe
That so gallant a man as Gawain of Norway on earth should live

I would cry to him, "Come thou nearer!" Fetch him swift, else he swift will go,
As a squirrel away he flasheth, and is lost ere his place ye know!'

To the queen quoth the squire, 'Now, Lady, my lord must I swiftly seek,
His cause do I leave to thine honour!' To her chamberlain did she speak,
'See thou that this squire doth rest well, and look well unto his steed,
Is it hewn with spurs, find another, the best that shall serve his need.
And what else beside shall fail him, for his dress, or lest pledge he lose,
Make ready as he shall ask thee, and naught unto him refuse!'
And she quoth, 'Thou shalt say unto Gawain, I am ever to serve him fain,
Thy leave from the king will I care for, he greeteth thy lord again!'

Thus the king he was fain for the journey; and the feast it might now be served,
Since the right of the good Round Table by this venture was well observed;
And joy in their hearts awakened, since this gallant knight Gawain
Should be yet in life, and true tidings they might of his welfare gain.
And the knights of that noble order, that even were glad at heart,
And there sat the king, and those others who had in the ring their part,
And they sat and they ate with their monarch who fame by their strife had won,
And the news of this gallant venture wrought joy to them every one.

Now the squire might betake him homewards, since his errand so well had sped,
He gat forth at the early dawning, ere the sun should be high o'erhead,
And the queen's chamberlain he gave him a charger, and robes beside,
And gold lest his pledge be forfeit, and glad on his way he hied,

For had he not won from King Arthur what should end his lord's sorrow sore?
And I know not the days of his journey, but in safety he came once more
To Château Merveil; then joyful was Arnivé, for as she bade
The porter bare news of his coming, how his steed he no whit had stayed,
But swiftly had done his errand. Then in secret she made her way
To where by the castle drawbridge the squire did his charger stay,
And she asked him much of his journey, and why he in haste must ride?
Quoth the squire, ''Tis forbidden, Lady! my errand I needs must hide,
An oath have I sworn of silence, and my lord he might well be wroth
If to thee I should tell the tidings, for so should I break mine oath,
And a fool would he surely hold me! Ask himself what thou fain wouldst learn!'
Yet she strove still with many a question from his purpose the squire to turn,
Then weary was he of her pleading, and in anger this word he spake,
'Without cause dost thou here delay me, for I think not mine oath to break!'

So he went where he found his master, and the Turkowit brave Florand,
And Lischois, and the lady of Logrois, many ladies did with them stand,
And the squire made his way to his master, and up stood the knight Gawain,
And he took him aside, and welcome he bade him in joyful strain,
'Now tell unto me, my comrade, the tidings thou here hast brought,
If thy news be for joy or for sorrow, what speak they of me at court?'

'And say, didst thou find King Arthur?' quoth the squire, 'My master, yea,
The king, and the queen, and with them many brave knights I saw alway,
And they offer to thee their service, and they will at thy bidding come,

And they heard in such sort thy message, with such gladness, that every one,
Rich and poor, as one man were joyful when I spake, thou wert safe and well.
And the folk there were sure a marvel! Their number I may not tell!
And the Table Round, by thy message, was spread for the feast I ween;
And if knight e'er won fame by his valour, then I wot that thy fame hath been
Far greater than all who hearkened to the words that I spake of thee,
And it beareth the crown o'er all others, tho' mighty their fame shall be!'

Then he told him all that befell there, how he spake with the gracious queen,
And the counsel she gave unto him; and how he the folk had seen,
Those brave knights and gentle ladies; how Gawain should behold their face
At Ioflanz, before the combat, and the end of his day of grace.
And the sorrow of Gawain vanished, yet his joy in his heart he'ld hide,
Tho' from grief did he pass to gladness; yet the squire must his oath abide
And yet for a space keep silence—Forgotten was all his care,
And thither he went, and he sat him again by his lady fair,
And with joy he abode in the castle till King Arthur to his relief
Might come with his host—Now hearken to a story of love and grief:

Gawain he was ever joyful; one morn did it so befall
That many a knight and lady were seen in that stately hall,
And Gawain sat apart in a window, and looked o'er the stream so wide,
And with many a tale of wonder sat Arnivé the knight beside.

To the queen spake the gallant hero, 'Ah! hearken, my Lady dear,
If my questions they shall not vex thee, do thou to my words give ear
And tell me the wondrous story, which as yet shall be hid from me—

That I live, and my life is joyful, I owe it to none but thee;
Tho' my heart had the wit of manhood, yet the Duchess she held it fast,
But thou in such wise hast helped me that my sorrow is overpast;
Of my love, and my wounds had I died here, but with wisdom thy helpful hand
Thou didst stretch to my aid, and hast loosed me for aye from my sorrow's band.
I owe thee my life! My Lady of healing, now tell to me
The wonder that was, and the marvel that yet in this place shall be.
Say, wherefore by mighty magic hath Klingsor this palace made?
For surely my life had I lost here had thy wisdom not been mine aid!'

Then out quoth the wise Arnivé, (and ne'er with such goodly fame
Of womanly faith and wisdom fair youth unto old age came,)
'Sir Knight, these are but small marvels to the marvels his cunning hand,
And his skill in hidden magic, have wrought in full many a land.
He who counteth it shame unto us that into his power we fell,
He sinneth for sure! His doings, Sir Knight, I to thee will tell.
Many folk, I ween, hath he troubled, his land is Terre de Labûr:
From a wondrous race he springeth, whose marvels they aye endure,
For Virgil was his forefather, in Naples his spells he wrought:
And in this wise his nephew Klingsor was to shame and to sorrow brought;'

'And the chief of his towns was Capua—such high fame was his, I ween,
That never in praise or in honour methinks had he shamèd been,
And all folk they spake of Duke Klingsor, and praised him, both man and maid,
Till in this wise he won dishonour, and his glory to earth was laid.
In Sicily reigned a monarch, King Ibert, his life was blest
With a fair wife, Iblis, none fairer e'er hung on a mother's breast,

And Klingsor would do her service, till her love should be his reward,
And in shame did he win his guerdon from the hand of her rightful lord.'

'If here I must tell his secret, forgiveness I first must pray,
For methinks it shall be a story that scarce fitteth my lips to say;
With a stroke was he made magician, with the self-same stroke unmanned'—
Then loudly he laughed, Sir Gawain, as the tale he must understand.

'In Kalot Enbolot's castle he won him this lasting shame,
(I trow 'tis a mighty fortress, and far lands shall know its fame,)
With his wife did the monarch find him, there lay Klingsor within her arm,
And sorely must he repent him of his slumber so soft and warm,
For the hand of the king avenged him in such wise as he deemed his right;
And he left with his knife such token of shame on the traitor knight
That henceforward the love of woman it rejoiceth him never more!
And I wot well for his dishonour many folk shall have suffered sore.'

'('Tis not in the land of Persia) in a city called Persida
Were magic spells first woven; it stands in a land afar,
And thither did Klingsor journey, and there did he learn such skill,
That with secrets of magic cunning he worketh whate'er he will.
For the ill that was wrought his body he beareth goodwill to none,
But rejoiceth to work them evil, the more if they fame have won.'

'E'en such peril beset one monarch—Irôt was, I ween, his name,
And Rosch-Sabbins was his kingdom—At length to such pass he came,
That he bade him to take of that country what he would, so he peace would keep;

Then Klingsor he took of the monarch this mountain so high and steep,
And the land for eight miles around it; on the summit did Klingsor rear
The wonder-work thou seest, and this palace we look on here.
And there faileth nor worldly riches, nor marvel of magic skill,
If for thirty years one besieged it, methinks 'twere provisioned still.
And power doth he hold o'er all spirits, 'twixt the earth and the heaven above,
Both evil and good, save those only whom God doth from his power remove.'

'Sir Knight, since thy deadly peril thou hast passed, nor thy death hast found,
He gives to thine hand his kingdom, this Burg, and the lands around,
No claim doth he make upon it; and peace doth he promise thee—
This he sware in the ears of his people, and a man of his word is he,
That the knight who withstood the venture, this gift should be his for aye.
And all who from Christendom's countries 'neath the spell of his magic lay,
Be they woman, or man, or maiden, are thy vassals both one and all,
And many from lands of paynim with us 'neath his power must fall.
Let this folk then now get them homewards, where yet for our loss they mourn,
For to dwell in the land of the stranger, it maketh my heart forlorn
And He, who the stars hath counted, may He teach thee to give us aid,
And turn once again to rejoicing those hearts that are sore afraid!'

'A child was born of a mother, who its mother's mother shall be;
For the ice it came of the water; when the sunlight shineth free,
Then nothing I ween shall hinder that water from ice be born—

Of my glad youth I often think me, tho' now I must weep forlorn,
If my lot shall once more be joyful then the child from the child shall spring.
And thou, art thou wise and courteous, methinks well mayst work this thing!'

''Tis long since all joy forsook me! The skiff 'neath its sail flies fast,
But the man who doth sail within it hath swifter his voyage o'erpast.
If thou readest aright my riddle thy fame shall wax high and fleet,
For our joy canst thou make to blossom, and our song to ring clear and sweet.
And, bringers of joy, shall we journey into many a distant land,
Where the folk weep sore for our losing, and shall greet us with outstretched hand!'

'Of joy had I once full measure: a crownèd queen was I!
And my daughter amid her princes bare a crown too right royally,
And all men they deemed us worthy—Sir Knight, I wrought ill to none,
But alike, both man and maiden, from my hand due guerdon won.
And all men they knew, and they owned me one fit o'er the folk to reign,
For I, so God gave me wisdom, ne'er brought to another pain.
Yet she who in gladness dwelleth, tho' a fair praise she think to earn,
And the prayer of the poor she hearken, yet her joy to such grief may turn
That a poor lad may make her joyful—Sir Knight, here o'erlong I stay,
Yet there cometh no man who doth know me, and turneth my care away!'

Then out quoth the gallant hero, 'Lady, if life be mine,
Then gladness shall be thy portion, nor shalt thou in exile pine!'
Now this self-same day brought the coming of Arthur the Breton king,
The son of the sad Arnivé, whom kinship and faith did bring;
And many a fair new banner Gawain from the castle saw,

And the field it was thick with the horsemen who near at his summons draw.
On the road that wound hence from Logrois came many a blazoned spear,
And Gawain, he was glad at their coming; for delay it oft teacheth fear,
Who waiteth o'erlong for succour, he doubteth 'twill come too late!
From such doubt had King Arthur freed him! Ah me! how he rode in state!

Gawain, he would hold it secret, yet his eyes they were fain to weep,
Little good had they been for cisterns, since the water they failed to keep.
And for love must he weep, for Arthur such love had toward him shown,
He had cherished him from his childhood, and had dealt with him as his own;
And the twain they had never wavered, but their faith to each other kept,
And nor falsehood nor thought of doubting betwixt their two hearts had crept.

But Arnivé was 'ware of his weeping, and quoth, 'Now shalt thou begin
To joy with the shout of rejoicing, thus comfort we all shall win.
'Gainst sorrow shouldst thou defend thee—See the host that now draweth nigh,
Methinks 'tis the Duchess' army, with their coming shall joy wax high.'
Now many a tent and banner they saw wind across the plain,
But *one* shield did they bear before them, and Arnivé beheld again,
And she knew, as of yore, the blazon, and Isayé she called the name
Of the knight, he should be king's marshal, and Uther Pendragon came!
But the shield it was borne by another, graceful of limb and tall,
And she said, 'He shall be *queen's* marshal, and *Maurin* his name they call.'
But little she knew, Arnivé, that dead were both king and knight,

And Maurin, he held the office that afore was his father's right.
To the bank in the meadow of conflict rode the host—They who served the queen
Found a resting-place for the ladies, and a fair camp it was I ween.
By the side of a swift, clear streamlet they set up the tents so fair,
And, apart, many goodly circles for the king and his knights prepare.
And methinks they had left behind them, wherever the host must ride,
A mighty track of hoof-prints on the field and the roadways wide!

Gawain, by the mouth of Bené, his host Plippalinòt prayed
To hold vessel and boat in safe keeping that no crossing that day be made.
And the maid from the hand of Gawain took the first gift of his rich store,
'Twas a swallow, the harp was costly, such as harpers in England bore.

Then joyful, she sought her father, and Gawain, he gave command
To shut fast the outer portals, since a host at the gate did stand;
And old and young they listed the word that he courteous spake:
'On the further side of the river an army its camp doth make,
And never, by land or by water, a mightier host I saw,
Would they fight, then I pray ye help me my knighthood to prove once more!'

With one voice did they make the promise—Then they asked of the Duchess fair,
If the host should be hers? But she answered, 'Believe me, of all men there
I know neither shield nor bearer; perchance he who wrought me ill
Hath entered my land, and thought him to bow Logrois unto his will.
He hath found it right well defended! My people might well defy,
From their tower and their battlements lofty, e'en such army as here doth lie!

Hath he wrought there fresh deeds of knighthood, then
King Gramoflanz sure hath thought
To revenge himself for the garland that my knight from his
tree hath brought.
But whoever they be, I know well, they shall many a joust
have seen,
And many a spear at Logrois by mine army hath splintered
been.'

And never a lie had she spoken—For Arthur must peril face
As he rode thro' the land of Logrois; and many of Breton
race
In knightly joust had fallen—But Arthur their ill repaid
In the self-same coin, and on both sides sore stress on the
host was laid.

Battle-weary, so came they hither of whom one full oft must
hear
That they sold their lives full dearly, and did never a foeman
fear.
And either side had suffered, both Garel and Gaherjet,
King Meljanz of Lys, and Iofreit, son of Idol, in durance set
Ere even the end of the Tourney—From Logrois they captive
bare
The Duke of Vermandois, Friam, and Count Richard, he of
Nevers,
Who naught but one spear had needed ere he against
whom he rode
Had fallen 'neath his stroke so mighty, and no man his joust
abode.
With his own hand King Arthur made him his captive, this
gallant knight;
Then, dauntless, they spurred them onward, and the armies
they met in fight,
And a forest, methinks, it cost them! For no man the jousts
might know
That were ridden, a rain of splinters fell thick at each mighty
blow;
And the Bretons, they bore them bravely 'gainst the Lady of
Logrois' host,
And Arthur himself the rear-guard would keep at sore
conflict's cost.
And in this wise they fought and they vexed them through
the hours of the livelong day,
Till the greater part of the army outwearied with conflict lay.

And well might Gawain have told her, the Duchess, that to his aid
They had ridden her land, then, I wot well, no strife had their way delayed,
But he would that no lips should tell her till her own eye the truth had seen—
Then he dealt as should well befit him had King Arthur his foeman been,
And made ready to march against him with rich tents and warlike gear.
And no man of them all repented that he came as a stranger here,
For with open hand Sir Gawain his gifts upon all did shower
In such wise that ye might have deemed well he drew nigh to his dying hour.
And servant, and knight, and lady, they looked on his gifts so fair,
And all, with one mouth, they praised him who brought help in their sore
despair;

And all, for his sake, were joyful—Then the hero he bade prepare
Strong chargers, and well-trained palfreys, such as well might a lady bear.
Nor the knights should be lacking armour—Strong squires in coat of mail
Were ready to do his bidding, nor should one of their number fail.
And in this wise he gave his orders, four knights he aside did take:
His chamberlain one; and another, cup-bearer he fain would make;
The third he would make his steward; and his marshal the fourth should be,
For this was his prayer, and the four knights said 'Yea' to him willingly.

At peace lay King Arthur's army, and no greeting did Gawain send,
Yet I wot well it sorely grieved him! With the morning the host did wend,
With the blast of many a trumpet, their way unto Ioflanz' plain,
And the rear-guard was armed, yet no foeman did they find in their path again.

Then Gawain took his office-bearers, and in this wise to them he spake,
The marshal, he bade him straightway to Ioflanz his way to take,
'There a camp of my own prepare me—The host that thou here didst see
Shall unto that plain have ridden, and its lord will I name to thee,
For 'tis well that thou too shouldst know him, he is Arthur, my kinsman true,
In whose court and whose care from my childhood I unto my manhood grew.
Now do this thing in which I trust thee, rule my journey in such a wise,
With such riches and pomp, that my coming be stately in all men's eyes;
But within the walls of this castle no word of the truth be told—
That the king for my sake cometh hither, this must thou for secret hold!'

So did they as Gawain bade them, and Plippalinòt he found
Little space had he now for leisure, since his lord was on journey bound.
For large and small his vessels, both boat and skiff, must fare
O'er the water, and troops well armèd, ahorse and afoot they bare.
And the marshal the squires and footmen on the track of the Bretons led,
And hither and thither riding behind them the army sped.

And they bare with them, so 'twas told me, the tent that in days of yore
Fair Iblis had sent to Klingsor, as pledge of the love she bore.
By the sending of this love-token their secret to men was told,
And the favour they bare each other in the days that have waxen old.
And no cost had they spared who had wrought it, and no better was ever seen
Save the tent of Eisenhart only—Then apart on the grass so green
They set up the tent, and around it many others in goodly ring,

And so great was the pomp and the riches that men
deemed it a wondrous thing.

And they spake before King Arthur that the marshal of
Gawain came,
And his lord the same day would follow, and encamp him
upon the plain.
'Twas the talk of all the vassals—Then Gawain, from
falsehood free,
Rode forth from his home and there followed a goodly
company.
And their train was so richly ordered that marvels I here
might tell!
With church gear and chamber hangings the pack-steeds
were burdened well;
And some were with harness laden, and above the harness
bare
Full many a crested helmet, and shield that was blazoned
fair.
And many a gallant war-horse was led by the bridle rein,
And behind them both knight and lady rode close in the
glittering train.
Would ye measure the length? a mile long, methinks, had it
stretched, and more,
And Sir Gawain, I ween, forgat not that a gallant knight
should draw
His rein by the side of each lady, and ever of love they
spake,
Or one scant of wit had deemed them! And in this wise the
road they take,
The Turkowit, brave Florand, for companion upon his way
Had the daughter of Queen Arnivé, Sangivé of Norroway,
And Lischois, who was ne'er unready, he rode at sweet
Kondrie's side,
And by Gawain the maid Itonjé, his sister, perforce must
ride.
At the same time the Queen Arnivé and the Duchess of fair
Logrois
Rode gaily the one by the other, for in such wise they made
their choice.

Beyond the camp of King Arthur the tents of Gawain they
lay,
And they who were fain to reach them thro' the army must
take their way.
'Twas a sight for all men to gaze at! Ere the folk to their
journey's end

Might come, of a courteous custom, to do honour unto his friend,
Gawain by the tent of Arthur bade the first maiden take her stand,
Then the marshal so did his office that the second, to her right hand,
And the third beside the second, should unto each other ride,
And none of them all delayed them—So made they a circle wide,
Here the matrons, and there the maidens, and by each of them rode a knight
Who would fain do the lady service, and would for her favours fight.
And thus round the tent of the monarch stood the ladies, a goodly ring,
And to Gawain, the rich in gladness, fair welcome would Arthur bring.

To the ground sprang Gawain and Arnivé, and her daughters with children twain,
The Lady of Logrois, and the heroes he o'erthrew on the grassy plain,
Lischois and the gallant Florand; then unto those heroes brave
Stepped Arthur from his pavilion, and a kindly welcome gave;
And the queen, she greeted Gawain, and she welcomed him and his
Of true heart, and from many a lady, I ween, was there many a kiss!

Quoth Arthur unto his nephew, 'Say, who shall thy comrades be?'
Quoth Gawain, 'A kiss of greeting from my lady I fain would see,
'Twere ill an she should refuse it, for noble are both I ween.'
Then Florand and the Duke of Gowerzein were kissed by the gracious queen.

Then into the tent they gat them, and to many the fair field wide
Was as if it were full of maidens, so close stood they, side by side.
Then not as the heavy-footed sprang Arthur upon his steed,
And he turned to the knights and the ladies in the ring with a kindly heed,

And he rode from one to the other, and gracious the words he spake,
From the lips of the king so kindly each one must his welcome take.
For this was the will of Gawain that no man from hence should ride
Till he himself rode with them, but courteous his coming bide.

Then the king would dismount, and straightway he entered the tent again,
And he sat him beside his nephew, and straitly he prayed Gawain
To say who were these five ladies, whom hither the knight did bring.
Then Gawain he looked on the eldest and he spake to the Breton king,
'Didst thou know Uther Pendragon? 'Tis Arnivé, his queen and wife,
And well mayst thou look upon her, from the twain didst thou draw thy life.
And there standeth the Queen of Norway, and *I* am the son she bare,
And these twain they shall be my sisters; say, are they not maidens fair?'

Ah! then once again they kissed them, and sorrow and joy were seen
Of all those who looked upon them, from Love this their lot had been;
And they laughed, and they cried together, and their lips spake of joy and woe,
And I ween that with tears of gladness their bright eyes must overflow.
Then Arthur he spake to Gawain, 'Nephew, unknown to me
Is the fifth of these lovely ladies, I prithee who may she be?'

'The Duchess, is she, of Logrois,' quoth Gawain in his courtesy,
'In her service have I come hither, and, so it was told to me,
Thou thyself hast sought her dwelling, and how it rejoiced thee there,
Thou canst without shame declare us, as a widower dost thou fare.'
Quoth Arthur, 'She doth, as her captive, thy kinsman Gaherjet hold,

And Garel, who in many a conflict hath shown h'm a hero bold;
From my very side was he taken, one charge had we made so nigh
That almost we gained the portal, when lo! from the gate did fly
Meljanz of Lys! How he battled! On high flew a banner white
And the host who fought beneath it took captive my gallant knight.
And the banner it bare a blazon of crimson, a bleeding heart,
And right through the midst was it pierced by the shaft of a sable dart,
As one who to death is smitten—'Lirivoin' was the battle-cry
Of the army who fought beneath it, and their hand did the victory buy.
My nephew, Iofreit, was taken, and grief for his sake I know —
Yestreen did I keep the rear-guard, and the chance it hath worked me woe!'

Sore mourned the king for his sorrow—quoth the Duchess, with courteous mien,
'Sire, I speak thee free of all shaming, I had greeted thee not, I ween.
Thou mayst well have wrought me evil, tho' no wrong had I done to thee,
And I would that God's wisdom teach thee that harm to make good to me.
The knight to whose aid thou camest, if combat with me he dared,
Hath found me, methinks, defenceless, with side to the foeman bared.
If yet for such strife he lusteth, nor of conflict hath had his fill,
With never a sword or a weapon I think to withstand him still.'
Then Gawain, he quoth to King Arthur, 'Wilt thou that we fill the plain
With knights? For we well can do so—I think me such grace to gain
From the Duchess that all the captives from thine host she will swiftly free,
And, many a new spear bearing, her knighthood we here may see.'
'Yea, such were my will,' quoth Arthur; then the Duchess she gave command,

And many a gallant hero she summoned from Logrois' land
—
And I wot well a host so goodly the earth ne'er had seen
before—
Then Gawain, he prayed leave of the monarch, he would to
his tent withdraw,
And the king's will was e'en as Gawain's, and all they who
hither rode
With the knight, they turned their bridles, and with him in
his camp abode.
And his tent was so rich and so goodly, as befitted a gallant
knight,
That afar from its costly trappings had poverty taken flight.

And there rode unto his pavilion full many whose hearts
were sore
For the weary days since he left them, and the love they to
Gawain bore.
And the wounds of Kay had been healèd since he jousted
by Plimizöl,
And he looked on the wealth of Gawain, and with envy his
heart was full,
And he quoth, 'Now, King Lot, his father, my monarch's near
of kin,
Ne'er thought with such pomp to shame us, nor a camp of
his own would win.'
(For ever did he bethink him how Gawain would no
vengeance take
On the knight who so sorely smote him, when his right arm
in joust he brake,)
'God worketh for *some* His wonders,—Who gave Gawain
this woman folk?'
And the words they were scarce a friend's words that Kay in
his anger spoke.

Of the honour his friend hath won him the true knight is
ever glad,
But the faithless, aloud he crieth, and his heart ever waxeth
sad
When the heart of his friend rejoiceth, and he needs must
his gladness see.
Bliss and honour had fallen to Gawain; and, if one would
more favoured be,
I know not what thing he may wish for! Thus ever the evil
mind
Is with envy filled, while the brave man his comfort and joy
doth find

When honour shall seek his comrade, and shame from his face doth flee—
Gawain ne'er forgat his knighthood, and from falsehood was ever free;
And thus it was right and fitting that men on his bliss should gaze,
And gladness and fair rejoicing henceforward should crown his days.
In what wise for the folk that followed did the knight of Norway care,
Alike for his knights and ladies? Not ill was, methinks, their fare.
And Arthur and all his people they looked on King Lot's fair son,
And I trow well they greatly marvelled at the riches his hand had won.
Now the evening meal was ended, and 'twas time for the folk to sleep,
And little I grudge their slumber! A guard thro' the night they keep,
And lo! at the early morning, ere the dawning had waxed to-day,
Came a folk in goodly armour, and the men of Logrois were they.
And they read their helmet's token by the light of the waning moon,
On this side lay the host of Arthur, and his camp had they passed full soon,
And they came to the goodly circle where Gawain and his men should lie—
And, methinks, who such gallant succour by the might of his hand could buy
Were reckoned of men a hero! Then Gawain bade his Marshal find
A place for the host to camp on, but, such was their leader's mind,
He deemed it best that their circle apart from the rest should be,
And 'twas even the hour of noontide ere all were lodged fittingly.

Then Arthur, the noble monarch, a message would straightway send;
Unto Rosche Sabbins, and the city, a squire on his way should wend
To King Gramoflanz should he speak thus, 'Since conflict the king doth pray,

And he lusteth to fight my nephew, the strife shall he not delay,
For Sir Gawain is fain to meet him—But bid him to meet us here,
As a gallant man do we know him, were he other, 'twould cost him dear!'

And the messenger of King Arthur he rode on his errand fain—
Then forth, with Lischois and Sir Florand, rode the gallant knight, Gawain,
And he prayed them to show them to him who from many a land afar
Had ridden for love's high service, and had fought in his lady's war.
And he met them and gave them greeting in such wise that the heroes knew
Sir Gawain for courteous lover, and faithful knight and true.

With that again he left them, and in secret his way he sped,
And he gat him again to his chamber, and he armed him from foot to head;
He would know if his wounds were healèd so that never a scar should pain,
And his limbs would he test, since so many, both maiden and man were fain
To look on the strife, had they wisdom they should see if his dauntless hand
Might even to-day, as aforetime, the victor's crown command.
A squire did he bid to bring him his charger, Gringuljet,
And he sprang to the saddle lightly and the horse to a gallop set.
He would try both himself and his charger, if ready for strife the twain—
Ah! woe is me for his journey! so rode he upon the plain,
And so had his Fortune willed it, that a knight his bridle drew
By the side of the river Sabbins, and ye know that knight so true,
And a rock, men well might call him, for manhood and courage high,
And no knight might stand before him, and falsehood his heart did fly.
And yet so weak was his body that no burden it bare of wrong,

Yea, a hand's-breadth had been too heavy, and a finger-length too long!
And, I ween, of this gallant hero of old time ye oft must hear,
For my tale hath come to its root-tree, and draweth its goal anear.

BOOK XIV
GRAMOFLANZ

ARGUMENT

Book xiv. tells how Parzival and Gawain met and, unknowing, fought with each other, how Gawain was defeated, and of Parzival's grief when he learnt with whom he had fought.

How the combat between Gawain and Gramoflanz was deferred till the morrow; and how Parzival was welcomed at the court of King Arthur, and admitted to the Brotherhood of the Round Table.

How Parzival, in Gawain's stead, fought with and overcame King Gramoflanz, and how the latter sent messengers to King Arthur to pray that none but Gawain should fight against him. Of the grief of Itonjé when she learnt how her brother would fight with King Gramoflanz, and how she prayed the aid of King Arthur.

How Arthur and Brandelidelein made peace between the Duchess and Gawain, and of the wedding feast that was held in the camp. Of Parzival's sorrow and longing for his wife, and how ere the dawn of day he stole in secret from the court.

BOOK XIV

GRAMOFLANZ

If now the gallant Gawain a knightly joust would ride,
never I feared for his honour yet I fear what may now betide.
And tho' dear be the other's safety yet never a doubt I know,
For he who in strife would face him an army had found for foe.
O'er far seas, in the land of paynim, his helmet was fashioned fair,
And ruby-red was his harness, and the trappings his charger bare.
So rode he in search of adventure, and his shield it was piercèd thro'—
He had plucked for his helm a garland, and the tree where the garland grew
Was the tree that Gramoflanz guarded; and Gawain knew the wreath again,

And he thought, did the king here wait him it were counted
to him for shame,
If hither for strife he had ridden then strife there perforce
must be,
Tho' alone were the twain, and no lady the fate of their
jousting see.

From Monsalväsch they came, the chargers, which each of
the knights bestrode,
And they spurred them alike to a gallop, and each 'gainst
the other rode,
On the dewy grass of the meadow, not the sand of the
Tourney ring,
Should the joust this morn be ridden; and I ween, as their
deeds I sing,
I had mourned for the harm of either—'Twas a fair joust
they rode that morn,
Of a race that fought fair and knightly was each gallant hero
born;
And little had been his winning, great his loss, who there
won the prize,
And ne'er had he ceased to mourn it, if he were in his
calling wise.
For faith had they pledged to each other, nor of old time,
nor yet to-day,
Had their love and their truth been wounded—Now hear
how they fought the fray:

Swiftly they rode, yet in such wise that each knight must
mourn his fate—
For kinsman and knightly brethren, in strength of foeman's
hate,
In strife had come together; and he who this joust should
win
His joy were the pledge of sorrow, and his deed must he
count for sin—
And each right hand it smote so surely that the comrades
and foemen twain,
With horse and with goodly harness, fell prone on the
grassy plain.
And then in such wise they bear them, with their swords
such blows they smite,
That their shields are hewn and riven, and cloven in deadly
fight.
And the splinters of shields, and the grass blades, were
mingled upon the ground,

And far other the look of the meadow ere their strife had its ending found;
And too long must they wait for a daysman—'twas early when first they fought,
And the hours sped by, and no man an end to their conflict brought,

And no man was there beside them—Will ye hear how, the self-same day,
King Arthur's knights to the army of King Gramoflanz made their way?
On a plain by the sea he camped him—On the one side of the ground
Flowed the Sabbins, and over against it the Poinzacleins its ending found.
And the plain it was strongly guarded; Rosche Sabbins the citadel,
With towers and with walls deep-moated, defended the fourth side well.
And the host on the plain lay stretching its length for a mile and more,
And half a mile broad had they deemed it—As the messengers toward it bore,
Many unknown knights rode forward, archers, squires, with arms and spear,
And behind them, with waving banners, did the mighty host draw near.

With ringing blasts of trumpet would the army leave the plain,
That very morn to Ioflanz marched the monarch and all his train.
And clear rung the ladies' bridles as they circled around the king—
And, if I may tell the story, the tidings I fain would bring
Of those who had ridden hither, and camped on the sward so green,
For Gramoflanz bade them hither, and his combat they fain had seen.
If ye shall not before have heard it then here would I make it known,
From Punt, the water-locked city, to his nephew's aid had flown
Brandelidelein, and with him were six hundred ladies fair,
By the side of each lovely lady her knight must his armour wear;

For knighthood and love would he serve her—Of Punturtois, the gallant knights
Were fain for this stately journey, in sooth 'twas a noble sight.

And there rode, an ye will believe me, Count Bernard of Riviers,
Rich Narant had been his father, and left Uckerland to his heir.
And in many a ship o'er the water had he brought so fair a host
Of ladies, that none gainsaid him who would make of their beauty boast.
Two hundred of them were maidens, and two hundred already wed—
And if I have rightly counted 'neath his banner Count Bernard led
Five hundred knights well proven, who with him had sailed the sea,
And each well might face a foeman, and each should a hero be.

Thus King Gramoflanz would wreak vengeance in strife for the broken tree,
For he deemed he should be the victor, and the folk should his prowess see.
And the princes from out his kingdom, with many a valiant knight,
And many a lovely lady, had come to behold the fight;
And a goodly folk were gathered—Now Arthur's men drew near,
And they looked upon the monarch, how they found him ye now shall hear.
Of Palmât was the high seat 'neath him, and with silk was the couch spread o'er,
And maidens, so fair and graceful, they knelt low the king before,
And with iron hose they shod him; and high o'er the monarch's head,
A silk, Ecidemon-woven, both broad and long, was spread,
On twelve spear-shafts tall was it lifted, from the sunlight to be a shade—
Then came the men of King Arthur, and this was the word they said:

'Sire, King Arthur hath hither sent us, and ever hath he been known

As one whom all men have honoured, and whom all shall as victor own.
Yea, honour enow is his portion—And yet wouldst thou mar his fame,
Since upon the son of his sister thou thinkest to bring this shame!
And e'en had Sir Gawain wrought thee worse ill by far, I ween,
That the fame of the great Round Table might here for a shield have been.
For brotherhood all have sworn him who sit at that noble board,
And stainless shall be their knighthood who own Arthur for king and lord!

Quoth the king, 'The strife I sware him e'en to-day my hand shall dare,
And Gawain to-day shall face me, if well or if ill he fare.
For this hath been truly told me, that King Arthur draweth near
With his queen, and his host of warriors; I bid them welcome here!
Tho' it may be the angry Duchess shall counsel him to mine ill,
Yet hearken and heed, ye children, the strife shall be foughten still.
For here have I many a follower, and hindered of none will be,
What *one* man can do unto me that bear I right joyfully!
And if now I should fear to face that to which I my pledge have sworn,
Of Love's service and Love's rewarding henceforward were I forlorn!
In her favour I found aforetime my life and my life's best bliss—
God knoweth how *he* hath pleased her, she oweth me much for this!—
And tho' ever I did disdain me to fight with one man alone,
Yet Gawain hath so bravely borne him that him as I my peer I'll own.
And I think me I shame my manhood when such easy strife I fight;
And yet have I fought, believe me, (ye can ask if it seem ye right,)
With folk whom mine hand hath proven to be valiant men and true,

But ne'er have I fought but *one* man! No praise shall be here my due,
From the lips of gracious women, tho' the victory be mine to-day—
And greatly my heart rejoiceth that her bands have been reft away
For whose sake I fight this conflict; so many a distant land
Are vassals unto King Arthur, and pay tribute unto his hand,
It may well be with him she cometh, for whose sake both joy and pain
Unto death I would gladly suffer, if she be for my service fain.
And what better fate can befall me than that this my fair lot shall be,
That she looketh upon my service, and her eyes shall my victory see!'

And near to the king sat Bené, nor her heart for the strife did fail,
For full oft had she seen his valour, and she deemed he might well prevail.
But yet had she known that Gawain was brother unto the maid,
And 'twas *he* who now stood in peril, of a sooth had she been dismayed.

A golden ring from Itonjé she brought him for token fair,
'Twas the same as her gallant brother did over the Sabbins bear
O'er the Poinzacleins came Bené in a boat, and this word she spake,
'From Château Merveil doth my lady, with the others, her journey take.'
And she spake from the lips of Itonjé such steadfast words and true,
That more, from the lips of a maiden, I ween never monarch knew.
And she prayed him to think of her sorrow, since all gain did she hold as naught
For the gain of his love, and his service was all that her true heart sought.
And glad was the king at the tidings, yet would fight with her brother still—
'Twere better I had no sister, such rewarding would please me ill!

Then they bare unto him his harness, 'twas costly beyond compare—
No hero, by love constrainèd, who fought for love's guerdon fair,
Were he Gamuret, or Galoes, or Killicrates, the valiant king,
Had better decked his body the love of a maid to win—
And no richer silk had been woven in Ipopotiticon,
Or brought from Kalomedenté, or the city of Akraton,
Or from far-off Agatyrsjenté, than the silk for his garment wove—
Then he kissed the small ring golden, the pledge of Itonjé's love,
For he knew her for true and faithful, and tho' peril upon him pressed,
Yet the thought of her love and her longing would guard, as a shield, his breast.

All armed was now the monarch; twelve maidens on palfreys fair,
Each one a spear-shaft holding, the awning aloft would bear.
And the king, he rode beneath it, and its shadow was o'er his head,
As on to the strife he craved for the gallant hero sped.
And on either side of the monarch there rode fair maidens twain,
Tall and stately were they to look on, the noblest of all his train.
The messengers of King Arthur no longer they made delay,
And, behold! they met with Gawain as they rode on their homeward way,
And ne'er had they felt such sorrow, their voices they raised on high,
And they cried aloud for his peril, and their love and their loyalty.

For the strife had near found its ending, and victor was Gawain's foe,
For his strength, it was more than Gawain's, and well-nigh had he laid him low,
When the pages who rode towards them called loudly on Gawain's name,
For well did they know the hero, and it grieved them to see his shame.
Then he, who erewhile would fight him, of conflict would have no more,

But he cast from his hand his weapon, and he cried, as he wept full sore,
'Accursèd am I, and dishonoured, and all blessing from me hath flown,
Since my luckless hand, unwitting, so sinful a strife hath known.
Methinks it is too unseemly! yea, guilty am I alway,
And born 'neath a star of Ill Fortune, and forced from all bliss to stray.
And the arms that to-day I carry are the same that of old I bore,
For they are of Ill-luck the token, e'en to-day as they were of yore.
Alas! that with gallant Gawain I have foughten so fierce a fight,
'Tis *myself* whom I here have vanquished, and my joy shall have taken flight.
With the first blow I struck against him misfortune hath reached my side,
And peace shall have sped far from me, and her face from my face doth hide!'

And Gawain heard, and saw his sorrow, and he spake out right wonderingly,
'Alas, Sir Knight, who art thou, who speakest thus well of me?
If I might such words have hearkened the while I had strength and power,
Then my honour had ne'er been forfeit, for the victory is thine this hour!
And fain would I know how men call him with whom I shall find my fame,
Since hereafter I needs must seek it, so tell me, I pray, thy name—
For ever was I the victor when I fought with one man alone.'
'Yea, gladly my *name* I'll tell thee who aforetime my *face* hast known,
And true service I fain would do thee wherever such chance befall,
For thy kinsman am I, and cousin, and men call me *Parzival*!'
Then out quoth Gawain, 'So, 'tis fitting, here Folly her goal hath found,
And her ways full straight hath she wroughten which aforetime but crooked wound.
Here have two hearts, leal and faithful, their hate 'gainst each other shown,

And thy hand which hath won the victory hath the twain of us overthrown.
And for *both* of us shalt thou sorrow, for thyself by thyself laid low,
And the thought it shall surely grieve thee if thy true heart true faith doth know!'

Then, e'en as the words were spoken, no longer the knight Gawain
Might stand for very weakness, for the blows they had dulled his brain,
And his footsteps they failed and faltered, and prone on the grass he lay—
Then down sprang the squire of King Arthur, and aid did he bring straightway,
For he lifted his head, and from off it he loosened the helmet's band,
With his head-gear of peacock's feathers the face of Gawain he fanned
Till his care new strength had brought him—Now on to the field did ride,
From the armies twain, much people, they flocked hither from either side.
And each one would seek his station, for here should the fight be fought,
And the lists, they were set with tree-trunks, each smooth as a mirror wrought.

Gramoflanz the cost had given, since from him had the challenge come,
A hundred in all the tree-trunks, and brightly they shone each one.
And no man should come within them, and the place between was wide,
Full forty lengths from each other stood the fifty on either side,
Each blazoned with many colours; and here should the combat be;
And on either side the army from the strife should hold them free.
As by moat and rampart sundered, so should they in peace remain,
In this wise they sware, the foemen, King Gramoflanz and Gawain.

To this combat, by none awaited, came the folk from either side,

At the self-same hour, fain were they to know what should there betide,
For they marvelled much who had fought here, and had shown such knightly skill;
Or who should such strife have challenged, for alone was it foughten still,
And neither side their comrades had bidden unto the ring,
But alone had each knight come hither, and men deemed it a wondrous thing.
But now as the fight was foughten on the flower-besprinkled plain,
Came King Gramoflanz, to wreak vengeance for the garland upon Gawain;
And he heard what thing had chanced there, that so fierce the fight had been
That never a fiercer conflict with sword might a man have seen,
And the twain who fought together had never a cause to fight—
Then the king, from out his army, rode straight to the gallant knights;

And he found them battle-weary, and much he mourned their pain;
Tho' scarcely his strength might bear him, up-sprang the knight Gawain,
And the twain they stood together—Now Bené rode with the king,
And with him, as the strife was ended, she came to the battle-ring,
And she saw Gawain all powerless, whom, for honour and fair renown,
O'er all the world had she chosen to crown with joy's fairest crown.
With a cry of heartfelt sorrow from her palfrey the maiden sprung,
And she spake, as her arms around him in a close embrace she flung,
'Accurst be the hand that such sorrow on so fair a form hath brought,
For in sooth all manly beauty its mirror in thee hath sought!'
On the sward did she bid him seat him, and, the while that she wept full sore,
With tender hand from his eyelids she wiped the sweat and gore;

And heavy and hot his harness—Then Gramoflanz quoth again,
'In sooth must I grieve for thy sorrow, since my hand wrought it not, Gawain;
If to-morrow again thou comest, and wilt meet me upon this field,
Then gladly will I await thee, and will face thee with spear and shield.
Now as lief would I fight with a woman as with thee, who art brought so low,
For how shall I win me honour if strength shall have failed my foe?
Go, rest thee to-day, for 'tis needful, and then wouldst thou take the place
Of thy father, King Lot, I am ready to meet thee here, face to face.'

But Parzival stood unwearied, nor as yet a sign he bare
Of pallor, nor strength had failed him, and he faced the monarch fair,
And he loosed from his head the helmet, that the king his face might see,
And he spake, 'Sir, if this my cousin in aught shall have wrongèd thee
Then take *me* as his pledge, unwearied, as thou seest, is yet mine hand,
And the wrath thou dost bear against him I may well with my sword withstand.'

Then spake the King of Rosche Sabbins, 'Sir Knight, at the morrow's morn
For my garland he payeth tribute, and its fame shall anew be born,
Or to such a pass shall he bring me that shame shall my portion be—
Thou mayst otherwise be a hero, but this conflict is not for *thee*!'

In wrath spake the lips of Bené, 'Fie on thee! thou faithless hound,
Thro' him whom thy false heart hateth thine heart hath its freedom found.
She to whom thou wouldst do love-service, she liveth at his command,
Thyself hast renounced the victory which else might have crowned thine hand.

Thou hast no claim on Love's rewarding, and if ever within thine heart
Love had for awhile her dwelling with falsehood she bare a part!'
As thus she waxed full wrathful, Gramoflanz led the maid aside,
And quoth,'Now, Lady, grieve not, this strife must needs betide.
But stay thou here with thy master, and say to his sister sweet
That I am in truth her servant, in all that a knight finds meet.'

But now as Bené hearkened, and knew of a truth Gawain
Was brother unto her lady, and must fight on the grassy plain,
Then drave griefs plough its furrows thro' her heart, both deep and sore,
And filled them with flood of sorrow, for truth in her heart she bore.
And she quoth, 'Ride hence, accursèd, thou false and faithless one,
For steadfast love and loyal thine heart hath never won!'

The king and his knights they rode hence, and the lads of Arthur's train
They took the heroes' chargers, weary with strife the twain.
Then Parzival, and Gawain, and Bené, that maiden bright,
They rode to the camp of King Arthur with many a gallant knight.
And Parzival in manhood had so borne the prize away
That all men were glad at his coming, and rejoiced in his fame that day.

And more, if I can, would I tell ye—the wise men of either host
Spake but of this man, of his valour in this wise they made their boast,
'Wot ye well who hath here been victor? 'Twas Parzival, he alone!'
And so fair was his face to look on none fairer was ever known.
So thought they who looked upon him, and they swear it, both man and maid—
So he came to the tent of Gawain; and little his host delayed,

But he bade them bring costly raiment, and rich as was his own gear,
And alike were they clad, the heroes, and all folk must the marvel hear
That Parzival came among them, of whose glory all men had heard,
And the fame of his deeds so knightly, and no mouth but spake this word.

Quoth Gawain, 'Art thou fain to look on four queens who are kin to thee,
And other fair ladies with them, then thy guide will I gladly be.'
Quoth Gamuret's son, 'If fair ladies be here thou shalt vex them not
With the sight of my face, for no kindness from woman shall be my lot
Since by Plimizöl's bank they hearkened to the shame that upon me fell:
May their honour of God be guarded, for ever I wish them well,
But my shame weigheth heavy on me, and it vexeth so sore my heart,
I were fain ne'er to look on woman, but live me a life apart'

'Yet so must it be,' quoth Gawain; then Parzival he led
To the four queens, who gave him greeting and kissed him with lips so red.
But sorely it vexed the Duchess, that she, too, must kiss this knight,
Who little had cared for her kisses, nor would for her favours fight—
Tho' her lands and her love she proffered when he before Logrois fought,
And she rode far to overtake him—thus shame in her anger wrought.
But the others they spake him gently, with never a thought of wrong,
Till shame from his heart was driven, and joy in its stead waxed strong.

Then Gawain of right and reason, if Bené his grace would hold,
Bade her seal her lips to silence, to her lady no word be told,
'That King Gramoflanz for his garland doth hatred toward me bear,

And at the set time to-morrow our strife must be foughten fair,
Speak no word of this to my sister, and do thou thy tears give o'er;'
And she spake, 'I do well to weep thus, and to mourn, and to sorrow sore,
For whoever shall fall in the combat my lady must sorrow know,
And however the battle goeth, the issue shall be for woe.
And well may we mourn the venture, my lady and I alike,
What boots it to be her brother, if thou at her heart wilt strike?'

Now the host to their tents betook them, and the mid-day meal was spread
For Gawain, and the knights and ladies who should break at his table bread,
And Parzival as companion should have the Duchess fair—
And Gawain, he besought his lady for the hero to have good care;
But she quoth, 'To my care dost thou give him, who can make of a woman sport?
How should I care for this man? Yet would I gainsay thee naught;
And if this be thy will, I will do it, tho' for payment I mocking know'—
Quoth Gamuret's son, 'Nay, Lady, thou doest me wrong I trow,
At least have I so much wisdom, if I know myself aright,
That women are free from my mocking, since ill 'twould beseem a knight!'

Whatever they set before them no lack had they there of meat,
And courteous was their service, and with joy all the folk did eat.
But Itonjé, she looked on Bené, and she read in her eyes the tale
Of the tears she had wept but lately, and for sorrow her cheeks grew pale,
And nothing she ate, for she thought still, 'Now wherefore doth Bené weep?
For I sent her but now to the monarch who my heart doth his captive keep,
And for whose sake I grieve me sorely—Have I done aught to vex my knight?

Doth he think to renounce my service and no more for my love to fight?
If, with steadfast heart and manly, he thinketh on me no more,
Poor maid, I must die of sorrow, and the love that to him I bore!'

The noontide hour was over ere the feast had ended here,
Then hither rode King Arthur, and his queen, fair Guinevere,
With a host of knights and ladies, to where, within their sight,
Mid the band of gracious maidens sat that true and valiant knight;
And to Parzival such greeting and such welcome fair they gave
That from many sweet lips sweet kisses he won, that hero brave!
And Arthur would do him honour, and with many a gracious word
He thanked him for the valour that had spread his name abroad,
And the fame that had waxed so goodly, and that stood so high and fair,
That of right o'er all men living the crown of worth he bare.

Quoth the Waleis unto King Arthur, 'Yet Sire, when I saw thee last
My honour so sore was wounded that it well-nigh to earth was cast;
And in knighthood I paid such forfeit that of knighthood was I forlorn—
But now have I hearkened to thee, and if thou be not forsworn
Then honour still dwelleth with me, tho' my heart it misgives me sore!
I would trust in thy word right gladly—But what of these knights who swore
True friendship and brotherhood with me, and from whom I must part in shame?'
Then all with one voice they spake there—He had won for himself such fame
And had wrought such brave deeds of knighthood in many a distant land,
That his fame o'er the fame of all others did high and unspotted stand.

Then the knights of the Duchess' army they came where by Arthur's side
Sat Parzival, fair to look on, 'mid the knightly circle wide.
And the king in the tent received them, but so courtly was he and wise,
That, tho' wide was the tent of Gawain, he thought best that in all men's eyes
He should sit without on the meadow, and the knights they should sit around,
And strangers they were to each other who place in the circle found.
Would ye know who was this and that one? The tale it were all too long
If Christian I named and paynim—Who were Klingsor's warriors strong;
Who were they who so well were armèd, and showed them such men of might
When they rode from the city of Logrois, and would for their Duchess fight;
Who had followed King Arthur hither—If each one, his land and kin,
I named in their rightful order 'twere ill to the end to win!
But all men they spake together, there was none there like Parzival,
For his face and his form so lovely many women might love him well;
And nothing there failed unto him of aught that beseemed a knight
Who beareth the crown of honour, and fighteth a goodly fight.

Then Gamuret's son upstood there, and he spake, 'Ye who shall be here
Give counsel, and help me win that which my soul ever holdeth dear;
A strange and a hidden wonder it drave me from out your band—
Ye who brotherhood once have sworn me, and in friendship have clasped my hand,
Now help me, by this your knighthood, mine honour to win again!'
And gladly would Arthur grant him that for which his desire was fain.

Then aside with few folk he stepped him, and straitly he prayed this grace,

That the strife, at the hour appointed, he in Gawain's stead might face,
'Right gladly will I defy him, King Gramoflanz, in his pride;
I brake from his tree this morning a bough ere I thence did ride,
And for that he of need must fight me—For conflict I sought his land,
And for nothing else came I hither but to fight with his strong right hand.
I thought not I here should find thee, my cousin, it grieves me sore,
For this king did I surely take thee, who never from strife forbore.
Now let me, I prithee, fight him; if ever he know defeat
My hand shall such lesson teach him as he findeth not over sweet!
They have given me back mine honour, and thy brother knight am I,
And thy kinsman true, fair cousin, so grant to me, cousinly,
That this combat be mine—I swear thee for us twain will I face the foe,
And there do such deeds of valour that all men shall my manhood know!'

Quoth Gawain, 'In the court of King Arthur have I many a brother dear,
And kinsman true, yet to no man may I grant what thou prayest here.
My cause is so good, I think me, that Fate so shall rule the fight
That I stand at the last the victor, tho' my foe be a man of might.
God reward thee that thou, of thy kindness, this conflict for me wouldst face,
But the day is not yet in its dawning when another may take my place!'

Now Arthur the prayer had hearkened, of their speech he an end would make,
Once more in the ring beside them his seat did the monarch take.
And the cup-bearers did not tarry, the noble youths they bare
Many golden cups so precious, and wroughten with jewels fair,
Nor one alone could fill them—and when their task was o'er

The folk uprose, and gat them each one to his rest once more.

And night-fall had come upon them—Naught did Parzival delay,
But he wrought in such wise that his harness might be ready ere break of day.
Were a strap or a fastening broken, of that did he have good care,
And he bade them look well unto it, that all should be fit and fair.
And a shield new and strong must they bring him, for his own, in many a fight,
With many a blow was cloven, and they brought him a shield of might;
And the serving-men who bare it, they knew not the knight, I trow,
And Frenchmen were some among them, as the venture doth bid ye know.
And the steed that erewhile to jousting the Knight of the Grail must bear,
Of that did a squire bethink him, and ne'er might it better fare.
But now 'twas the hour for slumber, and the night had o'ercome the day,
And Parzival slept, and before him all ready his armour lay.

And King Gramoflanz, he rued it that the day such chance had brought
That another man in his presence for the sake of his garland fought;
Nor his folk might still his longing for the strife that the morn should bring,
And the thought, that he had delayed him, full sorely it vexed the king.
What, then, should the hero do here? Since honour he sought and fame,
He scarce might await the dawning, and the strife that with daylight came,
But ere sunrise himself and his charger were clad all in harness rare—
Did women, with wealth o'erburdened, the cost of his decking share?
I wot that, without their aiding, it costly and fair should be,
For the sake of a maid did he deck him, in her service no laggard he!

So he rode hence to seek his foeman, and sorely it vexed the king
That the early light of the morning Sir Gawain had failed to bring.

Now, unknown unto all, in secret stole Parzival from the court,
And he stripped of its floating pennon a strong spear from Angram brought;
And fully armed was the hero, and lonely he took his way
Where the posts round the ring of battle shone fair in the dawning day.
And he saw the king await him, and ere ever a word they spake
Men say that they smote each other thro' the shield, and the spear-shafts brake;
And from either hand the splinters flew high in the summer air,
For skilled were they both in jousting, and their swords they right well might bear.
And the dew was brushed from the meadow, and the helmets felt many a blow
From the edge of the blades keen-tempered, no faltering might either know.

And the grass underfoot was trodden, and the dew-drops in many a place
Swept away, and I needs must mourn here the red blossoms' vanished grace.
Yet more do I mourn for the heroes, and their toil without thought of fear,
And who with unmixed rejoicing, the tale of their strife should hear
To whom they had ne'er done evil?—Then Gawain must himself prepare
For the toil and the stress of battle, and the peril he thought to dare.
And 'twas even the midst of the morning ere of all men the tale was told
From his tent was Parzival missing, and they sought for the hero bold.
Did he think to make peace? Nay, his bearing spake little, methinks, of peace,
For he fought as a man, and 'twas noontide ere ever the strife might cease.

A bishop sang Mass for Gawain, and the folk they stood
thick around,
And many a knight and lady on horseback might there be
found,
Without the tent of King Arthur, ere the Mass to an end
they sing—
While the priest did his holy office, beside him there stood
the king;
When he spake the Benediction, then Gawain armed himself
for fight,
And greaves of iron, well wroughten, they did on his limbs
of might.
Then uprose a voice of wailing from the women, and one
and all
The host rode forth to the meadow; and lo! there did strife
befall,
And they heard the clash of the sword-blades, and they saw
the fire-sparks fly
From the helmets as there the foemen their blows with
fierce strength did ply.
King Gramoflanz oft had boasted he would scorn with *one*
man to fight,
He thought here that *six* were his foemen, and each one a
valiant knight
Yet none but Parzival faced him, and he fought in such
gallant wise,
That he taught to the king a lesson which men e'en to-day
may prize;
That in his own praise his own lips should speak never more
this tale,
He could fight and could conquer *two* men, since o'er *one*
he might not prevail.

From left and from right came the armies, o'er the grassy
plain so wide,
And, each one their station keeping, they halted on either
side,
And they looked on the mighty combat, on one side the
chargers stood,
And afoot on the ground they battled with sword-blades,
the heroes good.
And sharp and sore was the conflict, and steadfast the twain
did stand,
And their swords on high they tossed them, and oft did the
blades change hands.

Now Gramoflanz reaped sore payment for the garland from off his tree,
To the kinsman of his fair lady should the strife none too easy be.
His kinship with fair Itonjé had stood Parzival in good stead,
If right might have claimed a hearing, yet was not his strife ill-sped.
And they who much fame had won them, again for fair fame would fight;
And one strove for the sake of his kinsman, and one for his lady bright,
For he did but Frau Minne's bidding, as was meet for her vassal true—
Now uprode the gallant Gawain, and e'en as he nearer drew
The conflict was nigh its ending, and the Waleis should victor be;
And, bareheaded, unto the battle, there hastened those heroes three,
Brandelidelein of Punturtois, and Count Bernard of Riviers,
And the third knight who rode beside them was Affinamus of Clitiers.
From the army over against them came King Arthur beside Gawain,
To the two knights, with battle wearied, they rode o'er the grassy plain;
And all the five they thought them 'twas time that the strife should end,
And Gramoflanz must confess here that no longer he might contend,
And his own mouth proclaimed him vanquished, and his foeman had won the day—
And the folk who had seen the combat might never his word gainsay!

Then out spake King Lot's son gaily, 'Sir King, I will speak to thee
To-day, as yestreen thou spakest when rest thou didst bid to *me*
"*Go rest thee to-day, for 'tis needful*," he who conflict did here demand,
He will own thou art all too feeble this day to resist mine hand.
Alone I might well have faced thee, but thou with but *two* wilt fight!
To-morrow I'll dare the venture, and may God show forth the right!'

Then the king he rode to his army, but first must he pledge his word
He would meet Gawain on the morrow, and face him with spear and sword.

To Parzival quoth King Arthur, 'Nephew, thou late didst pray,
Of thy manhood, to fight this combat for Gawain, and he said thee Nay,
And therein didst thou sore lament thee, and yet thou this fight hast fought
For him who did strait forbid thee! Of our will hast thou asked us naught.
From our court, as a thief, hast thou stolen, or else had we held thine hand
Afar from this strife, I wot well thou didst fight not at *our* command!
Yet Gawain, he shall not be wrathful, tho' great praise be for this thy meed.'—
Quoth Gawain, 'Nay, it nothing grieves me, my cousin's gallant deed,
To-morrow is all too early if this combat I needs must face,
An the king would withdraw his challenge I would count it to him for grace.'

To the camp rode the mighty army, there were many ladies fair,
And many a knight in armour, and costly the arms they bare.
And I ween that never an army was so richly decked before,
For the knights of the good Round Table, and the men of the Duchess wore
Fair surcoats richly blazoned, of silk from Zinidunt,
And bright was their outer garments, and brought from far Pelpiunt.
But the heroes in either army spake ever of Parzival,
And their lips, in such wise they praised him, that his friends it rejoiced them well.
And the men of Gramoflanz spake thus, that never the sun had shone
On a knight who fought so bravely, or such gallant deeds had done;
And whatever feats of knighthood had been wrought on either side,
Yet he, o'er all other heroes, the victor should still abide.
Yet they knew not of whom they spake thus, nay, neither his race or name,

Tho' the army it rang with his praises, and no mouth but
declared his fame.

Then Gramoflanz did they counsel, King Arthur he well
might pray
To take good heed to his army that no knight from his ranks
should stray
For combat, as e'en that morning, but to send unto him *one*
knight,
The son of King Lot, Sir Gawain, for with *him* had he come
to fight.
And straightway he sent the message by two courtly lads
and wise,
And he spake, 'Now look well for the maiden who is fairest
in all men's eyes,
Look well by whom Bené sitteth; and so ye play well your
part,
Ye shall see in what wise she bear her, if joyful, or sad at
heart.
Ye shall prove these her ways in secret, in her eyes ye right
well may see
If yet for a friend she mourneth; and this too your task shall
be,
Ye shall give to my friend, fair Bené, this letter and golden
ring,
She knoweth for whom is the token—Now see that ye do
this thing!'

In the other camp, the meanwhile, did Itonjé the tidings
hear
That her gallant brother, Gawain, and he whom her soul
held dear,
The fairest knight that a maiden within her heart might hold,
Would fight, the one with the other, and their hand might
no man withhold.
Then her maiden shame it yielded to the flood of her grief
so sore,
And none shall rejoice at her sorrow, for the pain
undeserved she bore.

Then her mother and Queen Arnivé they led the maid aside
To a tent so small and silken, and Arnivé her grief would
chide,
And she bade her cease her weeping—There was naught
that the maid might say,
But to speak aloud the secret she hid in her heart alway;

Then out quoth the royal maiden, 'Of my brother shall he be slain
Who is lord of my heart and my true love! Let his hand from such deed refrain!'

To a noble youth spake Arnivé, 'Now get thee unto my son,
And bid him come hither quickly, with him would I speak alone.'
Then the lad he brought King Arthur—Now this was Arnivé's mind,
If she told unto him the story perchance he might counsel find,
And by him should that strife be hindered, for which the maiden fair
So sorely wept, and such sorrow and anguish of heart must bear.

Now they came to the camp of King Arthur, who Gramoflanz' message bore,
By the silken tent they dismounted; there sat Bené before the door,
And within spake the maid to King Arthur, 'If my brother shall slay my king
To pleasure his faithless Duchess, doth he deem that shall honour bring?
He might know of himself it were ill-done—He hath wronged him no whit I ween,
That he doeth to *me* true service, his safety might well have been!
If my brother be yet in his senses he doth of our true love know,
How pure it is, and how faithful, and this venture should work him woe.
A bitter death shall it bring me, the hand that my love doth kill—
Sir King, thou shalt mourn my sorrow, and I think not that such thy will,'
Spake the fair maid unto King Arthur, 'Forget not that thou shalt be
Mine uncle, and stay this combat which worketh such ill to me!'

Quoth Arthur aloud in his wisdom, 'Alas, thou fair niece of mine,
That thus young thou canst love so dearly, for sorrow shall sure be thine,
As sorrow befell thy sister, Surdamur, for her love so true

To the Emperor of Greece—Sweet maiden, thy will might I surely do,
And hinder this strife, if I knew well that ye twain were but one in heart—
Yet King Irot's son, he is valiant, and courage in him hath part,
And this combat he'll fight, full surely, an Love stay not his hand so bold—
Did he ne'er, in a joyful moment, thy fair face and sweet lips behold?'

And she spake, 'Nay, we love, but neither as yet hath the other seen,
Tho' of true love many a token from his hand hath my portion been.
And tokens true have I sent him, that no doubt should betwixt us lie—
No falsehood my king's heart ruleth, but he loveth me steadfastly!'

Then the maiden Bené saw them, and knew them, the squires twain
Who came to the court of King Arthur from Gramoflanz' kingly train,
And she spake, 'Here should no man linger, will ye that I bid them go,
The folk, from our tent? It were ill-done, methinks, that all men should know
How sorely my lady sorroweth for the sake of her love so dear;
Methinks it might lightly happen that too many the tale should hear!'
Then forth from the tent went Bené, and in secret unto her care
The squire gave the folded letter, and the golden ring he bare,
And they, too, had heard the wailing of the maid, and they knew full well
Why she sorrowed, and this their errand they fain to the king would tell.
And they asked of the maiden Bené if she their friend would be?
And she spake, 'Stand without the circle till I bid ye to come to me!'

Then Bené, the gentle maiden, she told them within the tent

That without two squires were waiting, from Gramoflanz hither sent,
And fain would they speak with King Arthur—'But unfitting it seemeth me
That we call them unto our counsels, and that witnesses they should be.
On my lady must I avenge me, if thus they shall see her weep,
I bade them await my bidding, and without there their station keep!'

Quoth Arthur, 'Are they the pages whom I saw behind me ride?
Of noble birth shall the twain be, methinks, it might well betide
That so wise are they both and courteous they might give us counsel good,
Methinks of their king's love either would treat in a fitting mood?'
Quoth Bené, 'Nay, that I know not, but Sire, of thy grace, this ring
And the letter which now I bring thee, they bare hither from their king.
As but now I left the pavilion, of the pages, one gave it me.
Now see, Lady, do thou take it, for methinks it is meant for thee!'

Then Itonjé, she kissed the letter, and she held it unto her heart,
And she quoth, 'Now, Sire, thou canst see here if he would in my love have part.'
In his hand Arthur took the letter, and within he found written fair
The words of one who loveth, and his passion would fain declare.
For Gramoflanz' hand had written the words that his lips would say,
And Arthur, he saw by the letter that Love held o'er his heart such sway
That ne'er had he known aforetime one who loved with so true a love—
And the words that within were written Frau Minne might well approve.

'Now greeting to whom I owe greeting, whose greeting I fain would earn,

To thee, O thou gracious maiden, whose heart toward my heart doth turn!
Who with comfort would fain console me—Our love goeth hand-in-hand,
And the solace thy love would bring me doth high o'er all solace stand;
And my joy in thy love is rooted, and my faith is to thee held fast,
And sorrow and bitter anguish shall forth from my heart be cast.
And thou bringest me help and counsel, so that never an evil thought
Or a faithless deed, and shameful, shall against my fame be brought.
But I look on thy truth and thy beauty with ever a steadfast mind,
As the Pole-star doth in the north pole the goal of its gazing find,
And neither its post forsaketh; e'en so shall our true love be,
And waver not, one from the other—So think thou, sweet maid, on me,
How I mourned unto thee my sorrow, nor be weary of this my prayer—
And if one would part thee from me, for the hatred that he shall bear
Unto me, then shalt thou bethink thee how thy love shall reward us both,
And think thou of woman's honour, nor be of thy favours loth;
But still let me be thy servant, in thy service I fain would live,
And, in all that I may, true service I will to my lady give!'

Quoth Arthur, 'Fair niece, thou saidst truly, he greeteth thee without guile
Such tale doth this letter tell me that never, at any while,
Have I found of true love such marvel! His grief shalt thou put away,
As he too shall cure thy sorrow, so do thou thy weeping stay,
And trust unto me, this combat shall be hindered—Yet say thou here,
Thou wert captive, how hath it chanced then that ye hold each other dear?
Thou shalt give him thy fair love's payment, that he do thee service true.'—
Spake Itonjé, 'See, here she standeth who us twain together drew,

Our love, it had else been hidden—If thou will that I now may see
Him whom my heart desireth she will summon him unto me!'

Quoth Arthur, 'Now, show her to me; if I may, I this thing will guide
That your will shall be done, and hereafter ye twain shall in joy abide!'
Quoth Itonjé, ''Twas none but Bené; and two of his squires are here,
If thou wilt, do this thing, (for I think me my life shall to thee be dear,)
Thou shalt see that the king cometh hither, that he looketh upon my face
In whom all my joy is hidden, and my life shall be in his grace!'

Then Arthur, the wise and courteous, would speak with the squires without,
He greeted them as he saw them, and boldly the one spake out,
'Sire, King Gramoflanz, he prays thee, for thine honour as knight and king,
That the oath sworn 'twixt him and Gawain thou wilt to fulfilment bring.
And further, Sire, he prays thee that none other with him shall fight,
So great is thine host, must he face *all*, methinks it would scarce be right!
But *Gawain* shalt thou send against him, for he willeth no other foe,
And Gawain alone hath he challenged, as thyself thou shalt surely know!'

Quoth King Arthur unto the pages, 'I will free us from blame alway,
And sorely it grieved my nephew that he fought not the strife to-day.
And the knight who fought with your monarch, to victory was he born,
The son of Gamuret is he—Three armies are here this morn,
And from many a land came they hither, but never a man hath seen
In combat so brave a hero, and glorious his deeds have been.

He is Parzival, my kinsman, ye shall see him, the fair of face,
—
For the faith and the need of Gawain will I do to the king
this grace.'

Then King Arthur and maiden Bené, with the squires they
rode here and there,
And in sooth those squires they looked on full many a lady
fair,
And they saw on the jewelled helmets many proud crests
and knightly wave,
And few for such sight shall vex them, for he who is rich as
brave
Full many a friend he findeth! They 'lighted not from their
steed,
And the bravest men of the armies that lay camped on the
flowery mead
King Arthur would show unto them, they might gaze on
them at their will,
Knights, ladies, and gentle maidens, of beauty they saw their
fill!

In three portions it lay, the army, and two spaces there were
between—
Then away from the camp rode King Arthur, far out on the
plain so green,
And he quoth, 'Now sweet maiden Bené, her plaint didst
thou hear alway,
Itonjé, the child of my sister, her weeping she will not stay.
These my comrades who ride beside me, if they will, they
may well believe
Of her beauty their king hath robbed her, so sorely the maid
doth grieve!
Now help me, ye twain, and thou, Bené, that the king he
shall hither ride,
E'en to-day, tho' the strife to-morrow he may, if he will,
abide.
I will bring Gawain to meet him on the plain, as he prayed
but now—
If he cometh to-day to mine army 'gainst the morn is he
armed I trow,
For Love such a shield shall give him that his foeman may ill
withstand
The courage that Love doth kindle, and that nerveth anew
the hand.
And his princes shall he bring with him, for here would I do
as best

Doth lie in my power that the Duchess shall hearken to my behest,
And peace shall be sealed between them—Now strive ye, my comrades dear,
With skill for such happy ending, 'twill be to your honour here.
And further I make my mourning, wherein shall have been my sin
That I wrought 'gainst your king that he beareth, in such measure, against my kin,
Both love alike and hatred? Methinks, he doth hold us light!
Another king, mine equal, had thought more of this my right.
Doth he think to repay with hatred *her* brother, who loves him well?
If his heart such thought shall teach him, then he knoweth not true Love's spell!'

Quoth one of the squires to King Arthur, 'What my king did to thee of ill,
That, Sire, shall he do no longer, for courteous shall he be still.
But thou knowest well the old hatred, and 'twere better the king should stay
Within his camp, I think me, than ride to thine host to-day.
Of the same mind is still the Duchess, that she counteth him for her foe,
And maketh her plaint against him, as many a man doth know!'
'With but few folk shall he come hither,' quoth Arthur, 'the while I'll pray
Of that high and noble lady that her anger she put away.
And an escort good I'll send him, Beau-corps, my sister's son,
Shall meet him half-way, and his journey shall under my care be done.
Nor as shame shall he look upon it, for brave men and true I'll send'—
Then leave did they take of King Arthur, and their way to the camp they wend.

Alone did they leave the monarch, and Bené and the pages twain
Rode swiftly unto Rosche Sabbins, on the further side of the plain.
'Twas the fairest day of his life-time, so thought the joyful king,

When his squires and the maiden Bené such tidings to him might bring.
And e'en as he hearkened to them his heart spake, in sooth to-day
Good Fortune had thought upon him, and his sorrow was put away!

Then he spake, 'He would come, right gladly,' and he chose to him comrades three,
A prince of his land was each one who bare the king company.
Brandelidelein, his uncle, with his nephew was fain to ride,
Affinamus of Clitiers, and Count Bernard of Riviers rode beside.
And each man he chose another who should be for such journey meet,
And twelve in all might ye reckon who rode hence the king to greet.
And many a squire went with them, and many a footman strong,
Well armèd, as should befit them, did unto the train belong.

Would ye know how the knights had robed them? Of silk was their raiment bright,
And heavy with gold inwoven that shone in the morning light.
And the king, he went as to hawking, with his falconer by his side—
Now Arthur had well bethought him, and Beau-corps he bade to ride,
And half-way to meet the monarch as escort both fit and fair—
And over the stretch of the meadow, or a pool or a brook lay there,
Where'er one might find the water rode the king as on pastime bent,
Yet ever Love drew him onward, and on Love was his heart intent.
And Beau-corps, he rode towards him, and in such wise the king would greet
That I ween 'twas a joyful moment when the twain and their folk did meet.

And more than fifty pages with Beau-corps should ride that day,
And their faces were fair to look on, Dukes and Counts might they be alway,

And kings' sons, too, rode among them—And the greeting was good to see,
When from either side the children kissed each other, of true heart free.

And Beau-corps was fair to look on, and the king asked, who might he be?
And Bené, she straightway answered. 'The son of King Lot is he,
And *Beau-corps* the name men call him'—Then he thought, 'Of a sooth, my heart,
Thou hast found her! For she shall be like him who so knightly doth play his part,
For in truth shall she be his sister, she who sent me the headgear rare
That of erst was in Sinzester fashioned, and the hawk on mine hand I bear.
If she further will show me kindness then all earthly power and pride
Would I count as naught, might I win her, tho' the earth were twice as wide.
And surely she meaneth truly—For love of her came I here,
Hitherto hath she dealt so kindly that methinks I but little fear;
She will show unto me such favour that my courage shall wax full high!'
Then he clasped the hand of her brother that fair in his hand did lie.

In the meanwhile within his army King Arthur in such wise wrought
That the Duchess was fain to grant him the peace that his lips had sought.
For rich was her consolation for her love by King Gramoflanz slain,
For whose sake she had borne him hatred; and no more might her lips complain,
For her anger had sunk to slumber, and she wakened to life anew
'Neath Gawain's embrace so tender, and her wrath, it was smitten thro'.

Then Arthur, the king of the Bretons, took many a lady bright,
One hundred, both wife and maiden, who were lovely in all men's sight,
In a tent apart he set them—Nor might her lot fairer be,

Itonjé, who sat beside them, since her king there she thought to see.
And ever her heart was joyful, and yet in her soft eyes' glow
Ye might see that the gentle maiden thro' love must sore sorrow know.
And many a knight and hero sat there, yet among them all
No face was so fair to look on as the fair face of Parzival.
To the tent-door up rode the monarch, and Gramoflanz, he ware
For garment a robe of wonder, in Gampfassâsch wroughten fair.
'Twas a rick silk, all gold embroidered, and woven with golden thread,
And a shimmer of light from his vesture afar round the monarch spread.

Then they who had hither ridden adown from their steeds they spring,
And the squires, they press them forward to the tent before their king,
And the chamberlains vie with each other, and they make thro' the court a way
To the throne where the queen of the Bretons in her glory sat that day.
Brandelidelein, his uncle, before the monarch went,
And the twain, Guinevere she kissed them, and bade welcome within her tent.
And Count Bernard, and Affinamus a kiss from her lips must take—
Then to Gramoflanz Arthur turned him, and thus to the king he spake,
'Ere thou takest thy seat, bethink thee; if thou dost a maiden love,
And thou seest her here, thou mayst kiss her, nor will I such kiss reprove!'

It had told him which was his lady, the letter he read but now
In the open field, and that letter, 'twas her brother's face I trow!
The brother of her who from all men had hidden her love so true—
And Gramoflanz' eyes beheld her, and straightway his love he knew,
And his heart swelled high within him—Since Arthur had willed their bliss,

And had bid him in men's sight greet her, on her sweet lips the maid he kissed.

Brandelidelein, he sat him by the queen, fair Guinevere,
And King Gramoflanz, he was seated by the maid, who with many a tear
Had dimmed the glow of her beauty; 'twas for his sake she wept so sore,
Nor might he take vengeance on her, since guiltless this woe she bore.
But softly he spake unto her, and he vowed to her service true,
And she thanked him for this his coming, and their hearts toward each other flew,
And further no word they spake there, but they gazed in each other's eyes,
And their yea and their nay would I tell here, were I but in Love's language wise.
To Brandelidelein quoth Arthur, 'Methinks thou enow hast told
Thy tale in the ears of my lady!' Then he led forth the hero bold,
To a little tent he led him, apart on the grassy field;
Yet Gramoflanz came not with them, but, e'en as King Arthur willed,
He abode in the tent with his comrades, and so fair were the ladies bright,
That I deem well to look upon them but little would vex a knight
And fair was their joy and their pastime, 'twould please many a man, I trow,
Who to-day, after peril ended, would joy for his sorrow know.

Then wine to the queen and her ladies and to many a knight they bare,
And, methinks, an enow they tasted, their faces waxed fresh and fair.
To Brandelidelein and King Arthur the cup-bearers wine must bring;
As they passed from the tent in this wise quoth Arthur, the goodly king:

'Sir King, say, the conflict ended, if the strife in such wise have run
That the king, the son of thy sister, shall have slain my sister's son,

Yet would woo my niece, the maiden who maketh to him her moan
But now, as they sit together and their love for each other own;
If she do as shall best beseem her, she will favour him never more,
But will give him for payment hatred as shall vex the king full sore
If her love he yet desireth—for where love is o'ercome by hate
Then joy from true hearts is banished, and desire doth with sorrow mate!'

Then out spake the King of Punturtois to Arthur of Brittany,
'Sir King, they are sons to our sisters betwixt whom this hate shall be.
'Tis our part this strife to hinder, nor other shall be its end
Save that they twain shall love each other, and from foe shall be turned to friend.
'Twere best that thy niece, Itonjé, ere she yield to my nephew's prayer,
Shall say, if in truth he love her he shall from this strife forbear.
Thus an end shall be put to the combat, and the quarrel shall turn to peace—
And thou, thou shalt pray the Duchess that her wrath 'gainst my nephew cease!'

'Yea, that have I done,' quoth Arthur, 'my sister's son, Gawain,
He holdeth such power o'er the lady, that, as courtesy doth constrain,
For his sake and mine she forgiveth the ill that the king hath done—
Now do thou thy part with thy nephew, that peace on his side be won.'
Brandelidelein quoth straightway, 'I will do e'en as thou dost say'—
And back to the tent and the feasting the monarchs they took their way.

Then sat the King of Punturtois on one side of the gracious queen,
And Parzival sat on the other, and so fair was his face, I ween,
That never a man so goodly their eyes had beheld afore—

Then Arthur, the king, he rose up, and he gat him from out the door,
And he sought Gawain, his nephew; then he, who a while must hear
How his foemen had ridden hither, learnt that Arthur now drew anear,
And before his tent dismounted—Then swift did Sir Gawain spring,
And forth from the tent on the meadow he hastened to meet the king.

Then counsel they took together, and the Duchess, she peace would swear,
But not otherwise save that Gawain for her sake should this strife forbear.
Then should Gramoflanz be forgiven, if *he*, too, would forgive the ill
Once done by King Lot, her kinsman—so Arthur should speak her will.

Then Arthur the wise and courteous, he brought the tale again,
And King Gramoflanz, for his garland, henceforward must mourn in vain.
And his hatred to Lot of Norway it passed as the snow flakes melt
In the sun, 'neath the glance of Itonjé, and anger no more he felt.
And the while he sat beside her he said to her bidding, yea, —
Then they spake, Gawain came hither with his knights in brave array,
And their names I may not tell ye, nor the land in which each was born;
But here love had banished sorrow, and sadness was overworn.

Then the Duchess, Orgelusé, and her gallant men and true,
With part of the host of Klingsor, with Gawain nearer drew;
And the covering 'gainst wind and weather from the king's tent they took away,
And thither came good Arnivé with Sangivé and Kondrie alway,
They came at King Arthur's bidding where men words of peace would speak,
(He who counteth this but a small thing, at his will may a greater seek.)

Then Iofreit, Gawain's comrade, by her white hand, within the tent
Led the Duchess, fair and stately, and on this was she courteous bent,
That the three queens should go before her—Brandelidelein they kissed,
Then she followed, proud Orgelusé, nor the monarch her greeting missed.
Then Gramoflanz stepped towards her, atonement he fain would make,
From her sweet lips the kiss of forgiveness as token of peace he'ld take;
And the lady was moved to weeping, for she thought of her true love slain,
And the faith and the sorrow of women did her heart to such woe constrain.

Then Gramoflanz and Sir Gawain with a kiss put an end to strife;
And Arthur gave maid Itonjé to King Gramoflanz to wife,
For truly and long had he served her; and Bené was glad that day—
And another for love's sake sorrowed, and his sorrow was put away,
For Lischois, the Duke of Gowerzein, won fair Kondrie for his own,
And, I ween, were her love not his portion his life little joy had known.
To the Turkowit, brave Florant, as his wife King Arthur gave
Her who wedded King Lot aforetime, and her love a man well might crave;
'Twas a gift such as love beseemeth, and the knight took it joyfully—
For the king, he was aye free-handed, and he gave such gifts readily!

To this end had he well bethought him, and counsel wise had ta'en,
And soon as his speech was ended, the Duchess, she spake again,
And she said that her love Sir Gawain had conquered with valiant hand,
And henceforth he of right was master alike of her life and land.
And many a knight who hearkened he thought her speech ill to hear,

For they fought for her love, and had broken in her service
full many a spear.

Gawain, and they who rode with him, Arnivé, and the
Duchess fair,
And many a lovely lady prayed leave of the monarch there.
And Parzival, he went with them—Sangivé and maid
Kondrie
They rode hence, but with King Arthur she abode still, fair
Itonjé.
And the wedding feast that was holden was a feast beyond
compare;
And Guinevere took Itonjé, and her true love, within her
care,
The gallant king who with knighthood full many a prize had
won,
And for love and desire of Itonjé full many brave deeds had
done.
And many they sought their lodging who for love's sake
must sorrow sore;
And how that night they had feasted, of that will we think
no more—
But they who for love did service, who knew of true love the
might,
They would that the day was ended, for fairer they deemed
the night.

Then King Gramoflanz sent this message (he bethought him
in his pride)
To his men, who, before Rosche-Sabbins, lay camped by the
water-side.
They should spare nor pains nor labour, but their tents
should they strike straightway,
And hither, with all his army, should they hasten ere break
of day.
And his marshal here must seek him a fitting place and fair
—
'Each prince by himself be encamped, and ye shall for
myself prepare
Such goodly state and royal as well shall beseem a king,
Nor spare ye the cost'—'Twas nightfall ere this word to the
host they bring.

And many a man must sorrow who had learnt from a
woman woe,—
Whose love to the winds is scattered, and who ne'er doth
rewarding know

For his service, to grief he speedeth, and naught shall his steps delay,
Save only the help of a woman o'ertaketh him on his way.

But Parzival, he bethought him of his wife so fair and sweet,
How pure she was, and how gentle—Did he ne'er another greet,
And offer for fair love service, and, wavering, love anew?
Nay, nay, he was far from such dealings, and naught of such love he knew!
For a mighty faith so guarded his body alike and heart
That never a woman living might have in his love a part,
Save only his queen and lady, Kondwiramur, the flower
Of women, Love's fairest blossom, with none should she share her power.

And he thought, 'Since to Love I wakened but ill hath Love dealt with me,
Of Love was I born, how comes it that I must from her presence flee?
Tho' my hand for the Grail be seeking yet desire it doth rend my heart,
And I yearn for her sweet embraces; ah, too long have we dwelt apart!
Shall I look with mine eyes on rejoicing while my heart seeth naught but woe?
The twain fit but ill together, and no man thereby shall know
High courage, a knight befitting—Now Good Fortune direct my way,
And show me what best beseemeth!' His harness before him lay,
And he thought, 'Since to me that lacketh with which others are richly blest,—
The love in whose sweet fulfilment many sad hearts have found their rest—
Since this sorrow must be my portion I care not what else my lot,
Little reck I what shall befall me, since my joy Heaven willeth not!
And thou, for whose love I am yearning, were it so both with me and thee,
That our hearts ever dreamed of parting, nor our love from all doubt were free,
It might well be that with another joy and blessing again were mine,

But thy love it so fast doth hold me, I may rest on no heart but thine!
And for aye am I Sorrow's captive! Now Good Fortune bring joy to all
Who find peace in fair Love's fulfilment, they are blessèd whate'er befall—
May God give to this folk rejoicing! But I from their joy must flee,
And wend lonely as of aforetime, since gladness is not for me!'

Then he stretched out his hand to his harness, and as oft was his wont of yore,
Unaided he girt it on him, and soon was he armed once more.
Now sorrow anew he seeketh—When he, who from joy would fly,
Had armed himself, his charger he saddled right speedily,
And his shield and spear were ready—O'er his loss did they wail next morn,
For no eye looked on his departing, he rode thence ere the day was born.

BOOK XV
FEIREFIS

ARGUMENT

Book XV. tells how Parzival met with a mighty heathen, with whom he fought fiercely, and how he was well-nigh vanquished. How he found the heathen to be his brother, Feirefis Angevin, and how the twain rode together to the court of King Arthur.

Of the welcome given to Feirefis by King Arthur and his knights; of his riches; and of the kings conquered by the two brothers.

How a feast of the Round Table was holden, and how Kondrie bare tidings of Parzival's election to the Grail Kingdom, and summoned him, his wife, and his son Lohengrin, to Monsalväsch; and how Parzival and Feirefis rode thither with Kondrie as their guide.

BOOK XV

FEIREFIS

Now many were sorely angered that I told not this tale afore
Since it wearied them naught in the hearing—Now my words I withhold no more,
But I give ye to wit full truly, as my mouth may the story tell,
The end of this wondrous venture for methinks it shall please ye well.
Ye shall know how the king, Anfortas, of his wound was made whole again—
Of the queen doth the venture tell us, who in far Pelrapär did reign;
How she kept a pure heart and loyal till the day of her great reward,
And earth's fairest crown was her guerdon at the hand of her faithful lord.
Ye shall hear the tale of its winning, if my skill fail me not alway;
Yet first must ye list the labour that Parzival wrought that day.

Now, tho' dauntless his hand had striven, but as children his foemen all,

And ne'er would I risk my hero might I rule that which shall befall.
I must sorrow sore for his peril, and fain would I speak him free,
But now must I trust that Good Fortune the shield of his heart may be.
For purity, and high courage, side by side in his heart they lay,
And ne'er had he cherished cowardice, nor shrunk from the knightly fray;
And I deem this shall surely give him such strength he his life may hold,
Since fierce strife draweth nigh unto him, and his foe is a hero bold.
For he meeteth a prince of battles who dauntless to strife doth ride,
And unbaptized was the foeman who rode here in his heathen pride.

Full soon had he come, our hero, to a mighty woodland shade,
And without, in the light of the dawning, his armour a knight displayed.
'Twere a marvel could I, a poor man, of the riches now speak to ye
That the heathen he bare as his decking, so costly their worth should be.
If more than enough I told ye, yet more would be left to tell;
Yet I would not his wealth were hidden—What of riches, I ween, shall dwell
In Bretagne alike and England, and be tribute to Arthur's might,
They had paid not the stones that, shining, glowed fair on his armour bright.
His blazoned coat was costly, and naught but the truth I say,
Ruby and Chalcedony, ye had held them not fair that day.
And bright as the sun was his vesture, on the mount of Agremontein,
In the glowing fires, Salamanders had welded that garment's shine.
There jewels rare and precious, with never a fault or flaw,
Glowed dark and light; of their nature, I ween, I can tell no more!

His desire was for love's rewarding, and the winning of high renown,

He had won from the hands of fair women the jewels that his pride did crown.
For the favour Frau Minne showed him with joy did his proud heart beat,
And it swelled high with manly courage, as is for a lover meet.
As reward for his deeds of knighthood on his helmet a beast he bare,
Ecidemon, all poisonous serpents they must of its power beware,
For of life and of strength doth it rob them, if they smell it but from afar—
Thopedissimonté, Assigarzionté, Thasmé, and Arabia,
They scarce of such silk might boast them as was covering for his steed—
He sought, that mighty heathen, in a woman's love his meed,
And therefore he bravely decked him, and fain would his courage prove,
And his manhood, it urged him onward to battle for sake of love.

Now the knight, so young and gallant, in a haven beside the wood,
But little known, on the water had anchored his ships so good.
And his armies were five-and-twenty, and they knew not each other's speech—
'Twas a token fair of his riches, and the lands that his power might reach,
As the armies, so were the kingdoms that did service unto his hand—
And Moors and Saracens were they, and unlike was each warlike band,
And the hue of their skins was diverse—Thus gathered from lands afar
Ye might see in his mighty army strange weapons of heathen war.

So thus, in search of adventure, from his army this man would ride,
In the woodland green he wandered, and waited what should betide.
And since thus it well doth please them, so let them ride, these kings,
Alone, in search of ventures, and the fair fame that combat brings.

Yet Parzival rode not lonely, methinks he had comrades twain,
Himself, and the lofty courage that lord o'er his soul did reign.
And that he so bravely fought here might win from a woman praise,
If falsehood should not mislead her, that injustice should rule her ways.

So spurred they against each other, who were lambs in their purity,
Yet as lions were they bold and dauntless, 'twas a sight for a man to see!
Ah! woe is me for their meeting, for the world and its ways are wide,
And they well might have spared each other, nor, guiltless, to battle ride.
I should sorrow for him whom I brought here, save my heart did this comfort hold,
That the Grail shall with strength endue him, and Love shelter the hero bold,
Since he was of the twain the servant, nor his heart ever wavering knew,
And ever his hand was ready to serve them with service true.

My skill little wit doth give me this combat that here befell,
In fitting words and knightly, from beginning to end to tell.
But the eye of each flashed triumph as the coming foe he saw,
And the heart of each knight waxed joyful, as they nearer to battle draw.
Yet sorrow, I ween, was nigh them, true hearts, from all falsehood free,
And each bare the heart of the other, and should comrade and stranger be!

Nor may I asunder part them, the paynim and Christian knight,
Hatred they show to each other, tho' no cause have they here for fight.
And methinks this of joy shall rob them, who, as true women, share their pain
Who risk their lives for a woman! May they part, ere one here be slain!

As the lion-cub, that its mother beareth dead, doth to life awake
At the aweful voice of its father, so these twain, as the spear-shafts break
Arouse to fresh life, and to honour, I ween, are they newly born,
For many a joust have they ridden and many a spear outworn.
Then they tighten the hanging bridle, and they take to their aim good care,
That each on the shield of the other, as he willeth, shall smite him fair.
And no point do they leave unguarded, and they give to their seat good heed,
As men who are skilled in jousting, and sharply each spurs his steed.

And bravely the joust was ridden, and each gorget asunder broke,
And the spears bent not, but in splinters they flew from each mighty stroke;
And sore was he wroth, the heathen, that this man might his joust abide,
For never a knight but had fallen who a course 'gainst his spear would ride.
Think ye that their swords they wielded as their chargers together drew?
Yea, the combat was sharp and bitter, and each must give proof anew
Alike of his skill and his manhood—The strange beast, Ecidemon,
Had many a wound, and beneath it the helmet sore blows had won;
And the horses were hot and wearied, and many new turns they tried—
Then down they sprung from their chargers, and their sword-blades afresh they plied.

And the heathen wrought woe to the Christian, 'Thasmé!' was his battle-cry,
And when 'Tabronit!' he shouted he drew ever a step anigh.
And the Christian, he showed his valour in many an onslaught bold;
So pressed they upon each other—Nor would I the tale withhold
Of how the fight was foughten, yet must I the strife bemoan,

How, one flesh and one blood thus sharing, each wrought evil unto his own;
For both were the sons of one father, and brothers, I ween, were they,
And methinks upon such foundation faith and friendship their stone should lay!

And love ne'er had failed the heathen, and his heart was for combat fain,
For the love of Queen Sekundillé fresh honour he thought to gain;
Tribalibot's land she gave him, and she was his shield in strife—
So bravely he fought, how think ye that the Christian might guard his life?
On love let his thoughts be steadfast, else sure is he here undone,
And he hath from the hand of the heathen in this combat his death-blow won.
O thou Grail, by thy lofty virtue such fate from thy knight withhold!
Kondwiramur, thine husband in such deadly stress behold!
Here he standeth, of both the servant, in such danger and peril sore
That as naught ye may count the ventures he hath dared for your sake of yore!
Then on high flashed the sword of the heathen, and many such blow had slain,
To his knee Parzival was beaten—Now see how they fought, the twain,
If twain ye will still account them, yet in sooth shall they be but one,
For my brother and I are one body, e'en as husband and wife are one!

The heathen wrought woe to the Christian—Of Asbestos, I ween, his shield,
That wondrous wood that never to flame or decay shall yield;
I' sooth, right well she loved him who gave him a gift so fair,
Turquoise, Chrysoprase, Emerald, Ruby, rich jewels beyond compare
Decked with shining lines its surface, on the boss shone a precious stone,
Antrax, afar they call it, as Carbuncle it here is known.
And as token of love, for his guarding, Sekundillé the queen would give

That wondrous beast, Ecidemon—in her favour he fain would live,
And e'en as she willed he bare it, as his badge, did that gallant knight—
Here with purity faith joined issue, and truth with high truth would fight.

For love's sake upon the issue of this combat each risked his life,
Each had pledged his hand to the winning of honour and fame in strife;
And the Christian, in God he trusted since the day that he rode away
From the hermit, whose faithful counsel had bidden him trust alway
In Him who could turn his sorrow into bliss without thought of bale—
To Him should he pray for succour, whose succour should never fail.

And fierce and strong was the heathen, when 'Tabronit,' he cried,
For there, 'neath the mount Kaukasus did the queen, Sekundillé', abide;
Thus gained he afresh high courage 'gainst him who ne'er knew of yore
The weight of such deadly combat, for in sooth was he pressed full sore—
To defeat was he aye a stranger, and ne'er had he seen its face,
Tho' his foemen right well must know it, as they yielded them to his grace!

With skill do they wield their weapons, and sparks spring from the helmets fair,
And a whistling wind ariseth as the blades cleave the summer air;
God have Gamuret's son in His keeping! and the prayer it shall stand for both,
For the twain shall be one nor, I think me, to own it were either loth.
For had they but known each other their stake ne'er had been so great,
For blessing, and joy, and honour, were risked on that combat's fate,
For he who shall here be victor, if true brother and knight he be,

Of all this world's joy is he forfeit, nor from grief may his heart be free!

Sir Parzival, why delay thee to think on thy queen and wife,
Her purity and her beauty, if here thou wouldst save thy life?
For the heathen, he bare two comrades who kindled his strength anew,
The one, in his strong heart, steadfast, lay ever a love so true;
And the other, the precious jewels that burnt with a mystic glow,
Thro' whose virtue his strength waxed greater, and his heart must fresh courage know.
And it grieveth me sore that the Christian was weary and faint with fight,
Nor swiftly might he avoid him, and his blows they were robbed of might;
And if the twain fail to aid thee, O thou gallant Parzival,
Thy queen and the Grail, then I think me this thought it shall help thee well,
Shall thy fair babes thus young be orphaned? Kardeiss and Lohengrin,
Whom thy wife, e'en as thou didst leave her, for her joy and her hope must win—
For children thus born in wedlock, the pledge of a love so pure,
I ween are a man's best blessing, and a joy that shall aye endure!

New strength did he win, the Christian, and he thought, none too soon, I ween,
On his love so true and faithful, on Kondwiramur, his queen,
How he won his wife at the sword's point, when sparks from the helm did spring
'Neath the mighty blows he dealt him, Klamidé, the warrior king.
'Tabronit! and Thasmé!' and above them rung clear his battle-cry,
'Pelrapär!' as aloud he cried it to his aid did his true love fly,
O'er kingdoms four she sought him, and her love gave him strength anew,
And lo! from the shield of the heathen the costly splinters flew,
Each one a hundred marks' worth—and the sword so strong and keen

That Ither of Gaheviess bare first brake sheer on the helmet's sheen,
And the stranger, so rich and valiant, he stumbled, and sought his knee—
For God, He no longer willed it that Parzival lord should be
Of this weapon of which in his folly he had robbed a gallant knight—
Then up sprang afresh the heathen who ne'er before fell in fight,
Not yet is the combat ended, and the issue for both shall stand
In the power of the God of battles, and their life lieth in His hand!

And a gallant knight was the heathen, and he spake out, right courteously,
(Tho' the tongue was the tongue of a heathen yet in fair French his speech should be,)
'Now I see well, thou gallant hero, thou hast no sword wherewith to fight,
And the fame shall be small I win me if I fight with an unarmed knight,
But rest thee awhile from conflict, and tell me who thou shalt be,
For the fame that so long I cherished it surely had fallen to thee
Had the blow not thy sword-blade shattered—Now, let peace be betwixt us twain,
And our wearied limbs will we rest here ere we get us to strife again.'
Then down on the grass they sat them, and courteous and brave were they,
Nor too young nor too old for battle—fit foemen they were that day!

Then the heathen, he spake to the Christian, 'Believe me, Sir Knight, that ne'er
Did I meet with a man so worthy the crown of such fame to bear
As a knight in strife may win him—Now, I prithee, tell thou to me
Thy name, and thy race, that my journey may here not unfruitful be!
Quoth the son of fair Herzeleide, 'Thro' *fear* shall I tell my name?
For thou askest of me such favour as a victor alone may claim!'

Spake the heathen prince from Thasmé, 'Then that shame
shall be mine, I ween,
For first will I speak my title, and the name that mine own
hath been;
"Feirefis Angevin" all men call me, and such riches are mine,
I trow,
That the folk of full many a kingdom 'neath my sceptre as
vassals bow!'

Then, e'en as the words were spoken, to the heathen quoth
Parzival,
'How shall "*Angevin*" be thy title, since as heirdom to *me* it
fell,
Anjou, with its folk and its castles, its lands and its cities fair?
Nay, choose thee some other title, if thou, courteous,
wouldst hear my prayer!
If thro' thee I have lost my kingdom, and the fair town
Béalzenan,
Then wrong hadst thou wrought upon me ere ever our strife
began!
If one of us twain is an Angevin then by birthright that one
am I!—
And yet, of a truth, was it told me, that afar 'neath an
Eastern sky,
There dwelleth a dauntless hero, who, with courage and
knightly skill,
Such love and such fame hath won him that he ruleth them
at his will.
And men say, he shall be my brother—and that all they who
know his name
Account him a knight most valiant, and he weareth the
crown of fame!'

In a little space he spake further, 'If, Sir Knight, I thy face
might see,
I should know if the truth were told me, if in sooth thou art
kin to me.
Sir Knight, wilt thou trust mine honour, then loosen thine
helmet's band,
I will swear till once more thou arm thee to stay from all
strife mine hand!

Then out he spake, the heathen, 'Of such strife have I little
fear,
For e'en were my body naked, my sword, I still hold it here!
Of a sooth must thou be the vanquished, for since broken
shall be thy sword

What availeth thy skill in combat keen death from thine heart to ward,
Unless, of free will, I spare thee? For, ere thou couldst clasp me round,
My steel, thro' the iron of thy harness, thy flesh and thy bone had found!'
Then the heathen, so strong and gallant, he dealt as a knight so true,
'Nor mine nor thine shall this sword be!' and straight from his hand it flew,
Afar in the wood he cast it, and he quoth, 'Now, methinks, Sir Knight,
The chance for us both shall be equal, if further we think to fight!'

Quoth Feirefis, 'Now, thou hero, by thy courteous breeding fair,
Since in sooth thou shalt have a brother, say, what face doth that brother bear?
And tell me here of his colour, e'en as men shall have told it thee.'
Quoth the Waleis, 'As written parchment, both black and white is he,
For so hath Ekuba told me.' 'Then that brother am I alway,'
Quoth the heathen—Those knights so gallant, but little they made delay,
But they loosed from their heads the helmet, and they made them of iron bare,
And Parzival deemed that he found there a gift o'er all others fair,
For straightway he knew the other, (as a magpie, I ween, his face,)
And hatred and wrath were slain here in a brotherly embrace.
Yea, friendship far better 'seemed them, who owed to one sire their life,
Than anger, methinks, and envy—Truth and Love made an end of strife.

Then joyful he spake, the heathen, 'Now well shall it be with me,
And I thank the gods of my people that Gamuret's son I see.
Blest be Juno, the queen of heaven, since, methinks, she hath ruled it so,
And Jupiter, by whose virtue and strength I such bliss may know,

Gods and goddesses, I will love ye, and worship your strength for aye—
And blest be those shining planets, 'neath the power of whose guiding ray
I hither have made my journey—For ventures I here would seek,
And found *thee*, brother, sweet and aweful, whose strong hand hath made me weak.
And blest be the dew, and the breezes, that this morning my brow have fanned.
Ah! thou courteous knight who holdest love's key in thy valiant hand!
Ah! happy shall be the woman whose eyes on thy face shall light,
Already is bliss her portion who seeth so fair a sight!'

'Ye speak well, I would fain speak better of a full heart, had I the skill;
Yet alas! for I lack the wisdom, tho' God knoweth, of right goodwill
The fame of your worth and valour by my words would I higher raise,
And as eye, and as heart should serve me, the twain, they should speak your praise;
As your fame and your glory lead them, so behind in your track they fare—
And ne'er from the hand of a foeman such peril hath been my share
As the peril your hand hath wrought me! and sooth are these words I say.'
In this wise quoth the knight of Kanvoleis; yet Feirefis spake alway;

'With wisdom and skill, I wot well, hath Jupiter fashioned thee,
Thou true and gallant hero! Nor thy speech shall thus distant be,
For "*ye*" thou shalt no more call me, of one sire did we spring we twain.'
And with brotherly love he prayed him he would from such speech refrain
And henceforward '*thou*' to call him, yet Parzival deemed it ill,
And he spake, 'Now, your riches, brother, shall be e'en as the Baruch's still,
And ye of us twain are the elder, my poverty and my youth

They forbid me "*thou*" to call ye, or discourteous were I in truth.

Then the Prince of Tribalibot, joyful, with many a word would praise
His god, Jupiter, and to Juno thanksgiving he fain would raise,
Since so well had she ruled the weather, that the port to which he was bound
He had safely reached, and had landed, and there had a brother found.

Side by side did they sit together, and neither forgot the grace
Of courtesy, to the other, each knight fain had yielded place.
Then the heathen spake, 'My brother, wilt thou sail with me to my land,
Then two kingdoms, rich and powerful, will I give thee into thine hand.
Thy father and mine, he won them when King Eisenhart's life was run,
Zassamank and Assagog are they—to no man he wrong hath done,
Save in that he left me orphaned—of the ill that he did that day
As yet have I not avenged me, for an ill deed it was alway.
For his wife, the queen who bare me, thro' her love must she early die,
When she knew herself love-bereavèd, and her lord from her land did fly.
Yet gladly that knight would I look on, for his fame hath been told to me
As the best of knights, and I journey my father's face to see!'

Then Parzival made him answer, 'Yea I, too, I saw him ne'er;
Yet all men they speak well of him, and his praises all lands declare,
And ever in strife and conflict to better his fame he knew,
And his valour was high exalted, and afar from him falsehood flew.
And women he served so truly that all true folk they praised his name,
And all that should deck a Christian lent honour unto his fame,
For his faith it for aye stood steadfast, and all false deeds did he abhor,

But followed his true heart's counsel—Thus ever I heard of yore
From the mouth of all men who knew him, that man ye were fain to see,
And I ween ye would do him honour if he yet on this earth might be,
And sought for fame as aforetime—The delight of all women's eyes
Was he, till king Ipomidon with him strove for knighthood's prize,
At Bagdad the joust was ridden, and there did his valiant life
For love's sake become death's portion, and there was he slain in strife;
In a knightly joust we lost him from whose life do we spring, we twain;
If here ye would seek our father, then the seas have ye sailed in vain!'

'Alas, for the endless sorrow!' quoth the knight. 'Is my father dead?
Here joy have I lost, tho' it well be that joy cometh in its stead.
In this self-same hour have I lost me great joy, and yet joy have found,
For myself, and thou, and my father, we three in one bond are bound;
For tho' men as *three* may hold us, yet I wot well we are but *one*,
And no wise man he counts that kinship 'twixt father, methinks, and son,
For in truth for more must he hold it—With *thyself* hast thou fought to-day,
To strife with *myself* have I ridden, and I went near myself to slay;
Thy valour in good stead stood us, from myself hast thou saved my life—
Now Jupiter see this marvel, since thy power so hath ruled the strife
That from death hast thou here withheld us!' Then tears streamed from his heathen eyes,
As he laughed and wept together—Yea, a Christian such truth might prize,
For our baptism truth should teach us, since there are we named anew
In the Name of Christ, and all men they hold the Lord Christ for true!

Quoth the heathen, e'en as I tell ye, 'No longer will we abide
In this place, but if thou, my brother, for a short space with me wilt ride,
From the sea to the land will I summon, that their power be made known to thee,
The richest force that Juno e'er guided across the sea.
And in truth, without thought of falsehood, full many a gallant knight
Will I show thee, who do me service, and beneath my banners fight,
With me shalt thou ride towards them.' Then Parzival spake alway,
'Have ye then such power o'er these people that your bidding they wait to-day
And all the days ye are absent?' Quoth the heathen, 'Yea, even so,
If for half a year long I should leave them, not a man from the place would go,
Be he rich or poor, till I bade him. Well victualled their ships shall be,
And neither the horse nor his rider setteth foot on the grassy lea,
Save only to fetch them water from the fountain that springeth fair,
Or to lead their steeds to the meadow to breathe the fresh summer air.'

Then Parzival quoth to his brother, 'If it be so, then follow me
To where many a gracious maiden, and fair pleasures, ye well may see,
And many a courteous hero who shall be to us both akin—
Near by with a goodly army lieth Arthur, the Breton king,
'Twas only at dawn I left them, a great host and fair are they,
And many a lovely lady shall gladden our eyes to-day.'
When he heard that he spake of women, since he fain for their love would live,
He quoth, 'Thou shalt lead me thither, but first thou shalt answer give
To the question I here would ask thee—Of a truth shall we kinsmen see
When we come to the court of King Arthur? For ever 'twas told to me
That his name it is rich in honour, and he liveth as valiant knight'—
Quoth Parzival, 'We shall see there full many a lady bright,

Nor fruitless shall be our journey, our own folk shall we find there,
The men of whose race we have sprung, men whose head shall a king's crown bear.'

Nor longer the twain would sit there, and straightway did Parzival
Seek again the sword of his brother that afar in the woodland fell,
And again the hero sheathed it, and all hatred they put away,
And e'en as true friends and brothers together they rode that day.

Yet ere they might come to King Arthur men had heard of the twain a tale—
On the self-same day it befell so that the host, they must sore bewail
The loss of a gallant hero, since Parzival rode away—
Then Arthur, he took good counsel, and he spake, 'Unto the eighth day
Would they wait for Parzival's coming, nor forth from the field would fare'—
And hither came Gramoflanz' army, and they many a ring prepare,
And with costly tents do they deck them, and the proud knights are lodged full well,
Nor might brides e'er win greater honour than here to this four befell.
Then from Château Merveil rode thither a squire in the self-same hour,
And he said, in their column mirrored, had they seen in their fair watch-tower
A mighty fight, and a fearful—'And where'er men with swords have fought,
I wot well, beside this combat their strife shall be held as naught.'
And the tale did they tell to Gawain, as he sat by King Arthur's side,
And this knight, and that, spake wondering to whom might such strife betide?
Quoth Arthur the king, 'Now I wager that I know of the twain *one* knight,
'Twas my nephew of Kanvoleis fought there, who left us ere morning light!'

And now, lo the twain rode hither—They had foughten a combat fair,
As helmet and shield sore dinted with sword-stroke might witness bear.
And well skilled were the hands that had painted these badges of strife, I trow,
(For 'tis meet in the lust of combat that a knight's hand such skill should show,)
Then they rode by the camp of King Arthur—As the heathen knight rode past
Full many a glance of wonder at his costly gear was cast.
And with tents the plain was covered—Then rode they to Gawain's ring,
And before his tent they halted—Did men a fair welcome bring,
And lead them within, and gladly behold them? Yea, even so,
And Gawain, he rode swiftly after when he did of their coming know;
For e'en as he sat by King Arthur he saw that his tent they sought,
And, as fitted a courteous hero, joyful greeting to them he brought.

And as yet they bare their armour—Then Gawain, the courteous knight,
He bade his squires disarm them—In the stress of the deadly fight
Ecidemon, the beast, was cloven; the robe that the heathen ware
In many a place bare token of the blows that had been its share,
'Twas a silk of Saranthasmé, decked with many a precious stone,
And beneath, rich, snow-white, blazoned with his bearings his vesture shone.
And one over against the other stood the gems in a double row;
By the wondrous Salamanders was it woven in fierce flame's glow!
All this glory a woman gave him, who would stake on his skill in strife
Her crown alike and her kingdom, as she gave him her love and life.
'Twas the fair Queen Sekundillé (and gladly he did her will,
And were it for joy or for sorrow he hearkened her bidding still)

And, e'en as her true heart willed it, of her riches was he the lord,
For her love, as his rightful guerdon, had he won him with shield and sword.

Then Gawain, he bade his people of the harness to have good care,
That naught should be moved from its station, shield, or helmet, or vesture fair.
And in sooth a gift too costly e'en the blazoned coat had been
If poor were the maid who a love-gift would give to her knight, I ween,
So rich were the stones that decked it, the harness of pieces four—
And where wisdom with goodwill worketh, and of riches there be full store,
There love well can deck the loved one! And proud Feirefis, he strove
With such zeal for the honour of women, he well was repaid by Love!

And soon as he doffed his harness they gazed on the wondrous sight,
And they who might speak of marvels said, in sooth, that this heathen knight,
Feirefis, was strange to look on! and wondrous marks he bore—
Quoth Gawain to Parzival, 'Cousin, I ne'er saw his like before,
Now who may he be, thy comrade? For in sooth he is strange to see!'
Quoth Parzival, 'Are we kinsmen, then thy kinsman this knight shall be,
As Gamuret's name may assure thee—Of Zassamank is he king,
There my father he won Belakané who this prince to the world did bring.'
Then Gawain, he kissed the heathen—Now the noble Feirefis
Was black and white all over, save his mouth was half red, I wis!

Then they brought to the twain fair raiment, and I wot well their cost was dear.
(They were brought forth from Gawain's chamber.) Then the ladies, they drew anear,

And the Duchess she bade Sangivé and Kondrie first kiss the knight
Ere she and Arnivé proffered in greeting their lips so bright.
And Feirefis gazed upon them, and, methinks, he was glad at heart
At the sight of their lovely faces, and in joy had he lot and part.

Then Gawain spake to Parzival, 'Cousin, thou hast found a new battle-field,
If aright I may read the token of thy helmet and splintered shield,
Sore strife shall have been your comrade, both thine and thy brother's too!
Say, with whom did ye fight so fiercely?' Then Parzival spake anew,
'No fiercer fight have I foughten, my brother's hand pressed me sore
To defend me, no charm more potent than defence 'gainst death's stroke I bore.
As this stranger, whom yet I knew well, I smote, my sword brake in twain,
Yet no fear did he show, and 'vantage he scorned of mischance to gain,
For afar did he cast his sword-blade, since he feared lest 'gainst me he sin,
Yet naught did he know when he spared me that we twain were so near akin.
But now have I won his friendship, and his love, and with right goodwill
Would I do to him faithful service as befitteth a brother still!'

Then Gawain spake, 'They brought me tidings of a dauntless strife and bold,
In Château Merveil the country for six miles may ye well behold,
The pillar within the watch-tower showeth all that within that space
Doth chance,—and he spake, King Arthur, that *one* who there strife did face,
Should be *thou* cousin mine of Kingrivals, now hast thou the tidings brought,
And we know of a sooth the combat was even as we had thought.
Now believe me, the truth I tell thee, for eight days here our feast we'ld hold

In great pomp, and await thy coming, shouldst thou seek us,
thou hero bold.
Now rest here, ye twain, from your combat—but methinks,
since ye thus did fight,
Ye shall each know the other better, and hatred shall own
love's might.'

That eve would Gawain sup early, since his cousin of far
Thasmé,
Feirefis Angevin, and his brother, had tasted no food that
day.
And high and long were the cushions that they laid in a ring
so wide,
And many a costly covering of silk did their softness hide.
And long, and wide, and silken, were the clothes that above
them went,
And the store of Klingsor's riches they spread forth within
the tent.
Then four costly carpets silken, and woven so fair to see,
Did they hang one against the other, so the tale it was told
to me;
And beneath them, of down were the pillows, and each one
was covered fair,
And in such wise the costly couches for the guests would
the squires prepare.

And so wide was the ring that within it six pavilions right
well might stand
Nor the tent ropes should touch each other—(Now wisdom
doth fail mine hand,
I will speak no more of these marvels). Then straightway
Gawain he sent
To King Arthur, he fain would tell him who abode here
within his tent,
He had come, the mighty heathen, of whom Ekuba erst did
tell
On Plimizöl's plain! And the tidings they rejoiced King
Arthur well.

And he who should bear the tidings, he was Iofreit, and
Idol's son;
And he bade the king sup early, and so soon as the meal
was done,
With his knights and his host of ladies, to ride forth a train
so fair,
And a fit and worthy welcome for Gamuret's son prepare.

Quoth the king, 'All who here are worthy, of a sooth, will I bring with me.'
Quoth Iofreit, 'Ye fain will see him, so courteous a knight is he,
And a marvel is he to look on—From great riches he forth must fare,
For the price of his coat emblazoned is such as no man might bear,
And no hand might count its equal, not in Löver or Brittany,
Or in England, or e'en from Paris to Wizsant beside the sea —
Nay, all the rich lands between them, were their wealth in the balance weighed,
Then the cost of his goodly raiment, I think me, were yet unpaid!'

Then again came the knight Iofreit, when he to the king had told
The guise that should best befit him when he greeted the heathen bold.
And within the tent of Gawain the seats were ordered fair,
In courteous rank and seemly, and the guests to the feast repair.
And the vassals of Orgelusé, and the heroes within her train
Who gladly for love had served her, they sate there beside Gawain.
Their seats they were on his right hand, on his left were Klingsor's knights,
And over against the heroes sat many a lady bright,
All they who were Klingsor's captives, in sooth were they fair of face,
And Parzival and his brother, by the maidens they took their place.

Then the Turkowit, Sir Florant, and Sangivé, that noble queen,
Sat over against each other, and in like wise, the board between,
Sat Gowerzein's Duke, brave Lischois, and his wife, the fair Kondrie.
Iofreit and Gawain forgat not each other's mate to be,
As of old would they sit together, and together, as comrades, eat.
The Duchess, with bright eyes shining, by Arnivé must find her seat,
Nor forgat they to serve each other with courteous and kindly grace—

At the side sat fair Orgelusé, while Arnivé by Gawain found
place.

And all shame and discourteous bearing from the circle
must take their flight,
And courteous they bare the viands to each maid and each
gallant knight.
Then Feirefis looked on his brother, and he spake unto
Parzival;
'Now Jupiter ruled my journey so that bliss to my lot would
fall
Since his aid shall have brought me hither, and here mine
own folk I see,
And I praise the sire that I knew not, of a gallant race was
he!'

Quoth the Waleis, 'Ye yet shall see them, a folk ye right well
may love,
With Arthur their king and captain, brave knights who their
manhood prove.
So soon as this feast is ended, as methinks it will be ere
long,
Ye shall see them come in their glory, many valiant men and
strong.
Of the knights of the good Round Table there shall sit at this
board but three,
Our host, and the knight Iofreit, and such honour once fell
to me,
In the days that I showed me worthy, that they prayed me I
would be one
Of their band, nor was I unwilling, but e'en as they spake
'twas done,'

Now 'twas time, since all well had eaten, the covers to bear
away
From before both man and maiden, and this did the squires
straightway.
The host would no longer sit there; then the Duchess and
Arnivé spake,
And they prayed that the twain, Sangivé and Kondrie, they
with them might take;
And go to the strange-faced heathen, and entreat him in
courteous wise—
When Feirefis saw them near him, from his seat did the
prince arise,
And with Parzival, his brother, stepped forward the queens
to meet,

By his hand did the Duchess take him, and with fair words
the knight would greet;
And the ladies and knights who stood there she bade them
be seated all—
Then the king and his host came riding, with many a
trumpet call;
And they heard the sound of music, of tambour, and flute,
and horn,
With many a blast drew nearer the king of Arnivé born;
And the heathen this pomp and rejoicing must hold for a
worthy thing—
And Guinevere rode with King Arthur, so came they to
Gawain's ring;
And goodly the train that followed of ladies and gallant
knights,
And Feirefis saw among them fair faces with youth's tints
bright;
And King Gramoflanz rode among them, for Arthur's guest
was he,
And Itonjé, his love so loyal, true lady, from falsehood free!

Then the gallant host dismounted, with many a lady sweet,
And Guinevere bade Itonjé her nephew, the heathen, greet.
Then the queen herself drew anear him, and she kissed the
knight Feirefis,
And Gramoflanz and King Arthur received him with friendly
kiss;
And in honour they proffered service unto him, those
monarchs twain,
And many a man of his kinsfolk to welcome the prince was
fain.
And many a faithful comrade Feirefis Angevin had found,
Nor in sooth was he loth to own here that he stood upon
friendly ground.

Down they sat them, both wife and husband, and many a
gracious maid,
And many a knight might find there (if in sooth he such
treasure prayed,)
From sweet lips sweet words of comfort—If for wooing such
knight were fain,
Then from many a maid who sat there no hatred his prayer
would gain,
No true woman shall e'er be wrathful if a true man for help
shall pray,
For ever the right she holdeth to yield, or to say him 'Nay,'

And if labour win joy for payment then such guerdon shall
true love give—
And I speak but as in my lifetime I have seen many true folk
live—
And service sat there by rewarding, for in sooth 'tis a
gracious thing
When a knight may his lady hearken, for joy shall such
hearing bring.

And Feirefis sat by King Arthur, nor would either prince
delay
To the question each asked the other courteous answer to
make straightway—
Quoth King Arthur, 'May God be praised, for He honoureth
us I ween,
Since this day within our circle so gallant a guest is seen,
No knight hath Christendom welcomed to her shores from a
heathen land
Whom, an he desired my service, I had served with such
willing hand!'

Quoth Feirefis to King Arthur, 'Misfortune hath left my side,
Since the day that my goddess Juno, with fair winds and a
favouring tide,
Led my sail to this Western kingdom! Methinks that thou
bearest thee
In such wise as he should of whose valour many tales have
been told to me;
If indeed thou art called King Arthur, then know that in
many a land
Thy name is both known and honoured, and thy fame o'er
all knights doth stand.'

Quoth Arthur, 'Himself doth he honour who thus spake in
my praise to thee
And to other folk, since such counsel he won of his courtesy
Far more than of my deserving—for he spake of his kindly
will.
Yea, in sooth shall my name be Arthur, and the tale would I
hearken still
Of how to this land thou camest, if for *love's* sake thou
bearest shield,
Then thy love must be fair, since to please her thou ridest so
far afield!
If her guerdon be not withholden then love's service shall
wax more fair,

Else must many a maid win hatred from the knight who her badge doth bear!'

'Nay, 'twas otherwise,' quoth the heathen; 'Now learn how I came to thee,
I led such a mighty army, they who guardians of Troy would be,
And they who its walls besiegèd, the road to my hosts must yield—
If both armies yet lived, and lusted to face me on open field,
Then ne'er might they win the victory, but shame and defeat must know
From me and my host, of a surety their force would I overthrow!—
And many a fight had I foughten, and knightly deeds had done,
Till as guerdon at length the favour of Queen Sekundill' I won.
And e'en as her wish so my will is, and her love to my life is guide,
She bade me to give with a free hand, and brave knights to keep at my side,
And this must I do to please her; and I did even as she would,
'Neath my shield have I won as vassals full many a warrior good,
And her love it hath been my guerdon—An Ecidemon I bear
On my shield, even as she bade me, at her will I this token wear.
Since then, came I e'er in peril, if but on my love I thought
She hath helped me, yea, Jupiter never such succour in need hath brought!'

Quoth Arthur, 'Thy gallant father, Gamuret, he hath left thee heir
To the heart that on woman's service thus loveth afar to fare.
Of such service I too can tell thee, for but seldom hath greater deeds
Been done for a woman's honour, or to win of her love the meed,
Than were done for the sake of the Duchess who sitteth beside us here.
For her love many gallant heroes have splintered full many a spear,
Yea, the spear-shafts were e'en as a forest! And many have paid the cost

Of her service in bitter sorrow, and in joy and high courage lost!'

And then the tale he told him of the fame that Gawain had found,
And the knights of the host of Klingsor, and the heroes who sat around,
And of Parzival, his brother, how he fought fierce combats twain,
For the sake of Gramoflanz' garland, on Ioflanz' grassy plain;
'And what other have been his ventures, who never himself doth spare
As thro' the wide world he rideth, that shall he himself declare;
For he seeketh a lofty guerdon, and he rideth to find the Grail.
And here shall it be my pleasure that ye twain, without lack or fail,
Shall tell me the lands and the peoples against whom ye shall both have fought.'
Quoth the heathen, 'I'll name the princes whom I here as my captives brought':

'King Papirus of Trogodjenté, Count Behantins of Kalomedenté,
Duke Farjelastis of Africk, and King Tridanz of Tinodent;
King Liddamus of Agrippé, of Schipelpjonte King Amaspartins,
King Milon of Nomadjentesin, of Agremontein, Duke Lippidins;
Gabarins of Assigarzionté, King Translapins of Rivigatas,
From Hiberborticon Count Filones, from Sotofeititon, Amincas,
From Centrium, King Killicrates, Duke Tiridé of Elixodjon,
And beside him Count Lysander, from Ipopotiticon.
King Thoaris of Orastegentesein, from Satarthjonté Duke Alamis,
And the Duke of Duscontemedon, and Count Astor of Panfatis.
From Arabia King Zaroaster, and Count Possizonjus of Thiler,
The Duke Sennes of Narjoclin, and Nourjenté's Duke, Acheinor,
Count Edisson of Lanzesardin, Count Fristines of Janfusé,
Meiones of Atropfagenté, King Jetakranc of Ganpfassasché,
From Assagog and Zassamank princes, Count Jurans of Blemunzîn.

And the last, I ween, shall a Duke be, Affinamus of Amantasîn!'

'Yet one thing for a shame I deemed it—In my kingdom 'twas told to me
Gamuret Angevin, my father, the best of all knights should be
That ever bestrode a charger—Then so was my will and mind,
That, afar from my kingdom faring, my father I thought to find;
And since then strife hath been my portion, for forth from my kingdoms twain
A mighty host and powerful 'neath my guidance hath crossed the main,
And I lusted for deeds of knighthood; if I came to a goodly land,
Then I rested not till its glory paid tribute into mine hand.
And thus ever I journeyed further—I won love from two noble queens,
Olympia and Klauditté; Sekundillé the third hath been.
And well have I served fair women!—Now first must I learn to-day
That my father is dead! My brother, the tale of thy ventures say.'

And Parzival quoth, 'Since I seek it, The Grail, in full many a fight,
Both far and near, have I striven, in such wise as beseems a knight,
And my hand of their fame hath robbed them who never before might fall—
If it please ye the tale to hearken, lo! here will I name them all!'

'King Schirniel of Lirivoin, and his brother of Avendroin, King Mirabel,
King Piblesun of Lorneparz, of Rozokarz, King Serabel,
Of Sirnegunz, King Senilgorz, and Strangedorz of Villegarunz,
Rogedal the Count of Mirnetalle and Laudunal of Pleyedunz.
From Semblidag King Zyrolan, from Itolac Onipreiz,
From Zambron the Count Plenischanz, and Duke Jerneganz of Jeropleis,
Count Longefiez of Teuteleunz, Duke Marangliess of Privegarz,

From Lampregun Count Parfoyas, from Pictacon Duke Strennolas;
Postefar of Laudundrehte, Askalon's fair king, Vergulacht,
Duke Leidebron of Redunzehte, and from Pranzile Count Bogudaht,
Collevâl of Leterbé, Jovedast of Arl, a Provençal,
Count Karfodyas of Tripparûn, all these 'neath my spear must fall.
In knightly joust I o'erthrew them the while I the Grail must seek!
Would I say those I felled in *battle*, methinks I o'er-long must speak,
It were best that I here keep silence—Of those who were known to me,
Methinks that the greater number I here shall have named to ye!'

From his heart was he glad, the heathen, of his brother's mighty fame,
That so many a gallant hero 'neath his hand had been put to shame,
And he deemed in his brother's honour he himself should have honour won,
And with many a word he thanked him for the deeds that he there had done.

Then Gawain bade his squires bear hither (yet e'en as he knew it not)
The costly gear of the heathen, and they held it was fair I wot.
And knights alike and ladies, they looked on its decking rare,
Corslet, and shield, and helmet, and the coat that was blazoned fair.
Nor narrow nor wide the helmet—And a marvel great they thought
The shine of the many jewels in the costly robe inwrought,
And no man I ween shall ask me the power that in each did dwell,
The light alike and the heavy, for I skill not the tale to tell;
Far better might they have told it, Heraclius or Hercules
And the Grecian Alexander; and better methinks than these
Pythagoras, the wise man, for skilled in the stars was he,
And so wise that no son of Adam I wot well might wiser be.

Then the women they spake, 'What woman so e'er thus hath decked this knight

If he be to her love unfaithful he hath done to his fame
despite.'
Yet some in such favour held him, they had been of his
service fain—
Methinks the unwonted colour of his face did their fancy
gain!
Then aside went the four, Gawain, Arthur, Gramoflanz, and
Parzival,
(And the women should care for the heathen, methinks it
would please them well.)

And Arthur willed ere the morrow a banquet, rich and fair,
On the grassy plain before him they should without fail
prepare,
That Feirefis they might welcome as befitting so brave a
guest.
'Now be ye in this task not slothful, but strive, as shall seem
ye best,
That henceforth he be one of our circle, of the Table Round,
a knight.'
And they spake, they would win that favour, if so be it
should seem him right.
Then Feirefis, the rich hero, he brotherhood with them
sware;
And they quaffed the cup of parting, and forth to their tents
would fare.
And joy it came with the morning, if here I the truth may
say,
And many were glad at the dawning of a sweet and a
welcome day.

Then the son of Uther Pendragon, King Arthur, in this wise
spake:
For Round Table a silk so costly, Drianthasmé, he bade them
take—
Ye have heard how it once was ordered, afar on Plimizöl's
plain,
How they spread them there a Round Table, in such wise
was it spread again—
'Twas cut in a round, and costly it was, and right fair to see,
And on the green turf around it the seats of the knights
should be.
It was even a goodly gallop from the seats to the Table
Round,
For the Table's self it was not, yet the likeness they there had
found.

And a cowardly man might shame him to sit there with such gallant knights,
And with sin would his food be tainted since he ate it not there of right.

Thro' the summer night 'twas measured, the ring, both with thought and care,
And from one end unto the other with pomp they the seats prepare.
And the cost were too great for a poor king, as they saw it in noontide light,
When the trappings, so gay and costly, shone fair in the sun-rays bright.
Gramoflanz and Gawain would pay it, the cost, since within their land
He was but a guest, King Arthur, tho' he dealt with a generous hand.

And the night, it seldom cometh but, as it is wont, the sun
Bringeth back the day and the daylight when the hours of the night are run;
And e'en so it befell, and the dawning was clear and calm and bright,
And many a flowery chaplet crowned the locks of many a knight;
And with cheeks and lips unpainted saw ye many a lovely maid,
And, if Kiot the truth hath spoken, knight and lady they were arrayed
In diverse garb and fashion, with head-gear both high and low,
As each in their native country their faces were wont to show—
'Twas a folk from far kingdoms gathered and diverse their ways were found—
If to lady a knight were lacking she sat not at the Table Round,
But if she for knightly service had promised a guerdon fair,
She might ride with her knight, but the others, they must to their tents repair.

When Arthur the Mass had hearkened, then Gramoflanz did they see
With Gowerzein's Duke and Florant; to the king came the comrades three,
And each one a boon would crave here, for each of the three was fain

To be one of the good Round Table, nor this grace did they fail to gain.
And if lady or knight would ask me who was richest of all that band,
Who sat as guests in the circle, and were gathered from every land,
Then here will I speak the answer, 'twas Feirefis Angevin,
But think not from my lips of his riches a further tale to win.

Thus in festive guise, and gaily, they rode to the circle wide,
And often to maid had it chancèd (so closely the guests must ride)
Were her steed not well girthed she had fallen—with banners waving high
From every side of the meadow to each other the groups drew nigh;
And a Buhurd fair was ridden without the Table Round,
And in courtly guise and skilful no man rode *within* its bound;
There was space without for the chargers, and they handled their steeds with skill,
And rode each one against the other till the ladies had looked their fill.

Then in order fair they seat them when 'twas time for the guests to eat,
And cup-bearer, steward, and butler, they bethink them as shall be meet,
How, courteous, to do their office—No lack of food had they,
And many a maid was honoured as she sat by her knight that day.
And many thro' fond heart's counsel had been served by knightly deed—
And Feirefis, and the Waleis, to the maidens they gave good heed,
And they looked on the one and the other, and a fair choice was theirs, I ween,
For never on field or meadow may the eye of man have seen
So many sweet lips and fair faces as shone there at the Table Round,
And the heathen was glad for their beauty, and the joy that his heart had found.
Now hail to the hour that cometh, and the tidings they soon shall hear

From the welcome lips of a maiden who draweth the host anear;
For a maiden came towards them, and her raiment was fair to see,
And e'en as in France the custom so 'twas fashioned right cunningly.
Her mantle was costly velvet, and blacker, I ween, its hue
Than the coat of a sable jennet; and with gold was it woven thro'
With turtle-doves, all shining, the badge of the Grail were they.
And they looked and they marvelled at her as toward them she made her way,
For swiftly she came, and her head-gear was high and white, her face
With many a veil was shrouded, and her features no man might trace.

Then with even pace and seemly she rode o'er the turf so green,
And saddle and reins and trappings were costly enow I ween;
And they let her within the circle—Now she who would tidings bring
No fool was she, but wise maiden—So rode she around the ring,
And they showed her where sat King Arthur, nor her greeting should fail that day,
In French was her speech, and in this wise the monarch she fain would pray;
They should wreak not on her their vengeance for the words that she spake of yore,
But hearken unto her message since welcome the news she bore.
And the king and the queen she pleaded to give unto her their aid,
That she failed not to win from the hero the grace that she fain had prayed.

Then to Parzival she turned her, since his place by the king's was found,
And she stayed not, but down from her charger she sprang swiftly unto the ground,
And with courteous mien, as beseemed her, fell low at the hero's feet,
And, weeping, she prayed that in friendship her coming he now would greet,

And forget his wrath against her, and forgive her without a kiss.
And they joined to her prayer their pleadings, King Arthur and Feirefis.
Of a sooth Parzival must hate her, yet he hearkened to friendship's prayer,
And of true heart and free forgave her—Tho' I say not the maid was fair,
Yet methinks she was honour-worthy—Then swiftly she sprang upright,
And thanked those who had won her pardon for the wrong she had done the knight.
Then she raised her hand to her head-gear, were it wimple or veil, no less
Was it cast on the ground, and all men knew Kondrie, the sorceress.
And they knew of the Grail the token and the badge that the maiden bare,
And all men I ween must marvel—Her face it was e'en as fair
As man and maiden saw it when to Plimizöl's banks she came,
Of her countenance have I told ye, and to-day was it still the same,
And yellow her eyes as the topaz, long her teeth, and her lips in hue
Were even as is a violet, that man seeth not *red* but *blue*!

Yet methinks had her will been evil she had borne not the head-gear rare
That aforetime, on Plimizöl's meadow, it had pleasured the maid to wear.
The sun it had worked no evil, if its rays thro' her hair might win
Yet scarce had they shone so fiercely as to darken one whit her skin.

Then courteous she stood, and she spake thus, and good were her words to hear,
In the self-same hour her tidings came thus to the listening ear;
'Oh! well is thee, thou hero, thou Gamuret's son so fair,
Since God showeth favour to thee whom Herzeleide of old did bear.
And welcome is he, thy brother, Feirefis, the strange of hue,
For the sake of my Queen Sekundillé, and the tidings that erst I knew

Of the gallant deeds of knighthood that his valiant hand hath done,
For e'en from the days of his childhood great fame for himself he won!'

And to Parzival she spake thus, 'Now rejoice with a humble heart,
Since the crown of all earthly blessings henceforward shall be thy part,
For read is the mystic writing—The Grail, It doth hail thee king,
And Kondwiramur, thy true wife, thou shalt to thy kingdom bring,
For the Grail, It hath called her thither—Yea, and Lohengrin, thy son,
For e'en as thou left her kingdom twin babes thou by her hadst won.
And Kardeiss, he shall have in that kingdom a heritage rich I trow!
And were no other bliss thy portion than that which I tell thee now—
That with true lips and pure, thou shalt greet him, Anfortas the king, again,
And thy mouth thro' the mystic question shall rid him of all his pain,
For sorrow hath been his portion—If joy's light thro' thy deed shall shine
On his life, then of all earth's children whose bliss shall be like to thine?'

Seven stars did she name unto him in Arabic, and their might,
Right well Feirefis should know it, who sat there, both black and white.
And she spake, 'Sir Parzival, mark well the names that I tell to thee,
There is Zevâl the highest planet, and the swift star Almustri;
Almaret and the shining Samsi, great bliss unto thee they bring,
Alligafir is fifth, and Alketer stands sixth in the starry ring;
And the nearest to us is Alkamer; and no dream shall it be, my rede,
For the bridle of heaven are they, to guide and to check its speed,
'Gainst its swiftness their power, it warreth—Now thy sorrow is passed away,

For far as shall be their journey, and far as shall shine their ray.
So wide is the goal of thy riches and the glory thine hand shall win,
And thy sorrow shall wane and vanish—Yet this thing It holds for sin,
The Grail and Its power, It forbids thee unlawful desire to know,
And the company of sinners henceforth must thou shun, I trow;
And riches are thine, and honour, but from these shall thy life be free—
Now thy youth was by sorrow cherished, and her lesson she taught to thee,
But by joy she afar is driven, for thou hast thy soul's rest won,
And in grief thou o'er-long hast waited for the joy that is now begun.'

Nor seemed ill to the knight her tidings—Thro' joy must his eyelids know
A rain of crystal tear-drops from a true heart's overflow.
And he quoth, 'If thou speakest, Lady, the thing that indeed shall be,
If God as his knight doth claim me, and they are elect with me,
My wife and my child, then I wot well, tho' a sinful man am I,
God looketh with favour on me, and hath dealt with me wondrously!
Of a sooth hast thou here repaid me for the grief thou on me hast brought,
Yet I deem well thy wrath had spared me save that evil myself had wrought,
Nor to bliss was I then predestined—but thou bringest such tidings fair
That my sorrow hath found an ending—And these arms do thy truth declare,
For when by the sad Anfortas I sat in Monsalväsch' hall,
Full many a shield I looked on that hung fair on the castle wall,
And with turtle-doves all were blazoned, such as shine on thy robe to-day.
But say, to the joy that awaits me, when and how may I take my way,
For I would not there were delaying?' Then she quoth, 'Lord and master dear,

But *one* knight alone shall ride with thee; choose thou from these warriors here
And trust thou to my skill and knowledge to guide thee upon thy way,
For thy succour Anfortas waiteth, wouldst thou help him, make no delay!'

Then they heard, all they who sat there, how Kondrie had come again
And the tidings she bare; and teardrops fell soft like a summer's rain
From the bright eyes of Orgelusé, since Parzival should speak
The words that should heal Anfortas, nor that healing be long to seek.
Then Arthur, the fame-desirous, spake to Kondrie in courtesy,
'Now, Lady, wilt ride to thy lodging? Say, how may we care for thee?'
And she quoth, 'Is she here, Arnivé, what lodging she shall prepare,
That lodging shall well content me till hence with my lord I fare;
If a captive she be no longer, then fain would I see them all,
The queen, and the other ladies, whom Klingsor, in magic thrall,
For many a year hath fettered'—Then they lifted her on her steed,
Two knights, and unto Arnivé did the faithful maiden speed.

Now the feast drew nigh to its ending—By his brother sat Parzival,
And he prayed him to be his comrade, nor his words did unheeded fall,
For Feirefis spake him ready to Monsalväsch' Burg to ride—
In the self-same hour upstood they, the guests, o'er the ring so wide,
And Feirefis prayed this favour from Gramoflanz, the king,
If in sooth he should love his cousin of that love he would token bring;
'Both thou and Gawain, ye must help me, whether princes or kings they be,
Or barons, or knights, none betake them from this field till my gifts they see.
Myself had I shamed if I rode hence and never a gift should leave,

And the minstrel-folk they shall wait here till they gifts from my hand receive.
And Arthur, this thing would I pray thee, seek that none of these knights disdain,
Tho' lofty their birth, a token of friendship from me to gain;
For the shame, on thyself shalt thou take it—one so rich shall they ne'er have known—
Give me messengers unto the haven that the presents to all be shown!'

Then they sware them unto the heathen that no man of them should depart
From the field till four days were ended, and the heathen was glad at heart,
And wise messengers Arthur gave him, who should forth to the haven fare—
Feirefis took him ink and parchment, and a letter he bade them bear,
Nor the writing, I ween, lacked tokens of his hand from whom it came,
And seldom methinks a letter such goodly return might claim!

Then soon must the messengers ride hence—Parzival stood the host before,
And in French did he tell the story from Trevrezent learnt of yore,
How the Grail, throughout all ages, may never by man be known,
Save by him whom God calleth to It, whose name God doth know alone.
And the tale shall be told in all lands; no conflict may win that prize,
And 'tis vain on that Quest to spend them, since 'tis hidden from mortal eyes!'

And for Parzival and his brother the maidens must mourn that day,
Farewell they were loth to bid them—Ere the heroes rode on their way
Thro' the armies four they gat them, and they prayed leave from each and all,
And joyful, they took their journey, well armed 'gainst what might befall.
And the third day hence to Ioflanz from the heathen's host they brought

Great gifts, so rich and costly, men ne'er on such wealth had thought.
Did a king take of them, his kingdom was rich for evermore —
And to each as beseemed his station the precious gifts they bore,
And the ladies, they had rich presents, from Triant and Nouriente—
How the others rode I know not, but the twain, they with Kondrie went!

BOOK XVI
LOHENGRIN

ARGUMENT

Book XVI. tells of the sorrow of Anfortas and his knights; how he prayed them to kill him, and how he would fain have withheld his eyes from the light of the Grail; of the coming of Parzival and Feirefis, and of the healing of Anfortas.

How Parzival set forth to meet his wife on the shores of Plimizöl; and how Trevrezent confessed to having spoken falsely in order to withhold him from the Quest.

Of the joyful meeting of Parzival and Kondwiramur; and how Kardeiss was proclaimed king of Brobarz, Waleis, Norgals, and Anjou; and how Parzival with Kondwiramur and Lohengrin rode to Monsalväsch. How on their way they found Siguné dead, and buried her by her lover.

Of the great feast at Monsalväsch; and how Feirefis failed to behold the Grail, and of his love for Répanse de Schoie. How Feirefis was baptized, and wedded Répanse de Schoie; how the twain set forth for Feirefis' kingdom, and of their son, Prester John. Of Lohengrin and the Duchess of Brabant; how he was sent to her aid from Monsalväsch, and dwelt with her in peace till she asked the question which drove him forth.

The poet blames Chrêtien de Troyes for having done the tale a wrong; it was Kiot who taught the song aright, to its very end. He, Wolfram of Eschenbach, will speak no more of it, but he prays that all good and gracious women will praise him for his song, since he sang it to pleasure a woman.

BOOK XVI

LOHENGRIN

Now Anfortas and his Templars they suffered sore grief and pain,
And their true love in bondage held him, since he prayed them for death in vain;
And in sooth death had been his portion, save they wrought that the Grail he saw—
From the might of Its mystic virtue fresh life must he ever draw.

Then he spake to the knights of Monsalväsch, 'Of a sooth,
were ye true of heart,
Ye had pitied ere this my sorrow, how long shall pain be my
part?
If reward ye would have as deserving, then God give ye
payment fair,
For ever was *I* your servant since the days that I harness
bare.
Atonement in full have I made here for aught I have done of
wrong
To ye, e'en tho' none had known it, and my penance
endureth long!
If ye would not be held unfaithful, by the helmet and shield
I bore,
And the bond of our common knighthood, release me from
bondage sore!
For this of a truth must ye grant me, if ye do not the truth
disdain,
I bare *both* as a knight undaunted, and fame thro' my deeds
did gain.
For hill and vale have I ridden, and many a joust have run,
And with sword-play good from my foemen much hatred
methinks, I won.
Yet with ye doth that count for little! Bereft of all joy am I;
Yet, cometh the Day of Judgment, my voice would I lift on
high,
And in God's sight, I, one man only, at the last will accuse ye
all,
If freedom ye fail to give me, and to Hell shall ye surely fall!
For in sooth ye should mourn my sorrow—From the first
have ye seen the thing,
And ye know how it came upon me—Now I profit ye not as
king,
And all too soon will ye think so, when thro' me ye have lost
your soul—
Alas! why thus ill-entreat me? Ere this had I been made
whole!'

And the knights from his grief had freed him, save they
hope from the word must draw
That Trevrezent spake of aforetime, and that writ on the
Grail he saw.
And once more would they wait his coming whose joy there
had waxen weak,
And the hour that should bring them healing from the
question his lips should speak.

Then the king of a wile bethought him, and fast would he close his eyes,
And four days long so he held them, when the knights, in their 'customedwise,
Before the Grail would bear him, if he said them or yea, or nay;
But his weakness so wrought upon him, as before the shrine he lay,
That his eyelids he needs must open, and against his will must live,
For the Grail held death far from him and fresh life must Its vision give.

And so was it with Anfortas till the day when Parzival
And Feirefis his brother, rode swift to Monsalväsch' hall;
And the time was near when the planet, its course in high heaven run,
Mars or Jupiter, glowing wrathful, its station had well-nigh won,
And the spot whence it took its journey—Ah! then was an evil day
That wrought ill to the wound of Anfortas, and the torment would have its way;
And maiden and knight must hearken as the palace rang with his cries,
And the help that no man might give him he besought with despairing eyes,
For past all aid was he wounded, and his knights could but share his grief—
Yet the tale saith he drew ever nearer who should bring him alone relief.

Then oft as the bitter anguish in its bondage the hero held,
The taint of the wound to banish, the hall was with sweetness filled,
For before him they spread on the carpet Terebinth, and odours fair
Of aromatic spices and sweet woods filled the scented air.
Teriak and precious Ambra, and methinks that their smell was sweet—
Cardamom, Jeroffel, Muscat, lay broken beneath the feet
Where'er one set foot on the carpet; and e'en as each footstep fell
Their perfume arose, and their freshness, of the venom o'ercame the smell.
And his fire was of Lignum aloe, as methinks ye have heard afore—

Of the horny skin of the viper had they fashioned the pillars four
That stood 'neath his couch—'Gainst the venom must his knights on the cushions strew
Powder of roots so precious, whose healing scent they knew.
Well stuffed, but unsewed, was the covering against which the monarch leant,
And the silk and the mattress 'neath it were of Palmât of Nouriente.
And the couch itself was yet richer, with many a precious stone
Was it decked, nor were others found there save the rarest of jewels alone;
And by Salamanders woven were the cords which the bed did bind,
Yea even the fastening 'neath it—Yet no joy might Anfortas find.
The couch on all sides was costly, (no man shall contend I ween
That he in the days of his lifetime a richer shall e'er have seen,)
'Twas precious alone from the virtue of the jewels and their magic power,
Would ye learn their names, then hearken, for we know them unto this hour.

Carbuncle and Balas ruby, Silenite, and Chalcedony,
Gagatromeus, Onyx, Coral, and Bestion, fair to see.
And there too were Pearl and Opal, Ceraunius and Epistites,
Jerachites, Heliotropia, Panterus, Agate, and Emathites.
Antrodragma, Praseme, and Saddae, Dionisia and Celidon,
Sardonyx and red Cornelian, Jasper and Calcofon.
Echites, Iris, Gagates, and Lyncurium, with many more,
Asbestos and Cecolithus, and Jacinth, that rich couch bore.
Galactida, Orites, Enydrus, and Emerald, glowing green,
Absist and Alabanda, and Chrysolect had ye seen.
Hiennia, Sapphire, Pyrites, and beside them, here and there,
Turquoise, and Lipparèa, Chrysolite, and Ruby fair—
Paleisen, Sardius, Diamond, Chrysoprasis, and Malachite,
Diadoch, Peanite, and Medus with Beryl and Topaze bright.

And many they taught high courage, and others such virtue knew
That healing skill they taught men, and fresh life from their power they drew.

And many their strength won from them, if aright they might use their art,
And therewith would they tend Anfortas whom they loved with a faithful heart—
And great grief had he brought his people, yet joy soon his lot shall be—
To Terre de Salväsch from Ioflanz he rideth to speak him free,
Parzival, with the maid and his brother, nor in truth did I ever hear
The distance these three had journeyed ere they drew to the Burg anear;
But conflict had been their portion had Kondrie not been their guide,
But afar from all strife did she hold them, and in peace on their way they ride.

So came they at length to an outpost—Then swiftly towards them sped
Many Templars well armed and mounted, and right soon they the truth had read,
And they knew by the guide that succour at last to their walls should draw,
And the Captain he spake out gladly as the Turtle-doves he saw
Gleam fair on Kondrie's vesture, 'Now an end hath it found, our grief,
With the sign of the Grail he cometh who shall bring to our king relief,
The knight we have looked and have longed for since the dawn of our sorrow's day—
Stand ye still, for great gladness cometh, and our mourning is past away!'

Feirefis Angevin would urge him, his brother, to joust to ride,
But Kondrie, she grasped his bridle, lest conflict should there betide,
And the maiden, true but unlovely, spake thus unto Parzival,
'Shield and banner, thou sure shouldst know them, of the Grail are these heroes all,
And ready to do thee service.' Then out spake the heathen bold,
'If so it shall be, from battle mine hand may I well withhold.'

Then Parzival prayed that Kondrie would ride forward, the knights to meet,

And she rode, and she spake of the gladness that neared
them with flying feet.
And, one and all, the Templars sprang straightway unto the
ground,
And from off their head the helmet in the self-same hour
unbound,
And Parzival they greeted, and they were in his greeting
blest,
And Feirefis they welcomed as befitted a noble guest.
And then with the twain to Monsalväsch the Templars they
took their way;
Though they wept, yet methinks that gladness was the fount
of their tears that day.

And a countless folk they found there, many grey-haired
knights and old,
And pages of noble bearing, and of servants, a host untold.
And sad were the folk and mournful, whom their coming
might well rejoice,
And Parzival and his brother they welcomed with friendly
voice,
And kindly did they receive them, without, in the palace
court,
At the foot of the noble stairway, and the knights to the hall
they brought.

And, e'en as was there the custom, a hundred carpets
round,
Each one with a couch upon it, were spread there upon the
ground;
And each couch bare a velvet covering, and methinks, if the
twain had wit,
The while that the squires disarmed them 'twould pleasure
them there to sit.
And a chamberlain came towards them, and he brought to
them vesture fair,
And each should be clad as the other, and many a knight
sat there.
And they bare many precious vessels of gold, (none I ween
was glass,)
And the twain they drank, and upstood them to get them to
Anfortas.

And this have ye heard of aforetime, how he lay, for he
scarce might sit,
And the couch and its goodly decking, forsooth have ye
read of it.

And the twain did Anfortas welcome with gladness, and yet with grief,
And he spake, 'O'er-long have I waited tho' I win from thine hand relief;
But a while ago didst thou leave me in such wise, art thou true of heart,
And thinkest to aid my sorrow, thou must have in repentance part.
If e'er men have praised thy valour, then be thou to my woe a friend,
And pray of these knights and maidens that death may my torment end;
If *Parzival* men shall call thee, then forbid me the Grail to see
Seven nights and eight days, and I wot well my wailing shall silenced be!
Nor further I dare to warn thee—Well for thee if thou help canst bring!
A stranger shall be thy comrade, and I think it an evil thing
That thus he doth stand before me, say wherefore no thought dost take
For his comfort, and bid him seat him?' Then Parzival, weeping, spake:

'Now say where the Grail It lieth? If God's mercy He think to show,
And it be o'er His wrath the victor, this folk, they shall surely know!'
Then three times on his knee he bowed him in the Name of the Trinity,
And three times he prayed that the sorrow of Anfortas should ended be,
Then he stood upright, and he turned him to the monarch, and thus he spake:
'*What aileth thee here, mine uncle?*' He who Lazarus from death did wake,
And by the mouth of His saint, Sylvester, a dead beast to life did bring,
Wrought healing and strength on Anfortas—and all men beheld the king,
And what French folk shall know as '*Florie*' it shone on his face so fair,
And Parzival's manly beauty was but as the empty air!
Yea, Vergulacht, Askalon's monarch, and Absalom, David's son,
And all who the dower of beauty as their birthright shall e'er have won—

E'en Gamuret, as men saw him draw near unto Kanvoleis,
So wondrous fair to look on—they were naught unto all men's eyes
When matched with the radiant beauty that forth from his bitter woe
He bare, the King Anfortas—such skill God doth surely know!

No choice was there for the Templars since the writing upon the Grail
Had named unto them their ruler, and Parzival did they hail
Their king and their lord henceforward; and I ween ye in vain would seek
Would ye find two men as wealthy, if of riches I here may speak,
As Parzival and his brother, Feirefis Angevin—
And many a proffered service the host and his guest did win.

I know not how many stages queen Kondwiramur had made
On her journey towards Monsalväsch, nor, joyful, her steps delayed,
For already the truth had been told her, and a messenger tidings bare,
And she knew that her grief was ended and her gladness had blossomed fair.
And led by her uncle, Kiot, and by many a hero bold,
Had she come unto Terre de Salväsch and the wood where they fought of old;
Where in joust Segramor had fallen, and her lord did her likeness know
In the threefold blood-drops mystic, on the white of the drifted snow.
And there should Parzival seek her, and tho' toilsome and rough the way
Yet never a gladder journey had he ridden than he rode that day!

Then a Templar tidings brought him, 'E'en as doth her rank beseem
Full many a knight so courteous rideth hither beside the queen.'
Then Parzival bethought him, with the knights of the Holy Grail
To Trevrezent did he ride first, and he told him the wondrous tale;

From his heart was the hermit joyful that it thus with
Anfortas stood,
Nor death was his lot, but the question brought rest to the
hero good.
And he quoth, 'Yea, God's power is mighty—Who doth at
His Council sit?
Who hath known of His strength the limit? What Angel hath
fathomed it?
God is Man, and the Word of His Father; God is Father at
once and Son,
And I wot thro' His Spirit's working may succour and aid be
won!'

Then Trevrezent quoth to his nephew, 'Greater marvel I
ne'er may see
Than that thou by thy wrath hast won blessing, and th'
Eternal Trinity
Hath given thee thy desiring! Yet aforetime in sooth I lied,
For I thought from the Grail to bring thee, and the truth I
from thee would hide.
Do thou for my sin give me pardon, henceforth I thy hand
obey,
O my king, and son of my sister!—Methinks that I once did
say
That the spirits cast forth from Heaven thereafter the Grail
did tend
By God's will, and besought His favour, till their penance at
last did end.
But God to Himself is faithful, and ne'er doth He changing
know,
Nor to them whom I named as forgiven did He ever
forgiveness show.
For they who refuse His service, He Himself will, I ween,
refuse,
And I wot they are lost for ever, and that fate they
themselves did choose.
And I mourned for thy fruitless labour, for ne'er did the
story stand
That the Grail might by man be conquered, and I fain had
withheld thine hand;
But with *thee* hath the chance been other, and thy prize
shall the highest be,
But since God's Hand doth give It to thee, turn thine heart
to humility.'

Quoth Parzival to his uncle, 'I would see her I ne'er might
see

For well-nigh five years—When together we dwelt she was dear to me,
And no whit less dear shall she now be! Yet thy counsel I fain would hear
So long as death fail to part us, thou didst help me in need so drear!
Now I ride to my wife, since she cometh to meet me upon my way,
By Plimizöl's banks doth she wait me, and leave I from thee would pray.'

And the good man bade 'God speed him,' and he rode thro' the dusky night,
And his men knew the woodland pathways—In the early morning light
He found that which brought him gladness; full many a tent stood fair,
From out the kingdom of Brobarz many banners were planted there,
With many a shield beneath them—there lay princes from out his land,
And Parzival fain would ask them where the tent of the queen might stand?
If her camp lay apart from the others? Then they showed him where she should be,
And a goodly ring around her of tents did the hero see.
And Duke Kiot of Katelangen, he had risen ere dawn of day,
And he looked on the band of riders who came by the woodland way.

And tho' grey was the light of the morning, yet, as the host nearer drew,
Kiot saw the Dove on their armour, and the arms of the Grail he knew;
And the old man sighed as he thought him of Schoysiané, his lovely bride,
How he won her in bliss at Monsalväsch, and how she untimely died.
Towards Parzival he stepped him, and he bade him a greeting fair;
By a page he bade the queen's Marshal a lodging meet prepare
For the knights who had there drawn bridle—in sooth 'twas a gallant band—
Then to the queen's dressing-chamber he led Parzival by the hand,

('Twas a small tent made of buckram,) and there, in the waxing light,
His harness they take from off him ere he pass to his lady's sight.

And the queen she knew naught of his coming—her twin sons beside her lay,
Lohengrin and Kardeiss; and their father, methinks he was glad that day!
There he found them slumbering sweetly, in a tent both high and wide,
And many a lovely lady lay sleeping on either side.
Then Kiot, he drew the covering from the queen, and he bade her wake,
And look, and laugh, and be joyful, and her love to her arms to take;
And she looked up and saw her husband; and naught but her smock she bare,
The covering she wrapt around her, and sprang swift on the carpet fair,
Kondwiramur, the lovely lady—and Parzival held her tight,
And they say that they kissed each other, the queen and her faithful knight.
'Thou joy of my heart! Good Fortune hath sent thee again to me,'
She quoth, and she bade him welcome, 'Now in sooth I should wrathful be,
Yet have I no heart for anger! Ah! blest be the dawn and the day
That this dear embrace hath brought me, which all sorrow must drive away.
For now at last have I found thee, whom my heart hath desired so long,
And grief in my heart is vanquished, and sighing is turned to song.'

And now from their sleep they wakened, both Lohengrin and Kardeiss,
Naked they lay on their pillows, and fair in their father's eyes,
And, joyful, Parzival kissed them whom he never had seen before—
Then at Kiot's courteous bidding the babes from the tent they bore,
And Kiot, he bade the maidens to get them from out the tent,

And they greeted their lord, long absent, ere yet on their way they went.
Then he bade the queen care for her husband, and the maidens from thence he led,
And the curtains they drew together, for as yet was the night scarce sped.

Now if blood and snow had robbed him of his senses and wit of yore,
(In this self-same spot its message the snow to his true heart bore,)
For such sorrow she well repaid him, Kondwiramur, his wife—
Nor elsewhere had he sought love's solace in payment for love's fierce strife,
Tho' many their love had proffered—I ween that in bliss he lay,
And converse sweet, till morning drew nigh to the middle day.

And the army, they rode together, on the Templars had they gazed,
And their shields in jousts were piercèd, and with many a sword-blow grazed;
And each knight he wore a surcoat of silk or of velvet rare,
And their feet were shod with iron, nor harness beside they bare.

Nor longer they cared to slumber—Then the queen alike and king
Arose, and e'en as they bade him, a priest the Mass would sing;
And closely they thronged together, that army, brave and good,
Who in their queen's day of peril her shield 'gainst Klamidé stood.
Then, the benediction given, his men greeted Parzival,
Many gallant knights and worthy, their true words from true lips must fall.

From the tent they take the hangings, and the king spake, 'Say which is he,
Of my boys, who henceforward ruler of your folk and your land shall be?'
And further he spake to the princes, 'Both Waleis and Norgal's land,

And their towns, Kingrivals and Kanvoleis, by his birthright shall serve his hand,
With Béalzenan and Anjou, should he grow unto man's estate;
And thither shall ye fare with him, and shall there on his bidding wait.
Gamuret was he called, my father, and he left them to me, his heir,
But I, by God's grace, have won me an heritage yet more fair!
Since the Grail shall be mine, I bid ye your fealty to swear anew
To my child, ere this hour be ended, if your hearts shall to me be true!'
And of right goodwill they did this—Ye saw many proud banners wave,
And two little hands the tenure of many a wide land gave.
And there did they crown Kardeiss king; and, when many a year had flown,
Kanvoleis, and Gamuret's kingdom they needs must his lordship own—
And then by Plimizöl's water did they measure a circle wide
That there a feast might be holden ere again on their way they ride.
Nor long at the board they tarried; no longer the host might stay,
The tents were struck, with their child-king they wended their homeward way.

And many a maid and vassal must bid to their queen Farewell
In such wise that they made loud mourning, and many a teardrop fell.
And Lohengrin and his mother did the Templars take in their care,
And with them to the Burg of Monsalväsch again on their journey fare.
Quoth Parzival, 'Once in this woodland an hermitage did I see,
And thro' it a rippling brooklet flowed swift on its way so free;
If ye know where it stands ye shall show me.' His comrades swift answer gave,
They knew one; 'There dwells a maiden, and she weeps o'er her true love's grave;
A shrine of all goodness is she—Our road it doth lead that way,

And her heart is ne'er free from sorrow.' 'That maid will we see to-day,'
Quoth Parzival, and the others, as he willed, so they thought it good,
And onward they spurred their chargers, and rode thro' the lonely wood.

And they found, in the dusk of the evening, on her knees Siguné dead,
And the queen wept for bitter sorrow—Then they brake thro' unto the maid;
Parzival, for the sake of his cousin, bade them raise of the tomb the stone,
There, embalmed lay Schionatulander, nor long should he lie alone,
For beside him they laid the maiden, who in life to him true love gave
In such wise as beseemed a maiden, and they closed o'er the twain the grave.
And she wept for her uncle's daughter, the queen, with a faithful heart;
Schoysiané, the dead maid's mother, had shown her a mother's part,
And had cared for her in her childhood, and therefore she sorrow knew:
And Parzival's aunt, too, was she, if the tale Kiot read be true.

Kiot knew not the death of his daughter, he was guardian to King Kardeiss—
(Nor my tale like the bow shall be bended, but straight as an arrow flies,)
They delayed not upon their journey, to Monsalväsch they came by night,
And the hours Feirefis must wait them sped swift in their joyful flight.
And they lighted many a taper, 'twas as flamed all the woodland wide,
And a Templar of Patrigalt, armèd, by the queen's bridle rein did ride;
And broad and wide was the courtyard, and many a host stood there,
And they welcomed the queen, and a greeting to their lord and his son they bare;
And they bore Lohengrin to his uncle, Feirefis, who was black and white,

And the babe turned aside nor would kiss him—as children
oft do from fright!

But gaily he laughed, the heathen—Then they gat them
from out the court,
When first the queen had dismounted, who joy with her
coming brought—
And they led the guests so noble, where, with many a lady
fair,
Both Feirefis and Anfortas awaited them on the stair.
Répanse de Schoie, and from Greenland, Garschiloie, the fair
of face,
Florie of Lünel, the bright-eyed, rich were they in maiden
grace.
There she stood, than a reed more graceful, to whom
beauty nor truth should fail,
The daughter of Reil's lord, Jernis, as Anflisé the maid they
hail;
And of Tenabroc, maid Clarischanz, sweet was she, and
bright to see,
And so slender her shape, I think me, an ant's scarce might
slighter be.

Feirefis stepped toward his hostess, and he kissed her e'en
as she bade,
And a kiss did she give Anfortas, for she joyed that his woe
was stayed.
Feirefis by the hand must lead her where her husband's
aunt she found,
Répanse de Schoie, and she kissed her, and the maidens
who stood around,
And her lips that were red aforetime thro' kissing grew yet
more red,
(And sorely I ween doth it grieve me, that this labour, I, in
her stead,
Might not here have taken on me, for weary in sooth was
she;)
Then her maids by the hand they take her, and they lead her
in courteously.

And the knights, in the hall they waited, that with countless
tapers bright
Was decked, on the walls they sparkled, and burnt with a
steady light,
For a solemn feast they made ready, when the Grail should
be shown to all;

For it was not on every feast-day, that they bare It thro' the hall,
But on high festivals only—When nearer their aid should draw,
On that even when joy forsook them, and the bleeding spear they saw,
'Twas then, that the Grail might help them, that It thus thro' the hall was borne—
Yet Parzival asked no question, and left them of joy forlorn —
But now, in joy and gladness, might they look on the Grail again,
For at last was their mourning ended, and their sorrow was pierced and slain!

When the queen her riding garment had put off, and decked her hair,
She came in such garb as beseemed her, in the light of the tapers fair;
And Feirefis stepped to meet her, and he took her by the hand,
And no man gainsaid his fellow, that in this, or in other land,
None might speak of a fairer woman! And rich was the garb she wore,
A silk by a skilled hand woven, such as Sarant had wrought of yore,
And with cunning and skill had fashioned in Thasmé, the paynim town—
Feirefis Angevin, he led her thro' the palace hall adown,
And the three great fires they burnt there with Lignum aloe sweet;
And more there were by forty, both carpets alike and seats,
Than the time when Parzival sat there and looked on the wondrous Grail,
But one seat above all was costly, nor the host to his place should fail.
And Feirefis, and Anfortas, they should sit there beside the king—
And, courteous, they did them service, who the Grail to the hall should bring.

Aforetime methinks ye heard it, how they to Anfortas bare
The Grail, even so would they do now 'fore the child of King Tampentäre,
And Gamuret's son—The maidens, no longer they make delay,

Five-and-twenty in rightful order they wend thro' the hall their way.
And Feirefis gazed on the first maid, with her sweet face and waving hair,
And she pleased him well, yet the others who followed were yet more fair;
And costly and rich their garments, and lovely each maiden's face,
But Répanse de Schoie, who followed, was first in her maiden grace,
And the Grail, so men have told me, might be borne by her hands alone;
Pure was her heart, and radiant as sunlight her fair face shone.

Did I tell ye of all the service—how many did water pour,
And the tables they bare, (I wot well far more than they had of yore,)
How discord fled from the palace; how the cars on their circuit rolled,
With their freight of golden vessels, 'twere long ere the tale were told.
For the sake of speed would I hasten—with reverence from the Grail
Each took of the fowl of the forest, wild or tame, nor their drink should fail;
Each took wine or mead as it pleased him, Claret, Morass, or Sinopel;
At Pelrapär 'twas far other, as Gamuret's son might tell!

Then the heathen would know the wonder—What hands did these gold cups fill
That stood empty here before him? The wonder, it pleased him still!
Then answered the fair Anfortas, who sat by the heathen's side,
'Seest thou not the Grail before thee?' But Feirefis replied,
'Naught I see but a green Achmardi, that my Lady but now did bear,
I mean her who stands before us with the crown on her flowing hair,
And her look to mine heart hath piercèd—I deemed I so strong should be
That never a wife nor a maiden my gladness should take from me;
But now doth it sore displease me, the love I may call mine own—

Discourteous indeed I think me to make unto thee my moan
When I never have done thee service! What profits my wealth, I trow,
Or the deeds I have done for fair women, or the gifts that I gave but now,
Since here I must live in anguish! Nay, Jupiter, thou wast fain
I should ride here, didst hither send me to torment of grief and pain?'

And the strength of his love, and his sorrow, turned him pale where he erst was light—
Kondwiramur, she had found a rival in this maiden's beauty bright—
In her love-meshes did she hold him, Feirefis, the noble guest,
And the love that he erst had cherished he cast it from out his breast.
What recked he of Sekundillé, her love, and her land so fair,
Since she wrought on him woe so bitter, this maiden beyond compare?
Klauditté, and Sekundillé, Olympia, and many more,
Who in distant lands had repaid him with love for his deeds of yore,
What cared he now for their kindness? It seemed but a worthless thing
To Gamuret's son, the heathen, great Zassamank's noble king!

Then he saw, the fair Anfortas, his comrade in pain so sore,
(For the spots in his skin waxed pallid, and heavy the heart he bore,)
And he spake, 'Sir Knight, it doth grieve me if thou dost for my sister mourn,
No man for her sake hath sorrowed since the day that the maid was born.
No knight for her joust hath ridden; to none doth she favour show;
But with me did she dwell at Monsalväsch, and hath shared in my bitter woe,
And it somewhat hath dimmed her beauty, since she seldom hath joyful been—
Thy brother is son to her sister, he may help thee in this I ween.'

'If that maiden shall be thy sister,' quoth Feirefis Angevin,

'Who the crown on her loose locks weareth, then help me her love to win.
'Tis she that my heart desireth—What honour mine hand hath won
With shield and spear in Tourney, for her sake hath it all been done,
And I would she might now reward me! The Tourney hath fashions five,
And well known unto me is each one, nor against knightly rule I strive.
Spear in rest 'gainst the foe have I ridden; I have smitten him from the side;
His onslaught have I avoided; nor to fair joust have failed to ride
In gallop, as should beseem me; I have followed the flying foe—
Since the shield, it hath been my safeguard, such sorrow I ne'er may know
As that which to-day besets me—I have fought with a fiery knight
At Agremontein, I bare then a shield of Asbestos bright,
And a surcoat of Salamander, else sure had I there been burned;
And in sooth my life have I perilled, and my fame have I dearly earned.
Ah! would but thy sister send me to battle for love's reward,
In strife would I do her bidding, and her fame and mine own would guard.
And ever my heart fierce hatred to my god Jupiter shall bear,
If he make not an end of my sorrow, and give me this maiden fair!'

Of the twain, Frimutel was the father, and therefore Anfortas bore
E'en such face and such form as his sister—Then the heathen, he looked once more
On the maiden and then on her brother—What they bare him of drink or meat
No morsel he ate, yet he sat there as one who made feint to eat.

Then to Parzival spake Anfortas, 'Sir King, it doth seem to me
That thy brother, who sitteth by me, he faileth the Grail to see!'

And Feirefis spake that he saw naught, nor knew what It was
'the Grail';
And they hearkened his words, the Templars, and a marvel
they deemed the tale.
And Titurel needs must hear it, in his chamber the old king
lay,
And he quoth, 'If he be a heathen, then such thought shall
he put away
As that eyes unbaptized may win them the power to behold
the Grail!
Such barriers are built around It, his sight to the task shall
fail.'

Then they bare to the hall these tidings, and the host and
Anfortas told
How that which the folk did nourish, Feirefis, he might ne'er
behold,
Since from heathen eyes It was hidden, and they prayed him
to seek the grace
Of Baptism, by its virtue he should win him in Heaven a
place.

'If I, for your sake, be baptizèd, will that help me to win my
love?'
Spake Gamuret's son, the heathen—'As a wind shall all
sorrows prove,
That wooing or war shall have brought me, to the grief that
I now must feel!
If long or short the time be since I first felt the touch of
steel,
And fought 'neath a shield, such anguish ne'er hath fallen
unto my share,
And tho' love should, I ween, be hidden, yet my heart would
its grief declare!'

'Of whom dost thou speak?' quoth the Waleis, 'Of none but
that lady bright,
Who is sister to this, thy comrade—If thou, as a faithful
knight,
Wilt help me to win the maiden, I will give her with kingly
hand
Great riches, and men shall hail her as queen over many a
land!'
'If to Baptism thou wilt yield thee,' spake the host, 'then her
love is thine,
(And as *thou* I right well may hail thee, since the Grail and Its
realm are mine,

And our riches methinks are equal)'—Quoth Feirefis Angevin,
'Then help me to bliss, my brother, that the love of thine aunt I win.
And, if Baptism be won by battle, then help me to strife I pray,
That I, for sweet love's rewarding, may do service without delay.
And mine ear well doth love the music when the spear-shafts in splinters break,
And the helmet rings clear 'neath the sword-thrust, and the war-cry the echo wakes.'

Then Parzival laughed out gaily, and Anfortas, he laughed yet more,
'Nay, nay,' quoth the host, 'such blessing is no guerdon for deeds of war.
I will give unto thee the maiden, by true Baptism's grace and power,
But the god and the love of a heathen shalt thou leave in the self-same hour;
And to-morrow, at early dawning, will I give to thee counsel true,
Whose fruit shall be seen in the crowning of thy life with a blessing new!'

Now Anfortas, before his sickness, in many a distant land
Had won him fair fame, for Love's sake, by the deeds of his knightly hand.
And the thoughts of his heart were gentle, and generous he was and free,
And his right hand had won full often the guerdon of victory;
So they sat in the wondrous presence of the Grail, three heroes true,
The best of their day, and the bravest that sword-blade in battle drew.

An ye will, they enough had eaten—They, courteous, the tables bare
From the hall, and as serving-maidens, low bent they, those maidens fair.
And Feirefis Angevin saw them as forth from the hall they passed,
And in sorrow and deeper anguish I ween was the hero cast.
And she who his heart held captive, she bare from the hall the Grail,

And leave did they crave of their monarch, nor his will to their will should fail.

How the queen, herself, she passed hence; how men did their task begin;
Of the bedding soft they brought him who for love's pain no rest might win;
How one and all, the Templars, with kindness would put away
His grief, 'twere too long to tell ye—speak we now of the dawning day.

In the light of the early morning came his brother, Parzival,
With the noble knight Anfortas, and in this wise the tale they tell;
This knight who to love was captive, proud Zassamank's lord and king,
They prayed, of true heart, to follow, and they would to the Temple bring,
And before the Grail they led him—And there had they bidden stand
The wisest men of the Templars—knights and servants, a goodly band,
Were there ere the heathen entered: the Font was a ruby rare,
And it stood on a rounded pillar that of Jasper was fashioned fair,
And of old Titurel, he gave it, and the cost was great I ween —
Then Parzival spake to his brother, 'This maid wouldst thou have for queen,
Then the gods thou hast served henceforward thou shalt for her sake forswear,
And ever thine arms, as a true knight, 'gainst the foes of the true God bear,
And, faithful, still do His bidding'—'Yea, aught that may win my love,'
Quoth the heathen, 'I'll do right gladly, and my deeds shall my truth approve.'
Now the Font, toward the Grail had they turned it, filled with water, nor hot nor cold,
And a priest by its side did wait them, and grey-haired he was, and old;
He had plunged 'neath baptismal waters full many a paynim child,
And he spake to the noble heathen, and gentle his speech and mild—

'If thy soul thou wouldst wrest from the Devil, thou shalt serve Him who reigns on high,
And Threefold is He, yet but One God for aye is the Trinity.
God is Man, and the Word of His Father, God is Father at once and Son,
And alike shall the twain be honoured, and the Spirit with them is One!
In the Threefold Name shall it cleanse thee, this water, with Threefold might,
And from shadow of heathen darkness shalt thou pass into Christian light.
In water was He baptizèd, in Whose likeness was Adam made,
And each tree from the water draweth its sap, and its leafy shade.
By water all flesh is nourished, and all that on earth doth live,
And the eyes of man are quickened, such virtue doth water give;
And many a soul it cleanseth, till it shineth so pure and white
That the angels themselves in heaven methinks shall be scarce so bright!'

To the priest then he spake, the heathen, 'If it bringeth me ease for woe
I will swear whatsoe'er thou biddest—If reward in her love I know,
Then gladly I'll do His bidding—Yea, brother, I here believe
In the God of my love, and for her sake all other gods I'll leave,
(For such sorrow as she hath brought me I never have known before,)
And it profiteth naught Sekundillé the love that to me she bore,
And the honour that she hath done me—All that shall have passed away—
In the Name of the God of my father would I fain be baptized to-day!'

Then the priest laid his hands upon him, and the blessing baptismal gave,
And he did on the chrisom vesture, and he won what his soul did crave,
For e'en as he was baptizèd they made ready the maiden mild,

And for christening gift they gave him King Frimutel's lovely child.

From his eyes had the Grail been hidden ere baptismal waters bright
Had passed o'er his head, but henceforward, 'twas unveiled to his wondering sight,
And, e'en as the rite was over, on the Grail they this writing read;
'The Templar whom God henceforward to a strange folk should send as head,
Must forbid all word or question of his country, or name, or race,
If they willed he aright should help them, and they would in his sight find grace.
For the day that they ask the question that folk must he leave straightway'—
Since the time that their king, Anfortas, so long in his anguish lay,
And the question o'er-long awaited, all questions but please them ill,
The knights of the Grail, and no man doth question them with their will.

Then, baptized, Feirefis the Christian to Anfortas made urgent prayer,
He should ride with him to his kingdom, and his riches with him should share;
But, with courtesy, Anfortas to the knight and his prayer said 'Nay,
Naught shall hinder the willing service that to God I would give alway;
'Tis a goodly crown, the Grail crown, thro' pride was it lost to me,
Henceforth do I choose as my portion a life of humility,
And riches and love of women shall be strangers unto my heart—
Thou leadest with thee a fair wife, henceforth shall it be her part
With true love to reward thy service, as to women is fit and fair,
But I for the love of mine Order henceforward mine arms will bear;
For the Grail and Its service only I many a joust will ride,
But I fight never more for women—thro' a woman did ill betide!

Yet no hatred I bear to women, high courage and joy they give
Unto men, tho' *I* won but sorrow while I did in their service live.'

But yet, for the sake of his sister, Feirefis rested not to pray
That Anfortas should journey with them, but ever he said them nay.
Then he prayed Lohengrin should fare with him, but the mother, she willed it not;
And King Parzival spake, 'In the service of the Grail hath he part and lot,
And my son, he is pledged to the Order, and a faithful heart and true
Must he bear in the holy service—God grant him the will thereto!'

Then in joy and in fair diversion, till eleven days were o'er,
Feirefis abode at Monsalväsch, on the twelfth would he ride once-more,
He would lead his wife, this rich man, to his army that yet did wait
His coming, and Parzival sorrowed for the brother he won so late,
And mourned sore when he heard the tidings—Then counsel he took straightway,
And a goodly force of the Templars did he send with them on their way,
Thro' the woodland paths should they guide them—Anfortas, the gallant knight,
Himself fain would be their escort—sore wept many maidens bright.

And new pathways they needs must cut them to Karkobra's city fair—
Then Anfortas, he sent a message to him who was Burg-grave there;
And he bade him, if aye of aforetime rich gifts from his hand he won
To bethink him, that so this service of true heart by him be done;
His brother-in-law with his lady, the king's sister, he now must guide
Thro' the wood Lœhprisein, where the haven afar lieth wild and wide—
For now 'twas the hour of parting, nor further the knights must fare,

But Anfortas, he spake to Kondrie, and he bade her the message bear.
Then from Feirefis, the rich man, the Templars leave did pray,
And the courteous knight and noble rode hence on his homeward way.

And the Burg-grave no whit delayed him, but he did e'en at Kondrie's word,
And gave welcome fair and knightly to the folk and their noble lord.
Nor might Feirefis grow weary of his stay, at the dawn of day,
With many a knight as escort, they guided him on his way.
But I know not how far he had ridden, nor the countries his eyes had seen
Ere he came once more to Ioflanz, and its meadow, so fair and green.

And some of the folk yet abode there—and Feirefis fain had known,
In the self-same hour, the tidings of whither the host had flown;
For each one had sought his country, and the road that full well he knew—
King Arthur to Camelot journeyed with many a hero true—
Then he of Tribalibot hastened, and his army he sought once more,
For his ships lay yet in the haven, and they grieved for their lord full sore
And his coming brought joy and courage to many a hero bold—
The Burg-grave and his knights from Karkobra he rewarded with gifts and gold—
And strange news did they tell unto Kondrie, for messengers sought the host,
Sekundillé was dead; with the tidings they many a sea had crossed.
Then first in her distant journey did Répanse de Schoie find joy,
And in India's realm hereafter did she bear to the king a boy;
And *Prester John* they called him, and he won to himself such fame
That henceforward all kings of his country were known by no other name.

And Feirefis sent a writing thro' the kingdoms whose crown he bore,
And the Christian Faith was honoured as it never had been of yore.
(And Tribalibot was that country which as *India* here we know.)
Then Feirefis spake to Kondrie, and he bade her his brother show
(Who reigneth in far Monsalväsch) what had chanced unto him, the king,
And the death of Queen Sekundillé—and the tidings the maid did bring;
And Anfortas was glad and joyful to think that his sister fair,
Without or strife or conflict, the crown of those lands might bear.

Now aright have ye heard the story of the children of Frimutel,
Five they were, and three are living, and death unto two befell.
And the one was Schoysiané, who was pure in the sight of God,
And the other was Herzeleide, and falsehood her soul abhorred;
And the sword and the life of knighthood, Trevrezent, he had laid them down
For the love of God, and His service, and the hope of a deathless crown.
And the gallant knight, Anfortas, pure heart and strong hand he bore,
And well for the Grail he jousted, but for women he fought no more.
And Lohengrin grew to manhood, and cowardice from him flew,
And his heart yearned for deeds of knighthood, to the Grail he did service true.

Would ye further hear the story? A maiden, in days of yore,
Whose heart was free from falsehood, the crown of a fair land bore—
Her heirdom was rich and noble, and lowly and pure her heart,
And no taint of earthly longing had found in her soul a part.
And wooers she had in plenty, of crownèd kings, I ween,
And princes, whose race and kingdom fit mate for her own had been.

Yet so humble she was, the maiden, she thought not of earthly love—
And the counts of her realm waxed wrathful, since no pleading her soul could move,
And their anger raged hot against her that she gave not her maiden hand
To one who should be fit ruler o'er her folk, and her goodly land.
In God was her trust, whatever men might in their anger speak,
And guiltless, she bare the vengeance her folk on her head would wreak.
But she called of her land the princes, and they journeyed from far and near,
From many a distant country, the will of their queen to hear.
And she sware she would have no husband, and no man as her lord would own
Save him whom God's Hand should send her, his love would she wait alone.

Of the land of Brabant was she princess—From Monsalväsch he came, the knight
Whom God at His will should send her, and his guide was a swan so white.
He set foot in her land at Antwerp, and she knew that her heart spake true,
And gallant was he to look on, and all men the hero knew
For a noble knight and manly, and his face, it was wondrous fair,
And his fame was in every kingdom where men did his deeds declare.
And a wise man he was, free-handed, with never a doubting heart,
And faithful and true, and falsehood it found in his life no part.

A fair welcome the princess gave him—now list ye unto his rede,
Rich and poor stood there around him, and they gave to his words good heed,
And he spake thus, 'My Lady Duchess, if thou wilt not mine hand refuse,
But wilt have me for lord and husband, for thy sake I a kingdom lose—
But hearken to what I pray thee, ask thou never who I may be,

And seek not to know my country, for so may I abide with thee.
In the day thou dost ask the question of my love shalt thou be bereft—
Take thou warning, lest God recall me to the land which erewhile I left.'
Then she pledged her faith as a woman that her love, it should ne'er wax less,
She would do e'en as he should bid her, and never his will transgress
So long as God wit should give her—Her love did he win that night,
And Lord of Brabant and its Duchess they hailed him with morning light.

And the marriage feast was costly, and many a knight the land
That of right should be his, as vassal, must take from his princely hand.
For he gave ever righteous judgment, and many a gallant deed
Of knighthood he did, and, valiant, he won of fair fame his meed.
Fair children were born unto them—The folk of Brabant yet know
Of the twain, how he came unto them, and wherefore he thence must go,
And how long he dwelt among them ere her question broke the spell,
And drove him forth, unwilling, for so shall the story tell.
The friendly swan, it sought him, and a little boat did bring,
And he sailed thence, and left as tokens his sword, and his horn, and ring.
So *Lohengrin* passed from among them, for in sooth this gallant knight
Was Parzival's son, and none other, if the tale ye would know aright.
By water-ways he sought it, the home of the Grail, again—
And what of the lovely duchess who longed for her lord in vain?
Why drove she hence her true love? since he bade her be warned of yore,
And forbade her to ask the question when he landed on Brabant's shore—
Here Herr Erec should speak, for, I think me, he knoweth the tale to tell

Of revenging for broken pledges, and the fate that such
speech befell!

If Chrêtien of Troyes, the master, hath done to this tale a
wrong,
Then *Kiot* may well be wrathful, for he taught us aright the
song,
To the end the Provençal told it—How Herzeleide's son the
Grail
Did win, as was fore-ordainèd when Anfortas thereto did
fail.
And thus, from Provence, the story to the German land was
brought,
And aright was it told, and the story doth lack in its ending
naught.
I, Wolfram of Eschenbach, think me that here-of will I speak
no more—
Of Parzival's race, and his kindred, of that have I told afore;
To the goal of his bliss have I brought him—he whose life
such an end shall gain,
That his soul doth not forfeit Heaven for sins that his flesh
shall stain,
And yet, as true man and worthy, the world's favour and
grace doth keep
Hath done well, nor hath lost his labour, nor his fame shall
hereafter sleep!
And if good and gracious women shall think I be worthy
praise,
Since I tell to its end my story, then joyful shall be my days.
And since for the love of a woman I have sung it, this song
of old,
I would that, in sweet words gentle, my guerdon by her be
told!

APPENDICES

EXCURSUS A
WOLFRAM'S SOURCE

In examining into the source whence Wolfram derived this poem, it may be well to restate briefly the problem as indicated in the Preface. We may take it as an acknowledged fact, disputed by none, that for the bulk of his work, from the commencement of Books III. to XIII., and inclusive of part of the latter, Wolfram drew from a French source; he himself says that this source was the poem of 'Kiot the Provençal,' and, while acquainted with the work of Chrêtien de Troyes, he distinctly avows his preference for Kiot over Chrêtien, saying that Chrêtien had told the story wrongly, for which Kiot might well be wrathful with him. From this we gather that, granting the existence of the two French versions, Kiot's had preceded Chrêtien's.

The difficulties in the way of accepting Wolfram's own definite statement are twofold: first, that no trace of such a poem, or such a poet, exists (which in itself is not an insuperable difficulty); second, and more serious, that we do possess the poem of Chrêtien de Troyes, and that it presents such striking features of similarity to Wolfram's version that it is clear that if one were not the source of the other, there is a common source at the root of both.

Now, of Chrêtien's source he only tells us that Count Philip of Flanders gave him the book in which he found this story of Perceval and the Grail, but of the author of the book he says no word. Of Kiot's source, Wolfram tells us that the story of the origin of the Grail was found in a MS. at Toledo, written in Arabic by a heathen astronomer, Flegetanis; and it also appears, from a passage in Book VIII. p. 238, that the story of Parzival was contained in the same MS. That Kiot then sought through the chronicles of various countries for some confirmation of the tale, and finally found the record of the Grail kings in the chronicles of Anjou.

Of the sources thus variously given, the book possessed by Count Philip of Flanders, the Arabic MS. of Flegetanis, the Chronicles of Anjou, and Kiot's poem founded upon these two last, the Chronicles of Anjou alone remain to us; do they throw any light on the question or not? It has long been asserted that they do *not*, and it is true that they contain no record of the Grail kings, nor, though King Arthur is mentioned, and treated as an historical personage, do we find any mention of Mazadan, Gamuret, Herzeleide, and Parzival under the same names; but it also seems equally clear that the writer of the *Parzival* knew the Chronicles of Anjou, and in the case of each of the characters mentioned above it is not difficult to trace a distinct correspondence between what is recorded in the *Parzival* and real personages and events of Angevin history. (A reference to Appendix A, vol. i., 'on the Angevin allusions' will show how close in some

cases this parallel is.) Now we find that the greater number of these allusions are contained in the earlier part of the poem, Books I., II., and III., some of the most striking, *e.g.* the account of the origin of the Angevin House; the parallel between Gamuret and Fulk V.; and the introduction of Herzeleide, being in the two first books; *i.e.* that part of the poem peculiar to Wolfram's version is also the part of the poem richest in indications of a knowledge of Angevin history.

The fact that Wolfram has an introduction, and a completion, to the Perceval legend which agree perfectly one with the other, and are not found elsewhere, naturally leads to the inference that he either had a source other than Chrêtien, or that he invented the books himself; which latter Simrock claims to have been the case. In a case of this kind, where there is an utter lack of external testimony to help us, we can only judge from the internal evidence of the work itself, and here we are met at the outset by the startling phenomenon of a poem, ascribed to the invention of a *German* poet, abounding in allusions to a contemporary *French* line of princes, and evidently designed for the glorification of that house. It is perfectly true that the princely family in question had risen to a point of greatness that resulted in their dominating for some years European politics, but, in the absence of any testimony connecting Wolfram with the House of Anjou, we are at least entitled to ask how he possibly came to give such a colour to his poem. It is impossible to avoid being perplexed by such questions as these; how did Wolfram come to be so familiar with the early history of the Angevin counts? If he wished to glorify any reigning prince why did he not choose a German, say Hermann of Thuringia, rather than lead to the suspicion that he wished to compliment a house represented at the time *he* wrote by its very worst and weakest descendant, John of Anjou and England? Why did he lay the adventures of his hero's father in the East, and bring into the story the curious and enigmatic personality of Feirefis, and, having invented him, give him a name of undoubted *French* origin? And even if we pass over the difficulties of the first two books we are met by other questions just as puzzling, *e.g.* why did Wolfram, who had so high an idea of fidelity to his source, and who blamed so strongly the leading poet of his day for the fault of departing from his supposed model, represent the Grail and the dwellers in Its castle in the light in which he did? There is no parallel to his Grail-stone or the 'Templeisen' throughout the whole Grail literature, and we cannot escape from the alternative of admitting that if Wolfram did not invent all this he found it in a source unknown to us.

The problem of the Grail has been attempted to be solved by the hypothesis of a misunderstanding of Chrêtien de Troyes, this solution is of course *possible*, but it must be admitted that it has the appearance rather of an ingenious evasion than an explanation of a difficulty, and it holds good for nothing beyond the bare presentment of the Grail as a *stone*. The Angevin problem, on the other hand, has so far never been solved at all, and only its removal hinted at by the suggestion that Walter Mapes was

the author of Wolfram's source, which of course admits that Wolfram *had* a source other than Chrêtien, and therefore by implication throws doubt on the above suggested explanation of the Grail which is based on the supposition that Chrêtien, and Chrêtien alone, was the source of Wolfram's information. In fact, so long as we refuse to admit the truth of Wolfram's own explicit statements, so long shall we find the interpretation of the *Parzival* beset with innumerable difficulties, the attempted explanation of one part of the problem only rendering the remaining portion more obscure; but if we will accept it as possible that Wolfram gave a correct account of the source of his poem, and, divesting our minds of all preconceived ideas in favour of this or that theory, carefully examine the indications afforded by the poem itself, we may find that there *is* a solution which will meet, more or less fully, all the difficulties which beset the question. Now, as remarked above, when Wolfram wrote his poem the power of the Angevin House was beginning to decline, the date assigned to the *Parzival*, with which date all the internal evidences agree, is within the first fifteen years of the thirteenth century, a period exactly corresponding to the reign of John, and it may be the first two or three years of that of his successor Henry III., and it was during the fatuous misgovernment of these princes that the edifice so carefully built up by the early Angevin counts fell to pieces. Works in glorification of any special house or kingdom are not, as a rule, written during that house or kingdom's period of decadence, rather during its time of growth and aggrandisement, and we find as a fact that the events which led to the accession of an Angevin count to the throne of England 'stirred up, during the early years of Henry Fitz-Empress' reign, a spirit of patriotic loyalty which led more than one of his subjects to collect the floating popular traditions of his race, and weave them into a narrative which passed for a history of the Angevin counts.' (Cf. *England under the Angevin Kings*, vol. ii. p. 195.) It is therefore to this period rather than to a later date, *i.e.* to Wolfram's source rather than to Wolfram himself, that historical testimony would bid us assign the Angevin allusions. History also forbids us to assume that *Chrêtien* could have been the source of Wolfram's information; Chrêtien was of Troyes, in Champagne, therefore an adherent of the House of Blois who were hereditary foes of the Angevin counts, and not without reason, as the latter were most undesirable neighbours, and never lost a chance of increasing their dominions at the expense of their fellow-princes. At one time or another, either by marriage or by conquest, they annexed all the surrounding estates (though they grasped considerably more than they could permanently hold), and after the marriage of Henry Fitz-Empress with Eleanor of Aquitaine, the heiress of Poitou and Guyenne, and of his son Geoffrey with Constance of Brittany, the whole of the coast-line of France belonged to the Angevin possessions. It was not surprising that princes of such an acquisitive nature should have many enemies, and when Henry's sons rebelled against him they were not without friends to back them up, among them, apparently, was the very Count Philip of Flanders

from whom Chrêtien received the book from whence he drew his poem. If then Wolfram in his first two books was following a French poet, that poet was *not* Chrêtien.

But if the Angevin counts had many foes they had also many adherents, not only in Europe but in the East, their connection with which dated back to the reign of Fulk Nerra, or Fulk the Palmer. It was not to a member of an unknown house that Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, in 1129 sent an invitation to become his son-in-law and successor; nor did Fulk, when he left Anjou for Jerusalem, go alone—we are expressly told that he took a large army with him. Fulk himself died in 1142, but he left sons who succeeded him, so that the Angevin rule in the East did not end with his death.

Is it then impossible, or even improbable, that this 'Kiot the Provençal' of whom Wolfram speaks was an adherent of the House of Anjou, who had followed their fortunes in the East, and who, coming under the spell of the Grail myth in its connection with the Perceval legend, remodelled the story, probably then still in a rough and transitional form, in accordance with his own personal experiences and prepossessions? Do not all the indications afforded by the poem favour this theory? Such a man would have been thoroughly familiar with the legends that had gathered round the early Angevin princes, as well as with the historical facts connected with their successors; he would have come into contact with the Order of the Knights Templars in a land where they were in deed, and not merely in name, guardians of the Faith; he would be familiar with many a legend of precious stones, the favourite talisman of the East, and would know the special virtue ascribed to each; above all, he would have seen before him in a concrete form the contest between faith and unbelief, darkness and light, Christianity and Heathendom, a black race and a white, which forms at least one of the leading ideas in the interpretation of the poem.

In fact, if we will allow the existence of such a writer as a travelled Angevin might well have been, we shall find all the principal problems of the *Parzival* admit of a rational explanation. Even the central puzzle, Wolfram's representation of the Grail, is explicable on such an hypothesis. We know how very vague Chrêtien's account of the Grail is; how much in the dark he leaves us as to Its outward form, Its influence, and Its origin. A writer *before* Chrêtien is scarcely likely to have been more explicit; what more likely than that a man long resident in the East, and familiar, as has been said above, with Eastern jewel talismans and the legends connected with them, when confronted with this mysterious Grail, of which no definite account was given, yet which apparently exercised a magical life-sustaining influence, should have jumped to the conclusion of Its, at least partial, identity with the precious stones of the power of which he had heard so much?

And in connection with this it is worthy of note that Wolfram represents the Grail as lying on a *green* Achmardi; in other versions of the Grail romances it is red, or white, samite that we find mentioned as veiling the relic. Throughout the poem we find *green* constantly mentioned, *e.g.*

Gamuret's equipment, the robes of the Grail maidens and of Gramoflanz, the cross over Gamuret's grave, Trevrezent's shrine or reliquary; all these allusions seem to point to the writer's familiarity with green as a royal and sacred colour, a knowledge which could only have been gained in the East. Nor, as mentioned in note to Book IX., is the description of the Grail the only instance of a mystical influence being attributed to a precious stone, but throughout the whole poem the constant mention of gems, and, in special instances, of the virtue they possess, is one of the marked peculiarities of the poem, and one of the features which differentiate it from Chrêtien's version.

That Wolfram had a model for these earlier books, and one that he was following closely, appears from the description he gives in two places of Kailet's armour; in Book I. we find '*do rekande ich abr wol dinen strûs, ame schilde ein sarapandra test*,' and in Book II. '*stit dîn strûs noch sunder nest? Du solt din sarapandra test gein sinem halben grîfen tragen*,' where in both instances it is distinctly implied that Kailet had *two* badges, an ostrich on his helmet and a snake's head on his shield, which is, to say the least, extremely unlikely. What seems to be really meant is that Kailet carried the figure of the entire bird on his helmet, and a representation of its head on his shield; the likeness in the shape of the latter to a snake's head has often been commented upon, and the ostrich, from its curious head and neck, has been known as 'the serpent bird.' It seems clear that here at least Wolfram was following another description, and one which he did not altogether understand.

As to the conclusion to be drawn from the proper names which occur in such profusion throughout the poem, this question has been so fully treated by Bartsch (cf. vol. i. Appendix B) that it would be superfluous to discuss it here; and the correspondence between the Titurel poems and the Parzival, which argues a common source for both, has also been adequately discussed, but the addition of the arguments to be derived from the correspondence existing between Wolfram's Angevin allusions and the facts of Angevin history, seems to put it beyond doubt that there is a strong body of evidence in support of Wolfram's own statement that he had a French source other than Chrêtien de Troyes; and, if we admit that he spoke the truth so far, it seems only logical to believe that he was also speaking the truth when he gave the name of the author of his source as '*Kiot the Provençal*.'

EXCURSUS B
RELATION OF WOLFRAM TO CHRÊTIEN

In explanation of the striking agreement which exists between the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach and that part of *Li Conte del Graal* which we owe to Chrêtien de Troyes, three solutions may be suggested: (*a*) That Chrêtien was the source of Wolfram; (*b*) That Chrêtien and Wolfram both

drew from a common source, that source, if Wolfram is to be believed, being Kiot; (*c*) That Chrêtien, who wrote before Wolfram, drew from a source anterior to Wolfram, which source was also used by Kiot.

For reasons already stated we may dismiss (*a*) without further argument, and accept Wolfram's statement as to the existence of a French poem other than Chrêtien's; but the question as to the relationship existing between these two poems, whether the one was directly the source of the other (as Wolfram seems to have supposed), or whether both represent a common source, requires to be carefully examined.

The principal difference between the *Parzival* and the *Conte del Graal* is in the Introduction, which is missing entirely in Chrêtien, whose account of Perceval's father and of his death is at variance with all the other versions, and has been supplemented by a later Introduction, more in harmony with what seems to have been accepted as the original form of the story, *i.e.* with the fact of the death of the hero's father *before* his birth, and the flight of the *widowed* mother into the woods. Now, it is of course quite possible, it is even highly probable, that Chrêtien, had he known a version of the story such as Wolfram gives, would have rejected it on account of its connection with the House of Anjou, but we cannot base any argument on the absence of this introduction, since Chrêtien left his poem unfinished at a point before the close connection between the first two books and the ending of the story becomes apparent in Wolfram. Had Chrêtien lived to complete his work we should have then been in a better position to judge whether he knew Kiot's poem and deliberately set it on one side, or whether he was following another version.

Closely as the two poems agree, it is noticeable that, in more than one instance, Chrêtien's version of an incident is more in harmony with the story as told in other members of the Grail cycle than is Wolfram's; *e.g.* Parzival's visit to the court of King Arthur, and Gawain's adventure in the Château Merveil, both of which have been fully treated in the Notes. It is curious also that in the three versions of the story most closely agreeing, the *Conte del Graal*, *Parzival*, and *Peredur*, we find the bleeding lance and the sword in each, while for the 'Grail' talisman we have variously, an enigmatic object of gold set with precious stones, a stone, and a bleeding head on a dish; this variation seems to point to the conclusion that the lance and sword, and not the 'Grail,' were the original features of the story; and accordingly we find in Chrêtien that it is the lance, and not the Grail, which Gawain goes to seek; and the lance is also treated at greater length than is the Grail.

If Wolfram and Chrêtien were drawing from the same source it seems strange that it is in the work of that one of the two who avowedly places a high value on adherence to the traditional form of the story that we miss just these archaic features.

Again, Wolfram and Chrêtien differ very decidedly in their presentment of the Grail knights and their organisation; if so striking and effective a feature existed in a source common to both, it is difficult to understand why Chrêtien omitted it; he could have had no such grudge against the Order of Templars as he would reasonably have against the House of Anjou, and it is equally difficult to believe that if it was *not* in the source, Wolfram departed from his avowed principle of fidelity so far as to introduce it.

We also find the same ideas introduced in a different context; thus, when Perceval leaves his mother to go out into the world, among her counsels the French poet includes, '*Preudom ne forconselle nie celui ki tient sa compagnie*'; in Wolfram we have no such phrase, but when Parzival arrives at Gurnemanz's Castle we find him saying, '*Mîn muoter saget al wâr, Alt mannes rede stêt niht se vâr*,' which in the Parzival she did *not* say. It is evident that in the two versions counsel and application have become separated, and in this case again it seems more probable that the counsel would originally have been given without the application, as by Chrêtien, than *vice versa* as by Wolfram. On the other hand, Mr. Nutt points out in his *Studies* that Perceval's recognition of the knights as *angels* is quite at variance with his mother's representation of armed men as *devils*, whereas in the *Parzival* the whole episode is clear and consistent. Here the French poet has evidently dropped out something, and there are other instances, such as the names of Gurnemanz's sons, in which the German poem seems to have followed an older tradition.

But on the whole, a careful comparison of the two poems seems to show that Wolfram's version is further removed from the original form of the story than is Chrêtien's, and that therefore the probability is that the common basis of the two poems was a work known to the two *French* poets.

In support of this theory it may be noted as a curious fact that while *Chrêtien* avowedly bases his poem on a book given to him by the Count of Flanders, *Wolfram's* poem really contains more references to Flanders than Chrêtien's does. Thus we have several allusions to Lambekein, Duke of Brabant; Brandelidelein of Punturtois figures prominently both in the second and in the later books, and his city 'Der Wazzervesten stat von Punt' (*punt=pont*=bridge) is suspiciously like Bruges; to say nothing of the connection of the Lohengrin story with Brabant and Antwerp. It has been pointed out already by critics that Gerbert, one of Chrêtien's continuators, has the same connection of the Grail winner with the knight of the swan, which seems to indicate that the stories were not first connected by the *German* poet (Gerbert also connects with the Swan Knight with the Deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre, an Oriental and Crusading feature quite in harmony with what has been suggested with regard to Wolfram's French source).

On the whole, the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the source of Kiot's poem was identical with the book delivered to Chrêtien by

the Count of Flanders; and the connection between Wolfram and Chrêtien is that of a source from which Chrêtien drew at first, Wolfram at second hand, Wolfram's medium having treated the legend with far more freedom and boldness than was common at that date.

EXCURSUS C
THE INTERPRETATION AND RELIGIOUS TEACHING OF THE POEM

The question of the interpretation to be placed upon the *Parzival* is one of the most important parts of the problem under discussion. As a rule it has been treated apart from the question of the *source*, for critics have been pretty generally unanimous in declaring that whatever the authority followed as to the story, its employment as a medium of ethical edification was due to Wolfram and to Wolfram alone. But a careful examination of the poem seems to indicate that not only were the first germs of a spiritual interpretation due to another and older writer, but also that a very close and important connection exists between the interpretation and the source, as alleged by Wolfram himself.

Now, whether we are treating of the source or of the inner signification of the poem, one of the most important elements in the question is the character of Feirefis. That this curious personality is as closely connected with the inner, as with the outer, development of the story many critics have readily admitted, and therefore the question of the *origin* of the character becomes one of no little importance. If we can prove that Feirefis is beyond doubt the invention of Wolfram, then we have a strong argument for believing that the ethical teaching is also entirely Wolfram's; but if the evidence points the other way, and is in favour of the theory that Feirefis is an integral part of the original French source, then there is strong ground for believing that the semi-allegorical treatment of the subject was also part of Kiot's scheme. Simrock feels this so strongly that he advances the close connection of Feirefis alike with the *grund-idee* of the poem and the first two books to prove that Wolfram *must* have written those books, since to him alone the moral teaching can be due.

But is the evidence in favour of the German authorship of these books? Is it not, as we have shown in the discussion of the Angevin allusions, distinctly *against* such a conclusion? And here we must not overlook the fact that the *Angevin* parentage is insisted on far more strongly in the case of Feirefis than in that of his brother; it seems indeed as if the elder brother were regarded specially as the son of his father, from first to last he is 'Feirefis Angevin,' whereas Parzival is regarded more as the son of the mother through whom he is connected with the mystic race of the Grail-kings, and bears throughout the title of 'Waleis,' his mother's, not his father's, land.

A close study of the poem seems to show that it came into Wolfram's hands an organic whole; in spite of the strong individuality of the German

poet which has stamped itself on every page, in spite of the constant personal allusions, of the characteristic form into which he has remoulded the story, we feel that he has never lost sight of the original conception, but, even while working out his own interpretation, has allowed the thread of his source to run unbroken, if not untangled, to the end. And with that thread Feirefis is closely inwoven; it is at the critical moment of Parzival's life, when the conventional faith in God as the All-wise Ruler of the world, which has been sufficient for his boyhood, fails him, that the hero first learns the existence of his unknown brother, Feirefis Angevin; from that point onward, whenever the story will admit of an allusion to Feirefis, either directly, or indirectly through his love Sekundillé, that allusion is introduced, so that as we draw towards the end of the poem the mind is not unprepared for the appearance of Feirefis himself, and the combat which is the last, as it is the most desperate, of Parzival's trials. The breaking of the sword of Ither of Gaheviess, as well as the exceptional nature of the conflict itself, is a distinct indication of a special significance attached to the incident, and one is not surprised to find that the conclusion of Parzival's probation and his election to the Grail kingdom follow closely upon it. It is impossible to believe that a personality so strange as that of Feirefis, so closely connected with the hero of the poem, and brought into special prominence at the turning-points of his career, means nothing at all; and this when we have the contrast between Doubt and Steadfastness, Darkness and Light, Black and White directly insisted upon.

The original ethical idea seems to have been simple enough; the sin of lack of faith in God, which mars an otherwise steadfast character. Feirefis shows, in a concrete form, the contrast sketched in the opening lines of Book I., and Parzival's final conflict with his parti-coloured brother signified the final victory over Doubt which rendered him worthy to win the Grail. The idea of working some such *motif* into the story may very likely have arisen from a wish to supply a better and more adequate reason for Parzival's interview with the Hermit, an episode which, as the *Parzival* shows, is capable of far finer treatment than it has received in any other version. (It must not be forgotten that Parzival's passionate outbreak and defiance of God is found nowhere else, and that the duty of trust in God and reliance upon Him in the hour of trouble has been distinctly part of his early teaching, and that there too the 'black and white' contrast has been insisted upon.) The idea thus first suggested, the circumstances of a residence in the East, where such a conflict between light and darkness was actually being carried on, determined the form into which it should be cast. It is extremely difficult to understand how *Wolfram*, if he only possessed the Perceval legend in an incomplete form, conceived the idea of supplementing it in this special manner; but if *Kiot* be responsible for the first introduction of the religious idea, as he was of the Angevin, the problem becomes perfectly easy, his conception of the struggle in the soul of man was simply a reflection of the struggle as he saw it in the world.

(It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that no princes of the day were more strongly affected by the Crusading spirit, or more closely connected with the East than the Angevin princes; and that to assume on the part of one of their followers the familiarity with Crusading ideas which is here ascribed to 'Kiot' is to do little more than state a commonplace fact of history.)

But that the idea of the poem has, in a measure, undergone a change, and that the *Parzival* in its present shape owes much to the genius of the man who, probably attracted by the ethical turn Kiot had given to the story, took it into his own hands, and, remodelling it, sent it forth to the world a heritage for all generations, may readily be granted. No careful reader of the poem can fail to feel that the interpretation is a double one; that if there are passages which seem to treat of Faith and Doubt only as they affect the position of the soul towards God, there are others which as clearly treat of the same questions as affecting man's relation to his fellow-men; in which faith is interpreted in its widest sense as a loyal fulfilment of *all* obligations, social as well as religious; and that all this is summed up and expressed in the inculcation of loyalty to the dictates of the knightly order in their highest form.

Occasionally these two ideas obviously clash, as when in Book IX. Trevrezent tells Parzival that the Grail cannot be won by human effort, and asks, 'Wilt thou force thy God with thine anger?' and in Book XVI. practically takes back his words and admits that this is what Parzival *has* done. The true solution of the puzzle seems to be neither in interpreting the poem exclusively as an allegory of the struggle in the soul of man, nor exclusively as a confession of faith in the knightly order as a means of salvation, but rather in admitting that the poem sets forth *both* these views, and that the lines of thought cross and recross and overlie one another according as Wolfram reproduced the ideas of the older poet, or overlaid them with his own.

And if we will believe in the real personality of 'Kiot,' we may find that the religious teaching of the poem gains a new significance; deeply religious it undoubtedly is, full of a profound trust in God, a deep conviction of the individual relationship existing between the soul and its Maker, and a simple acceptance of the elementary doctrines of Christianity, the Trinity, the Incarnation, and Its extension through the initial Sacrament of Baptism; but with all this there is a complete absence of ecclesiasticism, and a lack of features familiar to us in other works of the day.

It is very curious that, constantly as Baptism is insisted upon as essential to salvation, the equal necessity for the Second Great Sacrament of the Faith is passed over. It is perfectly true that Wolfram's knights attend Mass, and that Mass is apparently celebrated with regularity, but here their obligation seems to end; never once do we hear of one of his knights communicating, even Gamuret, when dying, though he receives absolution, does not receive the viaticum (the account of Vivians' death in *Willehalm* seems to

show that elsewhere Wolfram, in common with other writers of the day, *did* acknowledge this necessity). Again, though Parzival comes to the Hermit's cell on Good Friday, and spends fourteen days in his company, confessing and receiving absolution, we have no mention of the Easter Communion in the German poem, though we have in the French. In Book X. the wounded knight, whom Gawain succours, asks to be helped to a *spital* that his wounds may be attended to; in Chrêtien's version he expresses his fear of dying unabsolved and uncommunicated, and would seek a Hermit who lives near at hand for that purpose. And this difference between the two versions meets us at every turn; *Chrêtien* abounds in allusions to the hours of prayer; if he wishes to indicate the time when any special event happens he mentions that it is just after Prime, or between Tierce and Noon; Perceval says that if he finds his mother he will make her a veiled nun, and the mother's counsels in the French poem are emphatic on the subject of Perceval's religious duties, which Wolfram wholly omits; Chrêtien's characters constantly invoke the saints, which Wolfram's knights never do; when Parzival is in imminent danger of death it is to his wife, and not to a patron saint, that he looks for aid. Wolfram is always a religious poet, but, if we compare his other important poem the *Willehalm* with the *Parzival*, we cannot help feeling that the former is decidedly more in harmony with the thought of his day, and less curiously '*modern*' in tone than the latter. It is difficult to resist the conviction that some of the special peculiarities of the *Parzival* are due to Wolfram's source quite as much as to Wolfram himself.

It is a commonplace of history that one effect of the contact between heathen and Christian races brought about by the Crusades was the awakening of a spirit of tolerance between the brave men on either side. In a day when manly strength and courage were accounted of such value it was impossible that the existence of such qualities on the side of the heathen should not, in the opinion of many, go far to counterbalance their lack of Christianity; and it is certain that among those long resident in the East such tolerance eventually led to laxity in matters both of faith and practice. It was such laxity that was the ostensible reason for the fall of the Knights Templars. In the case of a poem, which otherwise gives indication of familiarity with Oriental custom and tradition, is it unreasonable to suggest that its peculiarities of religious treatment, its freedom from petty ecclesiastical details, the breadth and tolerance of its views, and the far more human ideal of virtue which it presents, may, at least in part, be due to the influence of the Crusading spirit which we know did, on the whole, make in these directions?

To sum up the entire question, the drift of the internal evidence of the *Parzival* seems to indicate that the author of Wolfram's source was a warm partisan of the House of Anjou, sometime resident in the East, familiar with the History of the House whose fortunes he followed, and with much curious Oriental legend, and thoroughly imbued with the broader views of life and religion inspired by the Crusades. That he wrote his poem *after* 1172 seems most likely from the connection between England, Anjou, and

Ireland noted in Book IX.; on the other hand, the parallel existing between the early history of Henry Fitz-Empress and that of the hero of the *Parzival* seems to show that he intended a compliment to that prince, which would fix the year of Henry's death, 1189, as the *terminus ad quem*. The probabilities are that it would be written earlier, before the troubles of Henry's later years. What we know of the extent of the Angevin rule and influence at that date renders it quite possible for us to believe that the writer was by birth a Provençal. That the source of the poem bore a strong affinity to the source of Chrêtien's *Conte del Graal* is certain, and the many Flemish allusions give colour to the supposition that it may have been identical with that source.

If we grant the correctness of the Angevin allusions to be found in the earlier parts of the poem, we must logically grant that these two first Books, and as a consequence the latter part of the poem which agrees with them, are due to the French source rather than the German redaction; that it was Kiot who introduced the characters of Gamuret, Belakané, Feirefis, and Lähelein; and that to Kiot is due the first germ of the ethical interpretation amplified by Wolfram. It was probably in a great measure owing to the unecclesiastical nature of Kiot's teaching, and the freedom with which he handled the Grail myth, that his work failed to attain the popularity of Chrêtien's. When the Grail legend was once definitely stamped with the traditional-Christian character which it finally assumed and retained, the semi-pagan character of Kiot's treatment would cause his version to be regarded with disfavour by the monkish compilers of his day. It is probably owing to the accident of Maude's first husband having been Emperor of Germany that this particular presentment of the story found its way into that country; it may well be that it is, indirectly, to that very Angevin element that has for so long perplexed critics that we owe its preservation! As regards the Grail problem itself, it therefore seems most probable that in Wolfram's *Parzival* we have no really independent version of the Grail myth, such as may be taken into consideration by scholars when constructing a scientific theory of its development; but simply an interesting specimen of one form which, in the period of its translation from a pagan to a Christian symbol, it temporarily assumed, that form being entirely coloured and determined by the personality of the writer.

EXCURSUS D
THE WORKS OF WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH

Besides the *Parzival*, Wolfram's longest and, from every point of view, most important work, we possess seven songs belonging to the class known as Tage-or Wächter-Lieder; thus called because the secret lovers, who have indulged their passion during the hours of night, are warned by the call of the watchman from the ramparts of the approach of day and of the hour of parting. Though Wolfram made in these songs a concession to the lax morality of his day, the concluding lines of one of them clearly show how

far superior to such unlawful passion he held the love of wedded wife and husband, such love as he has immortalised in Kondwiramur and Parzival. Beside these songs, we have the poems dealing with the loves of Siguné and Schionatulander, and classed together under the name of *Titurel*. Whether these are complete in themselves, and intended to serve as an explanatory addition to the *Parzival*, or whether they are fragments of an unfinished poem, does not very clearly appear; in any case they indicate a source identical with that of the *Parzival*.

Willehalm, Wolfram's other great epic poem, in nine books, deals with the history of William of Orange, a contemporary of Charlemagne, whose story belongs to this cycle of French Romance. The poem is clearly derived from the old French *Chanson de Geste, Aliscans*, and is originally founded on the prolonged struggle between the Saracen and Christian power in the South of France, a struggle which for poetical purposes has been condensed into two battles of Aliscans, or Alischanz, in the first of which the Christians are defeated, while in the second they are victorious. Whether this poem, too, is or is not unfinished, is a matter of debate among critics; judging from Wolfram's method in the *Parzival*, the fact that he leaves the fate of his hero 'Rennewart' in uncertainty, and does not even reveal the secret of his parentage and close connection with William's wife, seems to indicate that he did not finish the poem. *Willehalm* abounds in references to the *Parzival*, and in similar turns of thought and expression, and has some passages of great beauty. The *Titurel* is also written in a more elaborate metre than the other poems, and some doubt has been expressed as to which of these two represents Wolfram's latest work. The style of both is more finished than that of the *Parzival*, but they are both inferior alike in depth of thought and human interest to this, the greatest work of Germany's greatest mediæval poet.

NOTES

NOTES

BOOK X

Hero meets with wounded knight and maiden. Is warned of the perils of the way.	
Meets with a lovely lady, whom he woos and is repulsed by her with mockery. Is insulted by a squire of hideous aspect, and his charger is stolen by the wounded knight.	Chrêtien, who gives all the incidents in corresponding sequence.
Comes to a river on the further side of which is a castle, and fights with a knight who is riding his own horse. Is entertained by the boatman.	

Introduction, lines 1-19. In Book X. the poet returns to Gawain, taking up the story at the point at which he dropped it in Book VIII. The corresponding book in Chrêtien commences very abruptly, making no further mention of the challenge between Gawain and Kingrimursel (Guigambresil) or of Gawain's search for the Grail (or Lance). It is doubtful whether the passage beginning with line 15 really refers to traditional adventures ascribed to Gawain, and omitted here, or whether it is merely introduced in order to soften down the abrupt transition from the story of Parzival to that of Gawain. From the fact that, both here and in Chrêtien, this incident of Gawain's meeting with the wounded knight follows immediately after Parzival's interview with the hermit, it seems certain that a similar sequence existed in the source common to both; on the other hand, in line 804, Wolfram seems to be referring to a definite version of the Gawain episode, which certainly differed from Chrêtien's. Here, as elsewhere, in the absence of any *external* evidence, it is not possible to speak with certainty.

Page 1, line 5—'*At Schamfanzon he challenged Gawain*.' Cf. Book VIII. p. 239.

Page 1, line 9—'*The murder, Count Ekunât did it*.' Cf. Book VIII. p. 236 and Book III. p. 99.

Page 4, line 29—'*Kamilla*.' A reference to the *Æneid* of Heinrich von Veldeck, where Kamilla, the daughter of Turnus, is represented as defending Laurentium against the Trojans, and being slain on the field of battle. Cf. Book XII. p. 52.

Page 4, lines 39, 40—'*On her knee she bore a knight*.' This incident occurs under exactly the same circumstances in Chrêtien, there, too, Gawain comes to the rescue of the knight by arousing him from his stupor, though

the surgery, of which Wolfram gives so curious an account, finds no parallel in the French poem. The reader will not fail to notice the likeness between this incident and Parzival's meeting with Siguné, in Book III. As will be pointed out later Wolfram evidently intended a parallel, or a contrast, between his two heroes.

Page 5, line 63—'*Lischois Giwellius*.' This name, again, seems to be a misunderstanding of a French original, in Chrêtien the knight is not named, the passage; '*li Orguelleus de la roce à l'estroite voie, qui garde les pors de Galvoie*' in which some critics have found the origin of the name, seems rather to refer to the knight overthrown by Gawain in Book XII. and named Florand by Wolfram. *Here* there is a distinct identity between the knight now referred to and him who fights with Gawain later (p. 20); in Chrêtien the knight who opposes Gawain is the nephew of the wounded man, and therefore can scarcely be the guardian of the '*bogue de Galvoie*' who overthrows him. Later on Wolfram uses a French expression to indicate where the knight in question was wounded, *Av estroite mâvoié*, which distinctly indicates a *ford* rather than a *ravine* as in Chrêtien (translated Perilous Ford, p. 13), and the whole incident, carefully examined, decidedly points to a French source, *other* than Chrêtien.

Page 5, line 74—'*Spake o'er it spells of healing*.' As all students of folk-lore are well aware, a belief in the virtue of certain formula of words for the healing of bodily ailments was at one time practically universal, and indeed, in certain districts, a belief in them exists to this day. In vol. ii. of *Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie* (part I.), a number of such spells, collected from old German MSS. are given; among them will be found one for checking the flow of blood, and another for the closing of a wound.

Page 5, line 77—'*Logrois*,' French Logres. In Malory we have Logris, which has been identified with Loegria, or Saxon Britain.

Page 6, line 90—'*Orgelusé*.' This name, like Orilus, is a misunderstanding of a French original. Chrêtien calls the lady 'L'Orguelleuse de Logres,' and it evidently stood so in Wolfram's source. This incident of a knight proffering his services to, and riding with, a lady who repays him with mockery, and finds food for mirth in his misfortunes, seems to have been a favourite theme with mediæval writers. Malory gives two such adventures, one of which, that of La Cote Male Taile and the damsel Maledisant, is, curiously enough, connected with the Castle *Orgulous*. The adventure as recounted by Chrêtien closely parallels the German version, but the latter is told at greater length, and the lady appears to decidedly more advantage; her mockery, though biting, is more in the vein of a courtly lady, and, what we should not expect to find, there is far more lightness of touch and 'malice,' in the French sense of the word, about the German than about the French poet. The little touch on p. 9, lines 192, 193 (If a woman ye thus behold), is lacking in Chrêtien, and is decidedly in keeping with the dry humour of Wolfram, who, in spite of his respect for women, delights in a sly hit at feminine weaknesses. The very curious adjuration of the old knight, on the

same page, 'May He who made salt the sea,' seems, according to Bartsch, to be frequent in old French literature, '*Qui fit la mer salée*,' but does not occur at all in Chrêtien, who here simply has 'Dieu le Souverain Pêre.'

Page 10, line 235—'*Malcréature*.' This squire appears in Chrêtien, but is not connected in any way with Kondrie, though it may be noted that the description given of him in the French poem agrees far more closely with Wolfram's description of the Grail Messenger than the latter does with Chrêtien's *Maiden*. Bartsch says that the curious account of this strange people 'rests on Talmudic tradition, and is repeated in many mediæval writings, Latin, German, and Romance.' In Wolfram's poem of *Willehalm* he introduces a strange 'horned' people who come from the banks of the Ganges, and who speak with no human tongue. Chrêtien has nothing corresponding to this wild story, nor is his squire named.

Page 12, line 274—'*Anfortas*.' This is the first indication that the lady in whose service Anfortas received his incurable wound was Orgelusé. Cf. Book IX. p. 275. The story is more fully told in Book XII. p. 65.

Page 12, line 281—'*I wot well e'en Dame Jeschuté, etc*.' Cf. Book V. p. 145.

Page 13, line 311—'*A spital shall stand near by*.' Chrêtien's knight wishes to be taken to a *Hermit* that he may confess and receive the sacrament. The incident is a good illustration of the different tone of the two poems: Chrêtien's is deeply imbued with the ecclesiasticism of his day, and abounds in references to hours of prayer, religious services, and invocation of saints, all of which are lacking in Wolfram's version, which, nevertheless, is far more thoroughly pervaded with the religious *spirit*.

Page 14, line 349—'*Is it thou, O Urian?*' In Chrêtien the name of the knight is Griogoras. Urian appears to be the same name as Friam, which we meet with later on, Book XIII. p. 92. The main outline of his story is the same in the French as in the German poet, but there are some significant points of divergence. In Chrêtien we have no mention of the trial before the king, nor of the death-sentence; Gawain appears to have punished the knight on his own account, and his anger is therefore more intelligible, especially as Chrêtien gives an additional touch of ignominy to his punishment, '*les* II *mains liiès au dos*'; and we hear nothing of the special right of message-bearer, by outraging which Urian broke 'the peace of the land.' The *incident* itself is a common one with mediæval writers, but it is generally treated lightly, and the punishment, as a rule, was a money fine. It seems as if the more serious manner in which the episode is treated by Wolfram were to be accounted for by the maiden's official position. Throughout the poem there are frequent allusions to the manners, customs, and modes of government of his day, and, where Chrêtien seems to give us simply a world of romance, Wolfram seems to aim at investing his story with reality by surrounding it with the atmosphere of the time in which he lived.

The indignation expressed by Orgelusé (line 417) is peculiar to Wolfram's version, and seems somewhat out of keeping with the general laxity of her

conduct.

Page 18, line 465—'*Amor and Cupid*.' Amor and Cupid were regarded by the poets of the Middle Ages as two separate gods, both being the children of Venus.

The fine passage, lines 480-496, is an eloquent exposition of Wolfram's belief in the superiority of lawful love over the mere earthly passion, too often unlawful, sanctioned, if not encouraged, by the prevailing licence accorded to *Minne-Dienst*. Throughout this poem Wolfram is a steadfast upholder of the binding nature of the marriage vow; Parzival's fidelity to his wife is held to be a virtue sufficient to cancel any other sin of which he may be guilty; cf. Book IX. p. 270, where Trevrezent's words are a sufficient commentary on the rarity of such fidelity in those days. At the same time Wolfram accepts the prevailing ideal, and it must be noted that it was he, and not a poet of laxer principles, such as Gottfried von Strasbourg, who first brought into vogue the *Wächter-lieder*, the very essence of which is that the love to which they give eloquent voice is an unlawful love, and must be indulged in secrecy and under the cover of night.

Page 19, line 506 and *seq.*—'*A Castle so fair and stately*.' This is Château Merveil, mentioned by Kondrie, Book VI. p. 181.

Page 22, line 598—'*Gringuljet*.' Chrêtien explains how Lischois Giwellius comes to be in possession of Gawain's horse; he is, according to the French poet, the nephew of the wounded knight Griogoras, who has sent him to attack Gawain, and has given him the horse stolen from that hero for the purpose. For the meaning of the name, cf. vol i. Appendix B. The previous history of the steed has been alluded to twice, Books VII. p. 196 and IX. p. 272. In the latter passage Trevrezent recognises Parzival's horse, also a Grail steed, by the dove on its saddle, here the badge is branded on the horse itself. The fight between Lischois and Gawain is told at much greater length here.

Page 24, line 661—'*This right was his o'er the meadow*.' The tribute due to the Ferryman is also related in Chrêtien, where Gawain evades it in the same manner.

Page 26, line 729—'*Klingsor*.' The magician, lord of the Château Merveil, has not been named before; he is identical with the 'clerk who all magic knew,' cf. Book II. p. 39. Chrêtien has not this character at all; the castle, according to him, was built by 'l. *sages clers d'astrenomie*,' who came there with King Arthur's mother, but there is no indication that the lady eloped with him, nor does he play any part in the story. The origin of the name seems to be uncertain; in the poem of the *Wartburg-krieg*, already alluded to (note to Book VI.), Klingsor appears as a magician from Hungary, and Simrock thinks that here his name is derived from Klingsære, a singer or minstrel, and that Wolfram was weaving into his poem an old legend illustrative of the power of song. San Marte derives the name from an old French word *clincher*, and thinks it indicative of the sensual character

ascribed to the magician, and that the character is of French origin. Merlin is, of course, the Arthurian magician, and appears as such in Chrêtien's continuators, but there is no sign of him in the *Parzival*, nor can the incidents related of Klingsor be paralleled in the history of Merlin.

Page 27, line 774—'*Bené*.' The part assigned to this character in Wolfram is important, the maiden does not appear in Chrêtien's version, *here* she plays an active part as confidant of Itonjé, Gawain's sister, in her love affair with King Gramoflanz and acts as messenger between the lovers. Some critics have derived her name from a misunderstanding of Chrêtien's phrase, *que bencois soit votre ostu*, spoken by Gawain to the boatman, and, of course, such a phrase *may* have stood in Wolfram's French source, but, as he certainly did not borrow the character from Chrêtien, it seems scarcely likely that he borrowed the name.

Page 28, lines 785-790—'*Purslain and lettuce*.' The dish was apparently a kind of salad. Wolfram makes an ingenious use of the mention of vinegar to impress upon his readers the folly of speaking untruly, and incidentally shows that the use of rouge was not unknown in his day.

[Gawain's adventures with the Proud Lady (Orgelusé) and at the Castle of Wonders form, perhaps, the most confused and perplexing portion of the poem, while they also bear obvious marks of age and of freedom from the Christian symbolism which has so profoundly affected the 'Grail' legend as a whole. 'The Proud Lady' seems to be a composite creation; the characteristics of a courtly lady of the day having been grafted on to an originally supernatural conception. According to this latter, she was a water-fairy (note that Gawain meets her by the side of a spring, Book X. p. 6), mistress of a magic garden, in which are held captive the mortals whom she incites to a perilous venture, *i.e.* the crossing of the stream which separates this from the other world, and the bringing thence a branch plucked from a tree growing there. This adventure is of course only to be achieved by the best knight in the world, the hero, namely, of the episode, and to urge him to it she uses every species of raillery. When the hero has performed the task she gladly yields herself his. This incident, in itself a straightforward and intelligible one to which many parallels might easily be adduced from romantic and heroic literature, is, however, crossed and blended with another adventure of the same hero, the achieving the feats of the Wonder Castle, and thereby overcoming its magician builder.

The two episodes, originally told each for itself, coalesced owing to the personages in each being the same; for the Proud Lady is, I believe, far more intimately connected with the Wonder Castle than appears from Wolfram's poem; I suspect her, indeed, of being the magician's daughter. That the wedding of Gawain with Orgelusé should take place in the Château Merveil is at present almost the only trace remaining of the original connection, but that is decisive. For, as will be pointed out in Note to Book XI., the episode of the Wonder Castle must originally have ended in the hero's remaining there; he has won to the other world whence he

cannot return, but over which he rules, in company with its fair mistress. As it is, the reader cannot but feel that the winning of the Branch is an anti-climax after the achievement of the Castle of Wonders.

The true significance of the Proud Lady's garden has also been obscured in our poem; it may possibly at one time have been confused with the Wonder Castle, and might then be compared with the Garden of Joy which Merlin created for Ninian; there is indeed a strong temptation to compare Merlin and Ninian with Klingsor and Orgelusé, wide as the difference is between the two stories. But it is more probable that the Magic Garden belongs wholly to the Winning of the Branch feat, and that, like the remainder of this episode, it has suffered from contamination with the Wonder Castle story. (In connection with this it may be noted that in Chrêtien, Gawain, after crossing the Perilous Ford, is not to pluck the branch of any one special tree, but to gather the flowers which he sees, '*A ces arbres et á ces prés.*' The idea of a *garden* seems to have been better preserved in the French than in the German poem.)

Another portion of the original story, the flyting of hero and heroine, has been completely remodelled by the twelfth century poets, in order to afford an exemplification of the current ideal of courtly love and lady-service; hence the complex character of the heroine, and the confused nature of the episode as related by Wolfram. It would be useless to seek in pre-twelfth century literature for an *exact* parallel to a situation so manifestly coloured to suit the prevailing social ideas of the time; but the episode must have some root in preceding literature, the special form of the social relation of man to woman which is the most marked feature of twelfth century literary art must stand in *some* relation to the past; and it is in the Irish heroic literature of the seventh to the eleventh centuries that we must seek for the origin of this feature.

In this literature we find a remarkable parallel to the whole Gawain-Orgelusé episode. 'The Wooing of Emer' by Cuchulainn is one of the most famous stories about the greatest Irish hero. Emer was the daughter of Forgall the Wily, the chief maiden of Ireland in all virtues and qualities, and therefore the only one whom Cuchulainn deemed worthy of him. But she is by no means minded to take him at his own estimation; when he recounts his achievements, 'these are goodly fights of a tender boy,' says she, nor will she consent to see him until he perform certain definite feats. Moreover, her father is by no means anxious that she should marry, and to get rid of the wooer has him sent off with two companions on a perilous expedition to Skye. The first danger he encountered (I quote textually from the oldest version of the story, ascribed by the editor, Professor Kuno Meyer, to the eighth century) is 'some dreadful beast like a lion, which fought with him, but did him no harm, and the foul play of the youths who laughed at him' (*Revue Celtique*, vol. X. 44). Afterwards he has to make his way across the 'plain of ill-luck' on which men freeze, and by a narrow path over a glen, and a 'terrible stony height.' Cuchulainn of course comes safely

through all these and other ventures, and carries off Emer, whom he weds. Here, then, we have the contemptuous attitude of the wooed maiden, her indication of feats to be performed before she can be won; and before the final marriage a series of incidents bearing no small resemblance to those which befall Gawain at the Wonder Castle.—ALFRED NUTT.]

BOOK XI

TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Gawain, against the advice of the Boatman, visits Château Merveil, seats himself on the magic couch, and is assailed, first by unseen adversaries, then by a lion which he kills and ends the enchantments of the Castle.	Chrêtien gives the incidents in the same order, but with some difference in details,

(There is a Castle of Wonders in 'Peredur,' but the adventures connected with it are quite different.)

The entire episode of the Magic Castle and Gawain's adventures therein is stamped with a weird, fantastic character, unlike the rest of the poem, and gives the effect of a Mährchen introduced into the midst of a knightly epic. More than one critic has pointed out the similarity between the tasks to be achieved by Gawain, before he becomes lord of the castle, and those which, in old folk-tales, fall to the lot of those who dare a venture to the shadowy under-world. Some of the features in the story, which will be noted as they occur, seem to distinctly indicate that such was the original nature of this episode, related with so much spirit by the German poet.

Page 34, line 107—'*He who at Nantes slew Prince Ither*.' Cf. Books VII. p. 218 and VIII. p. 242, and notes on these passages, where Wolfram's introduction of the chief hero of the poem, unmentioned in Chrêtien's version, is commented upon. Some critics have drawn a contrast between the Château Merveil, with its magic lord, and the Grail Castle, with its wounded king, which are won respectively by the two heroes of the poem, and have seen in the castle of Klingsor the embodiment of the fleshly principle, opposed to the spiritual realm of the Grail. But Wolfram seems to have intended a *parallel* rather than a *contrast*. Klingsor, on the whole, is by no means a malicious character, and of the deadly antagonism between him and the Grail knights, which is the very essence of Wagner's *Parzival*, there is here no trace. If there is a contrast between spirit and sense in Wolfram's poem, it is rather to be found between the court and knighthood of Monsalväsch and that of King Arthur, and the latter monarch certainly embodies the world-principle far more than Klingsor does. Parzival's failure to ask the question here is quite in keeping with his general character and devotion to a single aim, but the introduction of the incident was doubtless intended to heighten the parallel between Monsalväsch and Château Merveil.

Page 35, line 125—'*Now arm thee for deadly warfare!*' In Chrêtien's account the Boatman plays the same kindly part of adviser, and, further, accompanies Gawain to the palace and to the hall of the Lit-Merveil, but, as before noted, the part played by the daughter is omitted.

Page 36, line 162—'*A merchant with merchandise costly*.' In Chrêtien this character is an 'Eskiékier,' rather a money-changer than a merchant. The story of the oath, and how it came to be in the courtyard of the castle, is rally related in Book XII. p. 65.

Page 36, line 169—'*The Baruch of Bagdad*.' Cf. Book I. p. 9, and note on 'Rankulat.' The allusion to the Emperor of Greece shows that this was written after the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204.

Page 37, line 185—'*Plippalinòt*.' The Boatman is unnamed in Chrêtien. The critics give no interpretation of the name.

Page 37, line 201—'*The Lechfeld*.' The Lechfeld is a wide plain near Augsburg between the rivers Werch and Lech, where the Hungarians were defeated in 955 by the Emperor Otho. Naturally, the courtyard of a castle could not be so large, and it seems probable that Wolfram was commenting humorously on the exaggerated description given in his source. Chrêtien gives much the same account of the castle and its gorgeous decorations.

Page 38, line 220—'*The Lit-Merveil*.' Chrêtien gives a more detailed description of the magic couch: it is of gold, with cords of silver, and bells hanging from the interlaced cords. It is apparently the peal of these bells, as the knight seats himself upon the couch, that gives warning of the intruder, and is the signal for the enchantments to begin. In Chrêtien's account the attack by the five hundred unseen foes (Gawain has already been informed by the Boatman that five hundred knights guard the castle) follows immediately on the hero taking his seat on the couch, and the onslaught of the lion immediately on the cross-bows, so that the ordeal, as represented by Wolfram, is considerably more severe and prolonged than in the French version.

Page 40, line 299—'*A mighty lion*.' The encounter with the lion is the same in Chrêtien; there, too, the lion's paw is smitten off by Gawain, and remains hanging to the shield. The remark in line 312 is quite in keeping with Wolfram's dry, quaint humour; such 'asides' are lacking throughout in the French poem.

Page 41, line 331—'*Mount Ribbelé*.' An allusion to Eilhart's *Tristan*, where Gymele, Isolde's maid, gives to Kahenis, who should keep watch with her, a magic pillow on which he slumbers throughout the night, and is mocked in consequence.

Page 42, line 340—'*Arnivé*.' This is Arthur's mother, whose elopement with Klingsor has been mentioned, cf. Book II. p. 39. (Whether Arnivé went with Klingsor of her own free will, or whether she was constrained by magic art,

does not clearly appear; from Book II. we should conclude the former, but the passage in Book XIII. pp. 89 and 90, reads as if she were not a free agent.) She has been named as one of the dwellers in Château Merveil, (Book VI. p. 189); how it was that Arthur, who had apparently spent some years in the search for his mother (cf. Book II. p. 39), failed to recognise her name when mentioned before him, is not explained. But the whole episode, as noted above, is so wild and fantastic, and so full of difficulties, that it seems most probable that it was not originally connected with the Arthurian legend, and has been only imperfectly fitted into the framework. In Chrêtien, too, the queen is Arthur's mother, but she is much less prominent in the story, indeed from this point onwards the two versions diverge considerably. In Chrêtien, Gawain is by no means seriously wounded; the Boatman, who seems to have awaited the issue of the adventure outside the castle, returns promptly and tells him that the enchantments are at an end, and Gawain is greeted by a train of pages, gaily dressed and playing flutes; and maidens, one of whom bears royal robes. Chrêtien then introduces a very curious and archaic feature, to which Wolfram has no parallel; Gawain expresses his desire to leave the castle and hunt in the surrounding forest, but the Boatman tells him this is impossible; it is judged and decreed that whoever achieves the venture of the Château Merveil shall never leave the castle, '*Que jamais de cette maison n'istroit u fust tors u raison. Jamais n'istrés nul jor*,' at which Gawain is extremely angry. Nevertheless, he does leave the castle and no harm comes of it. The only explanation of this curious feature seems to be that this episode, as noted above, found its origin in the story of some hero's visit to the under-world, when his return to the world of the living depends on his fulfilment of certain conditions, *e.g.*, that he should eat nothing during his stay in the land of shadows; Gawain certainly partakes of a meal in the Magic Castle, which meal in Wolfram precedes, though in Chrêtien it follows, his attempt to leave Château Merveil. Heinzel understands Chrêtien's account of the arrival of the two elder queens in Terre de Merveil as meaning that they really were dead, and supernaturally revived; (Chrêtien certainly does say of the elder queen, '*Qui fus mis en tière*,' but as he goes on to state that she brought all her riches with her into the country where she came, accompanied by her daughter, it is rather difficult to understand what he really does mean.) Mr. Nutt remarks, 'I think there can be no doubt that Klingsor's castle is a form of the other world, and that its inhabitants cease to live if they return to this world. There is a distinct parallelism in the original form of the legend between Parzival's winning the Grail Castle and Gawain's winning the Magic Castle. On this theory neither, of course, should come back to Arthur's court; the necessity of bringing them both into contact with Arthur again has obscured the significance of the story.'

Page 43, line 370—'*Ilinot the Breton*.' Arthur's son, alluded to in Book VII. p. 217, and note (which also explains the allusion to 'the mystic beasts' which

seem to have been the badge of the royal Breton house). Ilinot's history is told at some length in Book XII. p. 50.

Page 44, line 422—'*Dictam, the herb of healing*.' San Marte says that this herb is mentioned by Cicero, Virgil, and Pliny, as possessing the power of drawing arrow-shafts from a wound. Wolfram, also, attributed this virtue to it, as he distinctly states in *Willehalm*, where he gives an account of his hero's wounds being dressed by his wife.

The allusion to Kondrie should be noted; it is another instance of the skill with which Wolfram connects all the threads of his story, and never loses sight of his main point.

BOOK XII

TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Gawain overthrows a knight whom the Lady of Logrois brings to fight with him; crosses the Perilous Ford, and is challenged to single combat by a knight. Is rewarded by the love of Orgelusé, and returns in triumph to Château Merveil.	Chrêtien.

Page 49, lines 5-18—'*Launcelot on the sword-bridge battled*.' This passage to line 18 contains numerous allusions to the knightly tales of the day, some of which have been previously referred to. Launcelot's fight with Meljakanz and subsequent freeing of Queen Guinevere is mentioned in Book VII. (pp. 205, 219 and Note).

The story of Garel and the lion is not known to us; he was the hero of a later poem by Pleier, but this adventure does not appear in it. Garel and Gaherjet we find again in Book XIII. p. 96, according to Chrêtien they were Gawain's brothers, but Wolfram seems to regard them merely as kinsmen. (The fact that Wolfram knows only *one* brother, Beau-corps, whereas Chrêtien mentions two, if not three, seems to indicate that he was here following a different source.) '*The Perilous Ford*' we shall meet with presently; and Erec and the venture of Schoie-de-la-kurt have been alluded to in Book III. pp. 76 and 100, and Note; and Book VIII. p. 245.

The allusion to Iwein is taken from Hartmann's poem of that name, which relates that in the wood Briziljan (Broceliande) there was a spring beside which hung a golden basin; if any one drew water from the spring in this basin, and poured it upon a stone near by, a violent storm immediately arose which devastated the wood, and slew the game therein. As soon as the tempest was over the lord of the spring appeared in full armour and demanded satisfaction for the mischief done. Iwein withstands this venture, slays the knight, and eventually, by Lunete's counsel, marries his widow. Cf. Book V. p. 143, and Book IX. p. 252.

Page 50, lines 39-64—'*They yielded thee loyal service*,' *etc.* Mazadan, cf. Book I. p. 31 and Book VIII. 230 and Note. Ither of Gaheviess needs no further notice. Ilinot has already been alluded to, Book VII. p. 217 and Book XI. p. 43. This is the first full account given of this prince, hitherto his fate has only been alluded to; we know nothing of this character, but it is quite evident from such passages as these, and Book VI. p. 171, that Wolfram was familiar with Arthurian romances other than those which have come down to us. Ilinot, being Arthur's son, was of course first cousin to Gawain; the relationship with Parzival is much more distant, and, though Arthur speaks of Parzival as his 'nephew,' the term must be taken in a much wider sense than we should now understand it; from Wolfram's own account Parzival cannot have been more than very distantly connected with the House of Pendragon.

Galoes and Gamuret, cf. Book II. pp. 46, 52, and 59.

The loves of Itonjé and Gramoflanz occupy a considerable part of the next two books. Surdamur was Gawain's sister, and married the Emperor of Greece, Alexander; their son was Cligés, the hero of Chrêtien's poem of that name, in the early part of which the tale of their love is fully told. (Cf. Note to Book VI. '*Sir Klias*.') None of these allusions are to be found in Chrêtien, whose books, as a rule, lack introductory passages; but, as noted in Book XI., from the conclusion of the Lit-Merveil incident onwards the two poems diverge widely in detail, though the outline of the story is identical.

Page 52, line 89—'*Arras*.' A town in Picardy, famous in the Middle Ages for its stuffs.

Page 52, line 97—'*A shining pillar*.' This magic pillar, of which a full account is given further on (lines 109 and 143), is peculiar to Wolfram's version. In Chrêtien we have simply a watch-tower, from the windows of which Gawain can see the country. Later on we find the deadly fight between Parzival and Feirefis mirrored on this pillar, and the news of the encounter conveyed to Arthur's court before the arrival of the heroes.

Page 52, line 98—'*The coffin of Kamilla*.' Cf. Book X. p. 4 and Note. Heinrich von Veldeck gives a minute account of this coffin.

Page 52, line 101—'*Master Geometras*.' It is curious to find geometry thus personified. The same mistake has apparently been made by Heinrich von Veldeck, who makes Geometras the designer of Kamilla's coffin.

Page 53, line 119—'*Came the agèd queen Arnivé*.' According to Chrêtien there are two queens, mother and daughter, and a maiden, daughter to the younger queen, who is named Clarissant. Gawain's mother he does not name at all, the old queen has her original name of Yguerne. In Chrêtien the elder lady asks Gawain at once if he is one of King Arthur's knights, and questions him closely as to King Arthur, King Lot, and the sons of the latter; but apparently Gawain's curiosity is in no way aroused, and he makes no attempt to learn who the ladies are, though he makes a compact with the old queen that she shall not ask *his* name for seven days. The account, so

humorously given by Wolfram of Arnivé's curiosity and unavailing attempts to discover Gawain's identity, is lacking in the French poet. It is difficult to understand how it is that *Gawain* has no suspicion of the real facts of the case till enlightened by Gramoflanz, but, as remarked above, the whole episode is mysterious and perplexing.

Page 54, line 174—'*The Turkowit*.' This seems to be the name for a lightly-armed soldier, an archer. This particular knight, we learn later, was captain of Orgelusé's night-watch, or body-guard; his name was Florand of Itolac; and he subsequently marries Sangivé, Gawain's mother.

Page 58, line 282—'*Tamris and Prisein*.' Tamris-Tamarisk, has been mentioned in Book VIII. (p. 242 and Note). Prisein has not been identified, Bartsch suggests Provençal *Bresil*.

Page 58, 294—'*The Perilous Ford*.' Wolfram's expression here is '*Ligweiz prelljus*,' evidently the French '*Li guex perelleus*.' Chrêtien's description of the episode is much the same, but he represents Gawain as being well acquainted with the character of this venture, and of the fame that will accrue to the knight who achieves it. In the French poem there does not appear to be one tree in especial guarded by Guiromelans, but Gawain is bidden '*Quellir de ces flours que veés. A ces arbres et a ces prés.*'

Page 60, line 332—'*King Gramoflanz*.' This character has been already referred to in Book IX. p. 258. In Chrêtien he is called Le Guiromelans, and Wolfram's name for him is undoubtedly derived from some such original (cf. Appendix B, vol. i.). The account of his meeting with Gawain differs in many respects in the French version; there his quarrel with Gawain seems to be much more of a personal matter, not only has King Lot slain his father, as here, but Gawain himself has slain seven of his kinsmen. Chrêtien's description of the king's dress and appearance is far less gorgeous than is Wolfram's.

Page 60, line 340—'*Sinzester*.' Bartsch suggests that *Winchester* is here meant. In Book VI. we find Kondrie wearing a hat with plumes of 'the English peacock.'

Page 60, line 353—'*Eidegast*.' Cf. Book II. p. 39 and Note on '*The Tourney*.' In Chrêtien Orgelusé's lover is not named but he has been slain by Guiromelans, and, as here, it is her desire for vengeance that has led her to urge Gawain to the venture; but in the French poem Orgelusé is a much less imposing personage, and her attempts at vengeance are of a less organised character.

Page 61, line 374—'*Yet alas! I have ne'er beheld her*.' Such instances of a knight vowing himself to the service of a lady whom he had never seen were by no means rare in mediæval times. (Cf. the well-known story of Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli.) In Chrêtien, also, Guiromelans is the lover of Gawain's sister, whose name there is Clarissant. In the French poem Guiromelans gives a full history of all the queens, here he only states the identity of Itonjé, and Gawain apparently takes the rest for granted.

Page 62, line 419—'*Löver*.' This name has been mentioned in Book IV. p. 121. The derivation is uncertain, but in each instance Arthur's kingdom, as a whole, seems to be meant. The curious name 'Bems by the Korka' has exercised critics much; Chrêtien has '*A Pentecouste est la cors le roi Artu en Orcanie*,' and *Korka* is evidently a form of Orcanie. Some have suggested that 'Bems bei' is a misunderstanding of Pentecouste (couste = *côte*), but the derivation seems far-fetched and unsatisfactory; all that can be said with certainty is that the name points to a French source.

Page 62, line 425—'*Rosche Sabbin*.' This also seems to be derived from the French; Chrêtien calls the castle 'Roche de Sanguin,' and Wolfram seems to have transferred the name to Gramoflanz' kingdom.

Page 64, line 471—'*True as the one-horned marvel*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 277, where the story of the Unicorn's love for a pure maiden is given. We learn from this passage that advantage was taken of its slumber to slay it.

Page 65, line 511—'*For the winning his death*.' Here we have a full explanation of the connection between Orgelusé and Anfortas. The tent given to the Lady of Logrois by Anfortas was, we learn from the *Willehalm* (which abounds in allusions to the *Parzival*), sent to that monarch by Queen Sekundillé as a love-token.

Page 66, line 547—'*And never a man beheld me*.' This account of Orgelusé's bargain with the knights who fought for her, and her relations with Parzival and Gawain, throws a most curious light on the conventionalities of the day. It is quite evident that Orgelusé in no way transgressed against the code of manners then prevailing, she is throughout treated as a great lady, and is well received at Court.

Though this is the only episode of the kind recounted, it is quite clear from Books XIV. pp. 130-131 and XVI. 173 that Orgelusé was not the only lady who had proffered her love to Parzival and been refused. (Those familiar with Wagner's *Parzival* will not need to have it pointed out to them what fine dramatic use he has made of the fact that it is Anfortas' love, and the indirect cause of his wound, who thus offers herself to Parzival. With wonderful skill Wagner has combined the characters of Kondrie and Orgelusé, thereby, in some ways, assimilating Kondrie more closely to the original form of the legend.)

Page 69, line 625—'*The Swallow*.' Bartsch says that this was an English harp, so called from the fact that the lower part of the frame was shaped like the fork of a swallow's tail.

Page 69, line 639—'*The Buhurd*.' Cf. Book II. Note on '*The Tourney*.' There is no trace of this formal knightly reception in Chrêtien,—there the old queen receives them seated outside the castle, and the maidens dance and sing around them.

BOOK XIII

Feast at the Château Merveil; Gawain persuades his sister to confide her love-story to him. Arrival of Gawain's messenger at the Court of King Arthur.	Chrêtien, whose poem ends abruptly in the middle of a line.

(From this point onwards there is no resemblance between Wolfram's poem and any other known Romance of the Grail-cycle.)

Page 74, line 39—'*One lived of yore named Sarant*.' Cf. note to Book I. '*Silk of Orient*.' Bartsch identifies the name of the skilful weaver with that of an Asiatic people, probably the Chinese. Thasmé is named later on as part of Feirefis' kingdom. His battle-cry is 'Tabronit and Thasmé!' '*Akraton*,' cf. Book VIII. p. 230.

Page 75, line 66—'*Itonjé*.' This is the French name 'Idonie.' In Chrêtien the maiden is named Clarissant, and Gawain wins her confidence in the same manner. Chrêtien's share of the *Conte* ends so abruptly that we cannot tell how he intended to treat her love-story; here, it plays a considerable part in the development of the poem.

Page 77, line 147—'*Now the hour it was come*.' The account of the feast here given is very interesting from the light it throws on mediæval manners and customs. In those days it was very usual for two to eat from one plate, in fact, this was one of the rules of the Knights Templars; the reason assigned being that one brother might care for the other, and all share alike (cf. Feast at Monsalväsch, Book V. p. 136). On great occasions the principal guests seem to have had ladies assigned to them as their table companions (cf. Book VI. p. 178). One would gather from this passage, and that in Book VI., that the lady of highest rank had the hostess for companion, thus we find Arnivé eating with Orgelusé, and Guinevere having a queen (probably Ekuba) for companion; while Kunnewaare is Arthur's table-mate, as here Itonjé is Gawain's.

Page 78, line 180—'*Ne'er was it night in her presence*.' Cf. Book II. p. 48.

Page 79, line 194—'*Thuringia*.' San Marte remarks on this passage that at this period music and song invariably went together, the one was necessary to the complete understanding of the other; separately, they were unintelligible. In many instances the lyrical poems of the day were wedded to dance music, the flowing graceful rhythm of which made it an appropriate vehicle for the illustration of poetry. The Thuringian Court being the centre of the literary life of the time many of these dances would naturally originate there; though it must not be supposed that dances *without* the accompaniment of song were not also known.

Page 81, line 262—'*Kancor, and Thèbit, and Trebuchet*.' San Marte says that Thèbit is Thabet Ben Korka, a famous Arabic physician, mathematician, and philosopher of the ninth century. Kancor is probably Kenkeh, an

astronomer and physician of the same period. Trebuchet has been mentioned before. Cf. Book V. p. 144 and Note.

Page 81, 279—''*Twas yet in the early morning*.' Chrêtien gives no account of the delivery of the squire's message, but simply states that he finds Arthur and his knights plunged in grief at the prolonged absence of Gawain, and then breaks off abruptly in the middle of a sentence before they have learnt of his safety. From this point onward Wolfram's version is entirely independent of the *Conte del Graal*, but his poem shows no dislocation or contradiction, such as one would expect would have been the case had he been following a source that suddenly failed him; on the contrary, there is a far more complete harmony between all the parts of Wolfram's poem than we find in any other Romance of the cycle.

Page 82, lines 301-10—'*Meljanz de Lys*.' Cf. Book VIII. p. 239, and Introduction to Book X. and Note. If there was no account of Gawain's intermediate adventures Wolfram is evidently anxious to make his hearers believe in the existence of such a record, by means of well-timed and appropriate allusions. The fact that the combat was to be in the presence of Meljanz de Lys is only casually mentioned in Book VIII. For the allusions to Kunnewaare, Jeschuté, and Ekuba cf. closing pages of Book VI. with the account of the dispersal of the company at Plimizöl. The whole passage is a proof of the care with which the poem has been constructed, and the details brought into harmony with each other.

Page 83, line 339—'*Brought he news of some gallant venture?*' Cf. Book VI. p. 176 and Note.

Page 87-88, lines 466-506—'*His doings, Sir Knight, I to thee will tell*.' This history of the magician Klingsor, as noted in Book X., is found in Wolfram only, and the indications seem to point to a *French* source. Terre de Labûr is undoubtedly a French rendering of Terra di Lavoro, in Calabria. Kalot Enbolot is Kalota-Belota, a fortress on the south-eastern coast of Sicily, well known in the days of the Hohenstauffen. This location of Klingsor's kingdom in Southern Italy may have been introduced in order to lend a colour to his supposed relationship to Virgil, who by the twelfth century was firmly established in popular belief as a magician. The name Iblis, Bartsch refers to the Sicilian town Hybla; Ibert may be a form of the French Guibert. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in the lord of the Château Merveil, wounded as a punishment of unlawful love, we have a parallel to the King of Monsalväsch, whose wound is due to a similar cause. (A reference to the original German will show how close this resemblance is); as mentioned before, it seems to be a parallel, rather than a contrast, which Wolfram intended to draw between his two heroes. It may well be that in the original version of the story from which both Chrêtien's and Wolfram's poems are derived the Gawain episodes were unfinished, and that in their original form Gawain, too, was brought to the Grail Castle, but to regard them as unfinished *here* seems a clear misunderstanding of the meaning of the poem. We are distinctly given to understand (p. 97, line 780) that

Gawain's lot in life is finally settled, the Grail Quest, which was originally in the Gawain story, has been quietly dropped, and this adventure of the Château Merveil has taken its place; an alteration which artistically can only be considered an improvement, as it clearly marks Gawain's position as secondary to Parzival. Whether the story of Klingsor was introduced for the purpose of emphasizing the parallel between Monsalväsch and Château Merveil it is difficult to say. Certainly, the incident of Parzival's missing the adventure of the Magic Castle, as he did that of Monsalväsch, by failing to ask the question must, as noted above, be due to this idea. With the end of this book Gawain's adventures are practically concluded; Wolfram promptly clears the stage for the winding-up of the history of his real hero, Parzival, by bringing the two knights into contact, when Gawain is naturally worsted, and takes the second place. Whether it be due to Wolfram or to his source, it is certain that the *Parzival* is far simpler in construction than the majority of the Grail Romances, in which the adventures of various heroes succeed each other with such bewildering rapidity and similarity of incident that it is difficult to tell who is the real hero of the tale!

Page 89, line 519—'*A child was born of a mother*.' A well-known mediæval riddle, which Wolfram might easily have derived from a German source.

Page 90, line 531—'*Of joy had I once full measure*.' It is somewhat curious that in Chrêtien Gawain eulogizes *Guinevere* in similar terms. It rather looks as if the original passage had been the same in both instances, though it would be difficult to tell to which queen it originally referred.

Page 91, line 566—'*Maurin*.' This name occurs in the *Lancelot* of Ulrich von Zatzikhoven, from which it was probably borrowed.

Page 92, line 601 *and seq.*—'*And either side had suffered*.' Garel and Gaherjet: cf. Note to Book XII. Iofreit, son of Idol: cf. Book V. p. 155 and Note. Though this character only plays an unimportant part in the poem, he is yet very frequently mentioned, it may be that in the original French source he was more prominent. Friam is probably the same name as Urian, in Book X. Vermandois and Nevers point to a French origin.

Page 94, line 658—'*Save the tent of Eisenhart only*.' Cf. Book I. p. 16 and Note. Tents seem to have been favourite love-gifts at this time, note the Booth in Books XI. and XII. given by Anfortas to Orgelusé, and, as we know from *Willehalm*, sent to that king in the first instance by Sekundillé.

Page 96, line 733—'*Meljanz of Lys*.' How Meljanz of Lys came to be there is not explained. It is worthy of note that in Book VII. we find the King of Lirivoin fighting against Meljanz, and taken captive by Parzival; *here* the men of Lirivoin are evidently on the same side.

Page 97, line 763—'*The wounds of Kay had been healed*.' Cf. Book VI. p. 169 and Note to Book III.

Page 99. line 819—'*A knight his bridle drew*.' This knight is, of course, Parzival, though how he came to be there is not explained. In the *Conte del*

Graal Perceval does not appear on the scene for some time, and passes through a variety of wild and fantastic adventures before finally winning the Grail. The poem, as we possess it, is more than twice as long as Wolfram's.

[With reference to the Klingsor and Iblis story, it is noteworthy that Chrêtien's first continuator relates a long story of King Carduel of Nantes and his reputed son Carados. The wife of King Carduel is beloved by a magician, Garahiet, who is in truth the father of Carados. The latter grows to manhood and goes to King Arthur's court to receive knighthood, there a stranger knight appears and offers to allow his head to be cut off provided the knight who accepts the challenge will submit to the same ordeal a year later. Carados accepts, and strikes off the head of the knight who picks it up and walks off. Returning after a year he finds Carados ready to fulfil his part of the bargain, and then acquaints him with the fact that he, and not Carduel, is in truth his father. Carados returns to the court of Carduel and tells him what he has learnt from the magician; the king in anger imprisons his wife in a tower; she is nevertheless still visited by her lover, whom the king eventually surprises and punishes in a manner appropriate to his crime. This story, in its outline, appears to be the basis of the Klingsor and Iblis episode, but it has been very freely handled by the compiler, and, as suggested above, not improbably altered so as to draw out the parallel between Klingsor and Anfortas.

A feature of importance in this connection is that the episode of Carados and his magician father, a most famous story of the Arthurian cycle, is elsewhere invariably associated with *Gawain*; *e.g.* in the well-known Middle-English poem of 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,' and it is difficult to understand why, in a part of the poem specially devoted to the adventures of this knight, the French poet should have attributed this, one of his greatest and most famous feats, to another hero.

Here again we find a parallel in Irish literature; in the 'Fled Bricrend,' Bricriu's feast, the feat by which Cuchulainn establishes his claim to be regarded as the chief Ulster hero is precisely this one; though the French poem in making the magician the father of the hero seems to have retained an archaic trait which has disappeared from the, in point of redaction, centuries older Irish story. But from other Irish stories we know that Cuchulainn was the son of a god who is sometimes represented as carrying off the mortal mother to his fairy home, sometimes as visiting her in animal shape.

The foregoing facts warrant, I think, the conclusion that Gawain originally occupied in the Brythonic hero-saga of Arthur much the same position as Cuchulainn in the Goidelic hero-saga of Conchobor, both being par excellence *the* adventurous hero. Both, too, it should be noted, are sister's son to the king of the cycle; the same position being occupied by Diarmaid, *the* adventurous hero of the Finn or Ossianic cycle.

The nature of the connection between these cycles of romantic legend cannot be dealt with here. It is sufficient to show that in the French Arthurian poems of the twelfth century (which in one form or another undoubtedly form the basis of the *Parzival*) we have piecings together of originally disconnected narratives about separate heroes, many of which are found in more archaic form in the stories told of the Irish hero Cuchulainn and his compeers. In the process of piecing together, adjusting to the genealogical requirements of the cycle and to the social conceptions and literary modes of the twelfth century, the early Celtic narratives suffered sadly as far as order and significance are concerned, though gaining immensely in other respects. The changes are of course greatest where such far-reaching new ideas as the symbolical representation of Christian doctrine, or the exemplification of lady-service, affect the original narrative.—ALFRED NUTT.]

BOOK XIV

Page 103, line 13—'*From Monsalväsch they came, the chargers*.' This fact that both Parzival and Gawain are riding Grail steeds is constantly insisted upon by Wolfram, and may be intended to emphasise the parallel obviously drawn between the two heroes. It does not seem very clear why Gawain, who here has nothing to do with Monsalväsch, should ride a Grail steed; if Wolfram took over the fact from his French source it may, perhaps, be a survival of Gawain's original connection with the Grail Castle, which, as noted above, has been dropped out of the German poem. The history of Gawain's charger has been told more than once, cf. Book VII. p. 196 and Book IX. p. 272. Parzival's horse is, of course, the one ridden by the Grail knight, cf. Book IX. p. 258.

Page 104, line 38—'*Poinzacleins*.' Bartsch considers that the name of this river points to a French source, and indicates the sloping nature of its banks, the old French word for which would be *aclins*, Provençal *aclis*.

Page 105, line 52—'*Punt, the water-locked city*.' *Punt* = *pont* = bridge; German *Brücke* or *Brügge*. The name of this town is decidedly suggestive of *Bruges*, and considering the fact that Chrêtien confessedly derived his version of the story from a book given to him by the Count of Flanders, the frequent allusions throughout the poem to men of 'Punturtois' should not be ignored.

Page 105, line 57—'*Count Bernard of Riviers*.' A name of undoubtedly French origin. His father, Count Narant, has been mentioned in Book IV. p. 119. Uckerland is probably a misunderstanding for Outre-land.

Page 105, line 74—'*Ecidemon-woven*.' This is a curious passage, as we are distinctly told in Book XV. p. 136 that Ecidemon is an animal; and as such it is named in Book IX. p. 276 among the list of poisonous serpents. As we hear in Book XV. p. 136 that *Salamanders* wove the robe of Feirefis it is possible that the same power was ascribed to the Ecidemon. But the

passage is somewhat ambiguous, and *here* a country, and not an animal, may be meant.

Page 107, line 127 *and seq.*—'*Killicrates*.' This name is of distinctly Greek origin. We find in Book XV. p. 154 that he was King of Centrium (which Bartsch identifies with the land of the Centaurs), and one of the princes conquered by Feirefis. In the same list of names we find Kalomedenté and Ipopotiticon; according to Bartsch the former name is a compound of Kálamos, and signifies Reed-land; the latter he suggests may be a variation of Hyperponticon, the land beyond the Pontus. Agatyrsjenté may perhaps be the same as Assigarzionté mentioned in Book XV. p. 136, as famous for its silks. '*Akraton*,' cf. Book VIII. p. 230.

Page 108, line 150—'*He cast from his hand his weapon*.' It is worth remarking how strongly Wolfram insists on this tie of brotherhood, both of arms, as here, and of blood, as in Book XV. To fight with one closely related by friendship, or one near of kin, is in his eyes a sin against one's *self*, one's own personality. Other writers of the cycle do not seem to consider such a combat, provided it were not to death, in so serious a light. The etiquette connected with the naming themselves by the knights should be noted; it was the right of the victor to demand the name of the vanquished. Here, Parzival has heard Gawain's name from the pages, and therefore makes no objection to revealing himself; in the next Book when Feirefis asks his name he refuses to give it, the combat between them is practically undecided, and he will not admit Feirefis's right to put the question. That Feirefis names himself is an act of courtesy on his part. This unwillingness to name themselves was probably originally connected with the idea of the identity of *name* and *person*—once so universal; to this day the superstition that it is unlucky to mention the name of a person exists among certain races, and circumlocution and nicknames are employed to avoid the necessity for disclosing the real appellation of the individual referred to.

Page 110, line 237—'*In wrath spake the lips of Bené*.' We have already been told in Book X. p. 24, that the Ferryman, Bené's father, was of knightly birth, but it seems strange to find her addressing so powerful a monarch as King Gramoflanz in such discourteous terms. As noted before, the character of Bené and the part she plays are peculiar to Wolfram's version, and difficult of explanation.

Page 113, line 325—'*Yet, Sire, when I saw thee last*.' Cf. Book VI. p. 179, and Book XV. p. 158. Nevertheless, the other knights do not seem in any way to have held Parzival as really dishonoured; they receive and welcome him as one of their body, though he has *not* won the Grail, nor, so far, apparently expiated his sin in failing to put the question.

Page 114, line 339—'*He should eat without on the meadow*.' Cf. Book V. p. 154.

Page 115, line 402—'*Did women with wealth o'erburdened*,' *etc.* That gifts of armour and warlike trappings were usual on the part of the lady is evident

from many passages, cf. Book II. p. 47 and Book XV. pp. 139, 147, 155.

Page 117, line 460—'*Affinamus of Clitiers*.' This knight has not been named before. The same name occurs in the list of princes overcome by Feirefis, Book XV. p. 154, but it is evidently a different individual. Bartsch suggests that the name is of Greek origin, Clitiers being derived from Clitorium.

Page 117, line 467—'*Then out spake King Lot's son gaily*.' Cf. p. 110, line 225.

Page 120, line 543—'*Thy sister Surdamur*.' Cf. Note to Book XII.

Page 121, line 587—'*Now greeting to whom I owe greeting*.' Bartsch remarks that this love-letter and that addressed by Anflisé to Gamuret, Book II. p. 44, are specially interesting as being almost the oldest specimens of love-letters in German literature.

Page 124, line 675—'*Beau-corps*.' Cf. Book VI. p. 183. From the passage on p. 114 it would seem as if Gawain had other brothers, as in most stories of the cycle he has, but Wolfram mentions none but Beau-corps.

Page 129, line 830 *and seq.*—'*Arthur gave maid Itonjé*.' It has been suggested that here Wolfram is indulging in sly mockery at the many weddings which, as a rule, wound up the mediæval romances. In the original tales the whole character of King Arthur and his court was far less stamped with the rigid morality we have learned to associate with them, and the somewhat indiscriminate promotion of love-affairs and marriages (cf. Book XV. p. 157) is quite in keeping with what we elsewhere read of the king. (See note to Book X. p. 204, for Mr. Nutt's remarks on the marriage of Gawain being celebrated at the Château Merveil, instead of at court.)

Page 130, line 869—'*But Parzival, he bethought him*,' *etc.* It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that this presentment of Parzival as a married man, and absolutely faithful to his wife is quite peculiar to Wolfram's version of the story. Whether it is *entirely* due to the German poet we cannot now tell, but we meet with such constant instances of Wolfram's sense of the sanctity of the marriage vow, and the superiority of lawful, over unlawful, love, it seems most probable that it is to his genius we owe this, the most beautiful feature of the story. There is nothing answering to it either in Chrêtien or his continuators, although in Gerbert the hero's successive failures are declared to be due to his forsaking Blanchefleur.

BOOK XV

Page 135, line 22—'*His armour a knight displayed*.' The riches of Feirefis and his costly raiment are dwelt upon at such length that one suspects that the aim of the poet was to exalt the importance of the House of Anjou; of which Feirefis, rather than Parzival, must here be considered the representative.

Page 136, line 31—'*Agremontein*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 284.

Page 136, line 42—'*Thopedissimonté*,' *etc.* This place has not been named before, and critics have not identified it with any known name. Assigarzionté may, as suggested in Note to Book XIV., be the same as Agatyrsjenté. Thasmé we already know, Book XIII. p. 74 and Note.

Page 137, line 59—'*Parzival rode not lonely*.' The expression of an idea which seems to be a favourite one with Wolfram, cf. Book V. p. 139 and Book VIII. 242.

Page 137, line 81—'*As the lion-cub*,' *etc.* This fable, a belief in which was general in the Middle Ages, is also mentioned by Wolfram in his *Willehalm*.

Page 139, line 120—'*My brother and I are one body*,' *etc.* As remarked before, Wolfram has an extremely high idea of the binding nature of family relationships, cf. Book III. p. 97 and further on p. 145.

Page 139, line 121—'*Asbestos*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 281.

Page 139, line 138—'Kaukasus.' It is rather curious to find Sekundillé associated with Kaukasus, as we are elsewhere told that she was queen of Tribalibot, *i.e.* India. In Book X. p. 11 we are told that she had golden mountains in her kingdom, which may have suggested the connection.

Page 140, line 155—'*And the other, the precious jewels*,' *etc.* It has already been remarked (Note to Book IX.) that the attribution of strengthening virtue to precious stones, and the prominence given to them throughout the poem, is a special feature of the *Parzival*. In the next book we meet with a remarkable instance of this peculiarity.

Page 140, line 161—'*Kardeiss and Lohengrin*.' This is the first intimation we have of the existence of Parzival's sons; from Kondrie's speech on p. 159, he seems himself to have been unaware of their birth. We hear of Parzival sending the knights conquered by him to yield themselves captives to Kondwiramur (Book VII. p. 220 and Book VIII. p. 243), and she, therefore, would be in some degree aware of her husband's movements during the five years of separation; but we have no indication of his having received any message from her; and from the wandering life he led during these years (cf. Introduction to Book IX.), and the fact that he had no squire in attendance who could act as go-between, it seems most probable that Parzival heard nothing of his wife throughout the entire time—a fact which makes his fidelity to her even more striking. *Kardeiss* was doubtless named after his mother's brother, whose death is referred to in Book VI. p. 167. *Lohengrin*, or as the name stands in the original, with an additional syllable, *Loherangrin*, has been derived from *Lothringen*, the German form Lorraine. If so, this may indicate the source of the story of the Swan-knight, which did not, of course, originally belong to the Grail legend.

Page 140, line 170—'*Pelrapär!*' seq. It is very curious that though Wolfram emphasizes the fact (p. 139) that Parzival had regained his faith in God, yet it is not this faith which stands him in good stead in the hour of his greatest peril; neither is it his devotion to the Grail; but it is his loyal love

for, and fidelity to, his wife that proves his salvation. If the aim of the poem were, as some critics contend, a purely religious one, then we should surely find that at the crucial moment of the hero's career religion, and not *Love*, would be the saving power. As it is, Parzival's words to Gawain, Book VI. p. 188, are abundantly borne out, and it *is* his wife, and no heavenly power, that acts as Guardian Angel. (The lines 170-71 are not of course to be taken literally, '*o'er kingdoms four*' is used in other old German poems as equivalent for '*a great distance*.' It is not to be supposed that Kondwiramur was in any sense, even mystically, aware of her husband's danger, though doubtless it is the conviction that her love for him is as steadfast as his for her that strengthens his arm.) Throughout this conflict between the two brothers it is love, in the twelfth century form of *Minne-Dienst*, which is regarded as the animating power on either side; though the fact that they are respectively Christian and heathen is insisted on by the poet, yet we do not find the conflict regarded as a struggle between the two religions, nor any sign given of the superiority of the God of the Christian to the heathen deities, in fact the same Divine Power is invoked to shield them both (p. 139). It certainly seems here as if the *knightly* interpretation had, in a great measure, overborne the *ethical*. That there *was* an ethical signification attached to the episode seems evident, not only from the fact that this conflict with Feirefis, whose peculiar parti-coloured appearance recalls so strongly the contrast between Doubt and Faith, drawn in the Introduction, is the last stage in Parzival's long expiation; but also from the fact of the breaking of Ither of Gaheviess' sword, of which special mention is made in lines 173 and *seq*. The poet evidently intends us to regard this as a token that Parzival's youthful sins have been atoned for, and there seems little doubt that the incident was introduced here for that purpose. That the sword here broken was originally the *Grail* sword, and that the change was made by Wolfram from the difficulty of reconciling that fact with previous statements (cf. Book IX. p. 252), as Simrock suggests, is most improbable, there would have been no reason for the *Grail Sword* breaking in this rather than in any other combat (accepting Chrêtien's statement that the sword would break only in *one peril*; it had withstood considerably more than *one blow*), quite the contrary, as here Parzival is practically the Grail champion; but there is a deep significance in this shattering of the last token of the headstrong folly of his youth. It seems most probable that Wolfram found this incident in his source; and that the original meaning of the combat was to depict the last desperate struggle of the soul with Doubt, wherein by *steadfast resistance* (absolute conquest is not at once to be looked for) the sins of the past are wiped out, and the soul becomes finally worthy of reward.

Page 141, line 195—'*Thro*' *fear shall I tell my name?*' Cf. Note to Book XIV. The courteous and knightly bearing of Feirefis, both here and on p. 142, should be noted. In everything but faith he is quite the equal of his Christian brother; indeed it must be admitted that, compared with either Feirefis or Gawain, *Parzival* gives the impression of being a much less

courtly and polished figure. His character seems stamped throughout with a rugged simplicity and directness, quite in keeping with what we are told of his wild and lonely youth. It is noticeable, too, how very little, comparatively speaking, Parzival says; though all the speeches put into his mouth have an earnestness and depth of feeling which we do not find in the much more frequent utterances of Gawain. Wolfram's tolerant treatment of heathen, generally, has often been a subject of remark by critics; and, with regard to Feirefis, the number of allusions to him which the *Willehalm* contains lead one to the conclusion that this character, in particular, was a favourite with the poet.

Page 141, line 202—'*How shall "Angevin" be thy title?*' The reader will probably by this time have noticed that, King of Anjou as Parzival is, he is never called an Angevin, but is invariably referred to as a 'Waleis,' his mother's country. It is his *mother's* kingdoms of which he has been deprived (cf. Book III. pp. 73, 80, 87), and this is really the first indication we have that he knows himself to be also lord of Anjou. Gamuret is alluded to, and gives his name as, Gamuret Angevin; Feirefis, is always Feirefis Angevin; but Parzival, the hero of the story and the real glory of his house, is not an Angevin but a 'Waleis.' This shows clearly that the *Angevin* element formed no part of the original Perceval legend, but that it has been grafted on to a previously existing Celtic basis.

Page 141, line 205—'*Béalzenan*.' Cf. Book V. p. 147 and Note.

Page 142, line 230—'*As written parchment*.' Ekuba did *not* say this in Wolfram's version, cf. Book VI. p. 186, possibly the simile was in the French source and has been dropped out. It is a curious idea to occur to a man who, like Wolfram, could not write; and it is also a curious speech to put into the mouth of one who, like Parzival, had been brought up in the desert, and deprived of the ordinary training due to his rank.

Page 143, line 241—'*Blest be Juno*,' *etc.* This ascription of Latin gods and goddesses to *all* the non-Christian races was not unusual in the Middle Ages; Apollo was the god most commonly thus transferred. It is rather curious though to find the mistake made in a poem so obviously tinged by Oriental influences as the *Parzival*. Wolfram, too, seems to have known that the Saracens had other gods, in *Willehalm* he names as such Apollo, Mahmet, and Tervigant.

Page 144, line 275—'*When King Eisenhart's life was run*.' Cf. Book I. p. 28.

Page 144, line 294—'*Till King Ipomidon*.' Cf. Book II. p. 59.

Page 146, line 353—'*From Château Merveil*,' *etc.* Cf. Book XII. p. 53.

Page 147, line 377—'*Saranthasmé*.' Cf. Book XIII. p. 74 and note.

Page 149, line 458—'*Wizsant*.' A haven on the coast of France, near Boulogne, much frequented at that time. Writers of the period frequently allude to it.

Page 153, line 583 and *seq.*, page 154, line 615 and *seq.* The list of kings conquered by Feirefis and Parzival contain some very perplexing names, the originals of which have evidently been corrupted in process of transmission from one language to another. Bartsch, who has devoted considerable time to the study of the proper names in the *Parzival*, has endeavoured, with varying success, to identify the majority; and the following suggestions are taken from his article on the subject, already quoted in Appendix B, of vol. i.

In the first list, that of the princes conquered by Feirefis, names of Greek origin are of frequent occurrence; thus Papirus of Trogodjenté, Bartsch identifies as the king of the Troglodytæ; Liddamus of Agrippé was originally Laodamus of Agrippias; Tinodent, the island of Tenedos; Milon is, of course, a well-known Greek name, as is Kallicrates, here Killicrates, Filones of Hiberborticon is the Greek *Philon*; and it may be taken as a general rule that all the names ending in *on*, in this list, may be traced more or less directly to a Greek source. Possizonjus is a version of Poseidonios (having probably passed through a Latin medium); Atropfagenté is the land of the Androphagi, or Anthropophagi; Acheinor is the Greek *Archenor*.

In the list of the heroes conquered by Parzival we have, on the contrary, few classical names; Jeropleis, *i.e.* Hieropolis, seems to be almost the only example. The majority of the names appear to be of Romance origin, or at least to have passed through a Romance source. Thus Mirabel, the name of a place in Southern France, and Serabel, here the ending *bel* indicates the French origin; Villegarunz is the Prov. *Villagrana*; Jovedast of Arles, a Provençal, proclaims his own nationality.

It is probably no accident that this majority of classical names appear in the first list, that of Feirefis, since, as noted above, Greeks and Romans alike were classed by the mediæval writers as heathens, and they would see nothing incorrect in giving Saracens classical names, in the same way as they provided them with classical deities.

Page 154, line 608—'*Olympia and Klauditté*.' Here again we find the names of the three queens beloved by Feirefis of distinctly classical origin: Klauditté being a French derivation from Claudia. Sekundillé is the only queen of whom we hear elsewhere, the other two are mentioned by name only.

Page 155, line 643—'*Heraclius or Hercules*.' Heracles was the hero of a German poem of the twelfth century, which attributes to him a knowledge of the properties of precious stones. The Alexander here referred to is Alexander the Great; not the lover of Surdamur, mentioned in Books XII. and XIV. (cf. note to XII.)

Page 156, line 664—'*Drianthasmé*.' Apparently a combination of Triande and Thasmé, cf. Book XIII. p. 74.

Page 158, line 723—'*With turtle-doves, all shining*.' Kondrie does not seem to have borne the badge of the Grail on her first visit (Book VI. p. 177); this,

her second appearance, seems to bear more of an official character.

Page 158, line 741—'*Without a kiss*.' A kiss was the customary sign and seal of forgiveness (cf. Book V. 151, 152; Book VI. 177; Book XIV. 129), but Kondrie is fully aware of her repulsive appearance, and would, therefore, release Parzival from the fulfilment of a distasteful duty. It must be noted that, throughout the poem, Kondrie is in no sense represented as a malicious character. Her brother, Malcréature, on the contrary, seems to have been thoroughly evil-disposed, cf. Book X. p. 12.

Page 159, line 767—'*Now rejoice with a humble heart*.' Kondrie's announcement to Parzival appears, in some points, to be a direct contradiction of what we have already been told with regard to the promised healing of Anfortas. In Book IX. p. 278, Trevrezent distinctly says that the question must be asked on the *first* night of the visit to the Castle; that no warning must be previously given; and that *if* the knight fulfils these conditions, then, and then only, will he become king of the Grail. Now Parzival apparently traverses all these conditions, he omits to ask the question on his first visit, he is told of the sin he has thereby committed, and on this, his second visit, is made well aware of what is expected of him (cf. lines 774 and *seq*.), while the Grail announces him as king *before* he has asked the question. It is true that no one tells him the exact words in which he is to put the query, but Parzival is well aware that he is to ask Anfortas the cause of his anguish, and it scarcely seems likely that the virtue of the question depends upon the form in which it is put. Are we to consider from Trevrezent's words, Book XVI. p. 171, that Parzival's valour and steadfastness of purpose have wrought a change in the Divine Counsels, and that the bliss which he had in his folly forfeited is to be granted to him on his fulfilment of the *spirit* of the Grail conditions, the fulfilment of the *letter* being dispensed with? The question is a perplexing one, and difficult to solve satisfactorily.

Page 160, line 779—'*Seven stars did she name unto him*.' The introduction of these Arabic names is decidedly curious in view of Wolfram's emphatic statement that the origin of the *Parzival* was an Arabic MS., though Bartsch remarks that the names in question were not necessarily derived from the source, there being still extant a German astronomical poem of the twelfth century which contains a number of Arabic names. Still it is strange that Wolfram's version should be as close as it is to the original form of the words, thus Zevâl is the Arabic *Zuhal*, Saturn; Almustri, *El-musteri*, Jupiter; Almaret, *El-mirrêk*, Mars; Samsi, *Shams*, the Sun; Alligafir and Alkamer cannot be exactly identified with the remaining two planets, Venus and Mercury, but seem to represent rather the names of two constellations, respectively called El-gafir and El-kidr. Alkamer is the moon, Arabic *El-kamer*.

Page 160, line 799—'*If thou speakest, Lady*.' The humility of this speech of Parzival's, contrasted with the indignant outbreak of wounded pride in Book VI. pp. 187, 188, is the most decisive proof which the poem affords of

the spiritual change which has passed over him, and of his fitness to become king of the Grail, a blessing which Anfortas has forfeited through lack of humility (cf. Book IX. p. 272 and Book XVI. p. 182).

Page 161, line 817—'*From the bright eyes of Orgelusé*.' Cf. Book XII. p. 65.

Page 162, line 861—'*Triant*.' Cf. Book XIII. p. 74. Nouriente = von ourient, *i.e.* Orient.

BOOK XVI

Page 165, line 5, *and seq.*—'*Then he spake to the knights of Monsalväsch*.' Those readers who are familiar with Wagner's *Parzival* will see in this speech of Anfortas to the knights, and his attempt to win death for himself by shutting his eyes to the Grail, the germ of the scene in the Grail Temple in Act III. of the Drama. It will be noted that *here* Anfortas does not injure any one but himself by this attempt at self-destruction. Titurel is still alive, cf. p. 178. It is noteworthy that the knights still await the advent of the promised Healer; though, as we gather from Trevrezent's speech, Book IX. p. 278, 'The knight, he hath come, and hath left us,' they were aware that *Parzival* was he, and had failed to fulfil his mission.

Page 166, line 49—'*Teriak*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 278, Ambra=Amber.

Page 167, line 67, *and seq.*—'*Carbuncle and Balas ruby*,' *etc.* It has before been remarked that the belief in the virtue of precious stones was very real and very general in the Middle Ages. Similar lists are given by various writers, Albertus Magnus among them; and San Marte remarks that, if this list is compared with mediæval writings, it will be found that the names have not been put together in a haphazard fashion, but that the special virtue ascribed to each stone has a direct bearing on Anfortas' sufferings. *Jewels*, in the strict sense of the term, these stones are not exclusively, *e.g.* we find Asbestos and Pyrites among the list; the expression 'precious stones' was freely construed in those days. The Latin equivalent of all these names can be found in writings of the period, but it would scarcely be interesting to give a minute description and identification.

Page 169, line 119—'*And e'en as was there the custom*.' Cf. Book V. p. 132.

Page 169, line 130—'*O'er-long have I waited*.' Anfortas' speech to Parzival is curious; some critics have opined that he alone was not aware of the lately read Grail writing, and of Parzival's election to the Grail kingdom, and was, therefore, in doubt as to whether or not he was the destined Deliverer. But, if that were the case, how did he come not only to know Parzival's name, but to lay such stress upon it ('If *Parzival* men shall call thee, *then*, etc.'), *i.e.* 'If thou art indeed the chosen ruler of these knights, then exercise thine authority on my behalf.' We learn from Book IX. p. 271, that the *name* of the elect knights appeared on the Grail. If Anfortas had learnt it from Trevrezent, the only other source of information he could have had, he would have had no doubt of the identity of the promised Deliverer with the

knight who had already paid an abortive visit to the Castle; as it is, he recognises him at once, but is in doubt whether he is the 'Parzival' named by the Grail. The meaning of his speech seems to be that Anfortas was unaware how far Parzival himself was acquainted with the *rôle* assigned to him, and feared to transgress the Grail's commandment, and risk the promised healing by saying too much.

Page 169, line 141—'*Now say where the Grail It lieth?*' It is remarkable that though Parzival is well aware of the nature of the question which he is to put to Anfortas, and of the happy results which will follow (p. 159), yet he fully realises that this healing can only be brought about by the blessing of God; it is as God's Messenger, and not in his own power, that he speaks. He feels himself, and wishes the knights to regard him, merely as the instrument in God's hand; there is no trace of self-assertion or presumption in his action, the grace of humility has been fully won. The beautiful touch in lines 155-56 seems to show that to Anfortas, also, the long ordeal issued in distinct spiritual gain. It is worth noting that, from this point onwards, Anfortas is spoken of as a knight in the prime of life, worthy to be compared in skill and prowess with his nephew, Parzival, and excelling him in physical beauty; whereas Trevrezent, who was considerably the younger (cf. Book IX. p. 275), is always spoken of as an old man. This is, of course, due to the youth-preserving powers of the Grail (cf. Book IX. p. 270), so Répanse-de-Schoie, who had been in the service of the Grail from her childhood, would have retained the appearance of a young girl, and there is nothing surprising, therefore, in Feirefis becoming enamoured of her beauty.

Page 178, line 147—'*By the mouth of His saint, Sylvester*.' An allusion to a well-known story told of S. Sylvester; how when he was defending Christianity against a Jew, in the presence of the Emperor Constantine, he restored to life, by the invocation of Christ, a steer which the Jew had slain by whispering the most Holy Name into its ear, but had failed to revivify by the same means.

Page 170, line 168—'*The wood when they fought of old*.' Cf. Book VI. p. 160 and *seq*. This reunion of Parzival and Kondwiramur on the very spot where he had been overcome by the mystic love-trance is a most poetical feature of Wolfram's version, and one found nowhere else.

Page 171, line 183—'*Greater marvel I ne'er may see*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 267. This passage, with its practical unsaying of much that Trevrezent has said in Book IX., is extremely difficult of explanation. That there is a distinct discrepancy, not to say contradiction, between the statements of Book IX. and those of Book XVI. is undoubtedly the fact; the most probable solution appears to be that suggested in Excursus C at p. 194 of this volume; *i.e.* the original interpretation, that of Kiot, was purely religious, and it was that which Wolfram in Book IX. was mainly following; he himself, however, had grafted another meaning on to that originally suggested, that of salvation by fidelity to the knightly ideal, the power of the *unverzagter mannes muot*.

By the time Wolfram had reached the end of the poem, he found that his interpretation had dominated that of Kiot, he had practically made Parzival do that which Trevrezent says is impossible ('Wouldst thou force thy God with thine anger?' Book IX. p. 267. 'Thou by thy wrath hast won blessing'), and this passage seems to be an attempt to harmonise these two conflicting ideas. It is certainly not easy of interpretation, for on the face of it, while Trevrezent is asserting the unchanging nature of God's decrees, as illustrated by the history of the rebel angels, he is also implying that Parzival himself has been the object of special and peculiar favour on the part of the Deity, and that the foreordained course of events has in his case been at least modified.

Page 172, line 213—'*Duke Kiot of Katelangen*.' Cf. Book IV. p. 107, and Book IX. p. 274.

Page 174, line 277—'*When many a year had flown*.' This is the only indication we have of the eventual recovery of Parzival's inheritance. From the emphasis laid upon the episode in Book III. one would have expected to find Parzival himself making some effort for the recovery of his kingdoms, but he never seems to have done so (cf. Notes to Book III. pp. 308, 309).

Page 174, line 302—'*Schoysiané, the dead maid's mother*.' In Wolfram's poem, *Titurel*, we find exactly the reverse of this statement; *i.e.* Siguné, whose mother died at her birth (as we are repeatedly told), was given into the care of the mother of Kondwiramur, and the two children were brought up together till Siguné was five years old, when Herzeleide persuaded Duke Kiot to transfer his daughter to her charge. How this discrepancy arose is not clear; Wolfram may perhaps have forgotten what he had said in *Titurel*, or he may have followed his French source.

Page 174. line 306—'*Nor my tale like the bow shall be bended*.' Cf. Book V. p. 137.

Page 175, line 310—'*A Templar of Patrigalt*.' Cf. Book II. p. 39.

Page 175, line 319—'*Garschiloie of Greenland*.' Cf. Book V. p. 144. Greenland here is not to be understood as the Greenland we know, but as part of Norway. The Grail maidens have not been individually named before, though the Countess of Tenabroc and the daughter of Jernis were mentioned in Book V. pp. 133, 134. Florie of Lünel may be the daughter of the Count of *Nonel* named in conjunction with Jernis.

Page 177, line 373—'*Claret, Morass, or Sinopel*.' Morass seems to have been a wine made from mulberries; Sinopel, wine mixed with sweet syrups.

Page 178, line 411—'*The Tourney hath fashions five*.' Cf. Note to Book II. 'The Tourney.'

Page 178, line 434—'*If he be a heathen*.' This inability of the unbaptized to behold the Grail, and the renewal of the power of the stone every Good Friday are the two most direct proofs of the Christian nature of the

Talisman to be found in the poem. As remarked in Note to Book IX., Wolfram never seems really to connect the Grail with the Passion of our Lord.

Page 179, line 441—'*If I, for your sake, be baptizèd*.' It should be noted that Feirefis is not in the least influenced by any religious motive in seeking Baptism; throughout, as in the combat with Parzival in Book XV., it is *Love* that is his guiding impulse.

Page 181, line 501—'*God is Man*,' *etc.* Cf. p. 171 where Trevrezent makes use of exactly the same words.

Page 181, line 506—'*Each tree from the water draweth*,' *etc.* This and the following lines are inscribed on the fountain erected in 1860 to the memory of the poet, in the market-place of Ober-Eschenbach.

Page 182, line 526—'*The Templar whom God henceforward*.' In the face of the antiquity of the Swan-knight legend, it is impossible to regard this as more than an ingenious attempt on the part either of Wolfram or of his French authority to account for Lohengrin's prohibition of the question, cf. Note on 'Lohengrin.'

Page 183, line 562—'*Anfortas, he sent a message*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 285.

Page 183, line 566—'*Lœhprisein*,' Book VIII. and Note. 'Lœhtamreis,' Book XII. and Note.

Page 183, line 580—'*Camelot*.' This is the only mention in this poem of the town so well known in other versions of the Arthurian legend.

Page 184, line 589—'*Prester John*.' The belief in a Christian kingdom in the East, ruled over by a king who was at the same time a priest was very widely spread in the Middle Ages, but it is very curious to find it thus connected with the Grail legend. Simrock takes this connection to be a confirmation of his theory, that the Grail myth was originally closely connected with St. John the Baptist. According to *Der jüngere Titurel*, a poem which, professedly written by Wolfram and long supposed to be his, is now known to be the work of a certain Albert von Scharffenburg, the Grail with its guardians, Parzival, Lohengrin, Kondwiramur, and all the Templars, eventually left Monsalväsch, and found a home in the domains of Prester John, but the story seems to be due rather to the imagination of the writer than to any real legendary source.

Page 184, line 610, *and seq.*—'*The Lohengrin myth*.' This legend of a supernatural benefactor or deliverer, who arrives at the land which he is to benefit in a boat, miraculously guided, and leaves it in the same way, is extremely widely spread, and may be regarded rather as the property of the Aryan race as a whole, than of one nation in particular. In its earliest forms, such as the legend of Sceaf among the Anglo-Saxons, and Höni in the Faroe Isles, the hero is undoubtedly of divine origin, and the second of these seems to be the first in which the swan element is introduced. The original signification appears to be that of a 'year-myth,' symbolising the

conflict between the seasons; the god of spring first overcoming, and then in his turn being overcome by, the power of winter. Bloete, in an article on the subject in the *Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum*, explains the connection with the swan by the fact that this is a migratory bird, and that in the days when the lower part of the Rhine formed a marshy Delta, swans frequented these lowlands in large numbers on their way to, and from, their summer quarters in Northern Europe. In this way the birds were the heralds alike of the coming and of the departing light and warmth, and became associated with the embodied genius of spring and summer. It is certainly a curious fact that the legend of the Swan-knight in its developed form is distinctly to be traced to these countries. The original association with the god of light, Bloete thinks, was the work of Keltic fancy, and by them imparted to their Batavian successors in the lowlands of the Rhine. By the thirteenth century, the story had clothed itself in distinctly chivalric form, the hero was no longer a god, but a knight, and in this shape the legend became connected with the origin of more than one noble family of the day; notably with that of Godfrey de Bouillon, the Crusader. It is noticeable in this connection that Gerbert, one of the continuators of Chrêtien, has a passage prophesying that of Perceval's race shall spring the 'Swan-knight and the Deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre.'

This passage, together with the fact that Wolfram connects Lohengrin with Brabant, seems to indicate that the German poet was not the first to connect the legend of the Swan-knight with that of the Grail, but found the story in his French source; though he certainly gives the earliest version of the legend in the shape in which, through Wagner's *Lohengrin*, it is familiar to us to-day. A more prolonged and elaborate account of Lohengrin's adventures is given in *Der jüngere Titurel* already referred to; here the lady is the Duchess of Lizaborye, and the catastrophe is brought about by the advice of a treacherous maid, who persuades the Duchess that if she cuts off, roasts, and eats a portion of her husband's flesh, he will be unable to leave her. In pursuance of this intention, armed knights break into Lohengrin's chamber at night, and in the struggle with them, though overcoming his assailants, he is himself slain. The unhappy wife dies of grief, and the name of the country is changed from Lizaborye to Lothringen (Lorraine) in memory of Lohengrin. (Those familiar with the Wagner Drama will note the skill with which Wagner has combined these two versions of the legend.)

In the forbidden question we probably have a surviving testimony to the originally divine nature of the hero; it is a well-known feature of such legends that a mortal wife wedded to a divine husband may not inquire too closely into that husband's nature, *e.g.* the myths of Jupiter and Semele, and of Eros and Psyche. The question therefore probably belongs to the original form of the story, and the passage on p. 182 is merely, as suggested above, an ingenious attempt to explain a feature which puzzled the later compilers.

Page 186, line 661—'*Here Herr Erec should speak*.' An allusion to Hartmann's *Erec*, so often referred to. The hero forbids his wife to speak to him, she breaks the silence in order to warn him of an impending danger, and is punished by him for so doing.

Page 186, line 663—'*If Chrêtien of Troyes*,' *etc*. Here for the first time Wolfram gives us clearly to understand that he knew Chrêtien's Grail poem, but deliberately preferred to follow Kiot's' version, to which he has made frequent allusions. If Wolfram's statement is to be accepted as it stands, we must perforce conclude that both the first two books and the last three (of which Chrêtien has no trace) were in Kiot's poem, '*To the end*, the Provençal told it.' Certainly Wolfram himself does not wish us to consider that any part of the tale was due to his own invention, but rather that he was throughout faithfully adhering to lines already laid down. The question of the connection between Chrêtien and Wolfram will be found fully discussed in Excursus B.

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